The Saturday Evening
POST
September 15, 1962 20¢

My Life With Juvenile Gangs
A Youth Worker's Shocking Story

Joanne Woodward: Star Without An Image

Nelson Rockefeller
His Future With the GOP

Last Chance To Be First On The Moon

rew Boy

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Over this short bridge, thousands took the long journey

How many places like this are right around you? Places where a few terse words on an historic marker tell of exciting, dramatic events that helped shape a nation? In Maryland, there's one by a bridge across a creek called Antietam.

The bridge is known as Burnside's Bridge after General Ambrose Burnside who commanded thousands of the Union troops who fell there. Thousands of other gallant men were cut down, too—Union soldiers under General "Fighting Joe" Hooker and Confederates under General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson. In one plot of ground, a mere 1,000 yards wide, 12,000 dead or wounded carpeted the ground in blue and gray.

It looks today much as it did on that misty September morning in 1862. Soft, green, rolling fields, the Dunkard Church, the west woods, the Sunken Road. This peaceful land was the scene of what "might well have been the most savage and consuming fighting American soldiers ever engaged in," according to Bruce Catton—yet you'd never know it if you didn't look closely.

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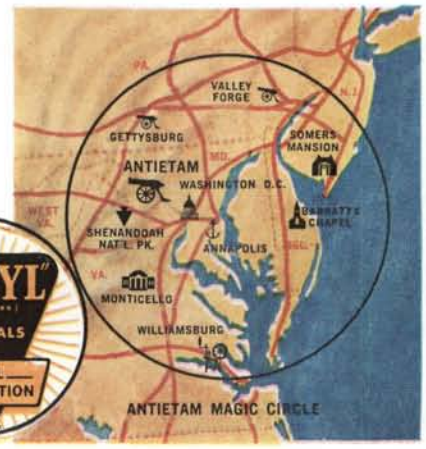

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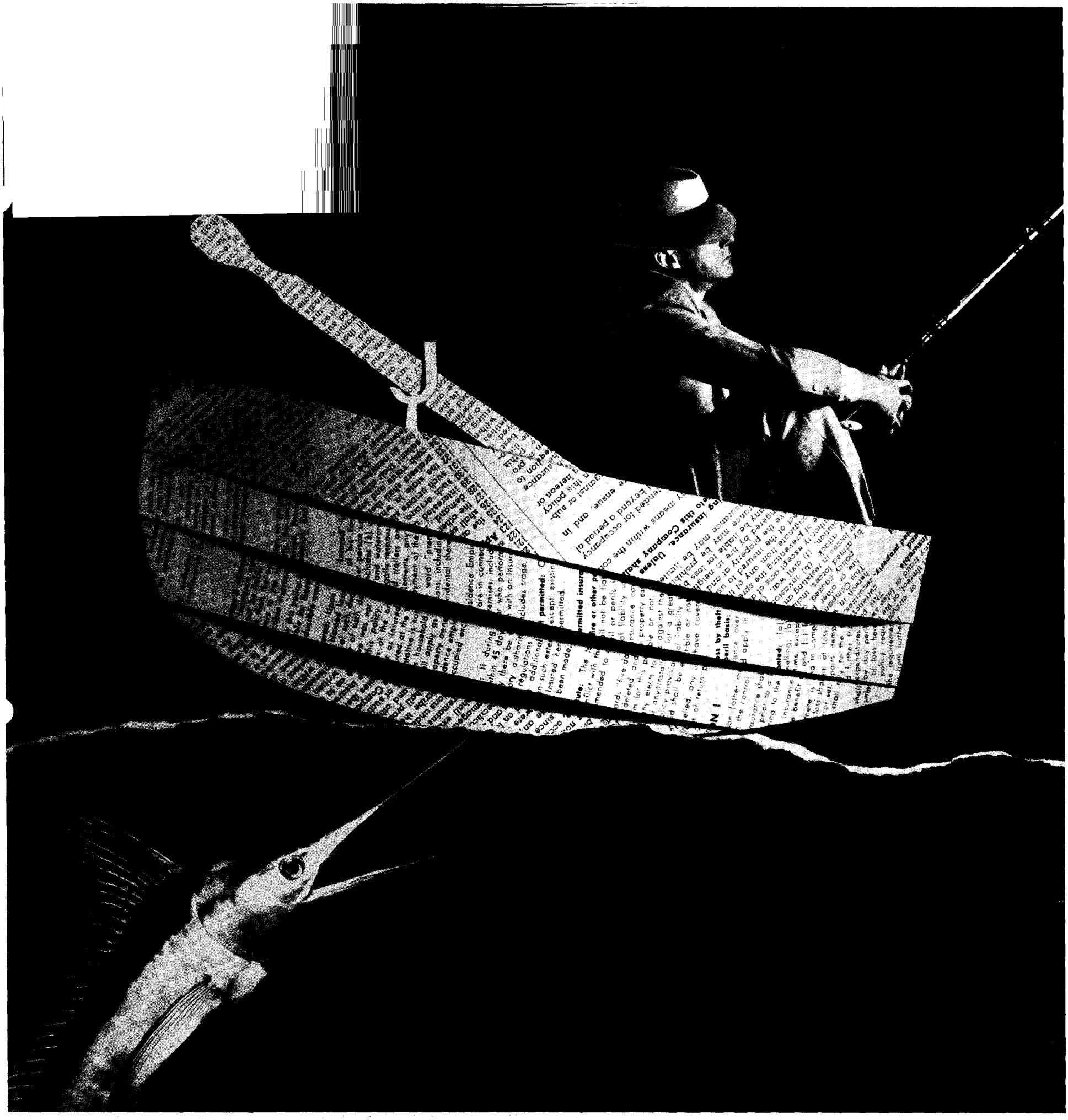

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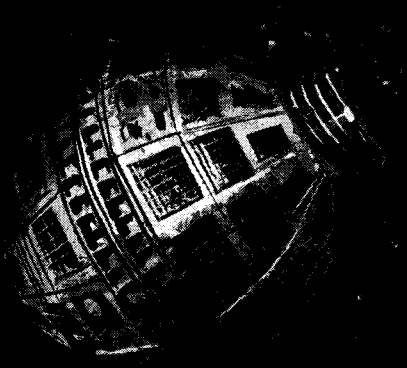
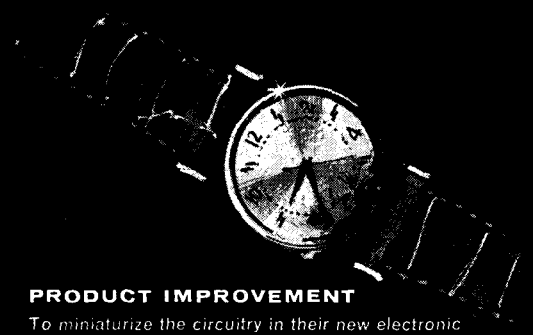


INTERCONTINENTAL TELEVISION

With the launching of Telstar, the United States opened a dramatic new era of intercontinental television. Designed and built by American Telephone & Telegraph's Bell Laboratories, Telstar used A-B hot molded ¼-watt and ½-watt resistors.

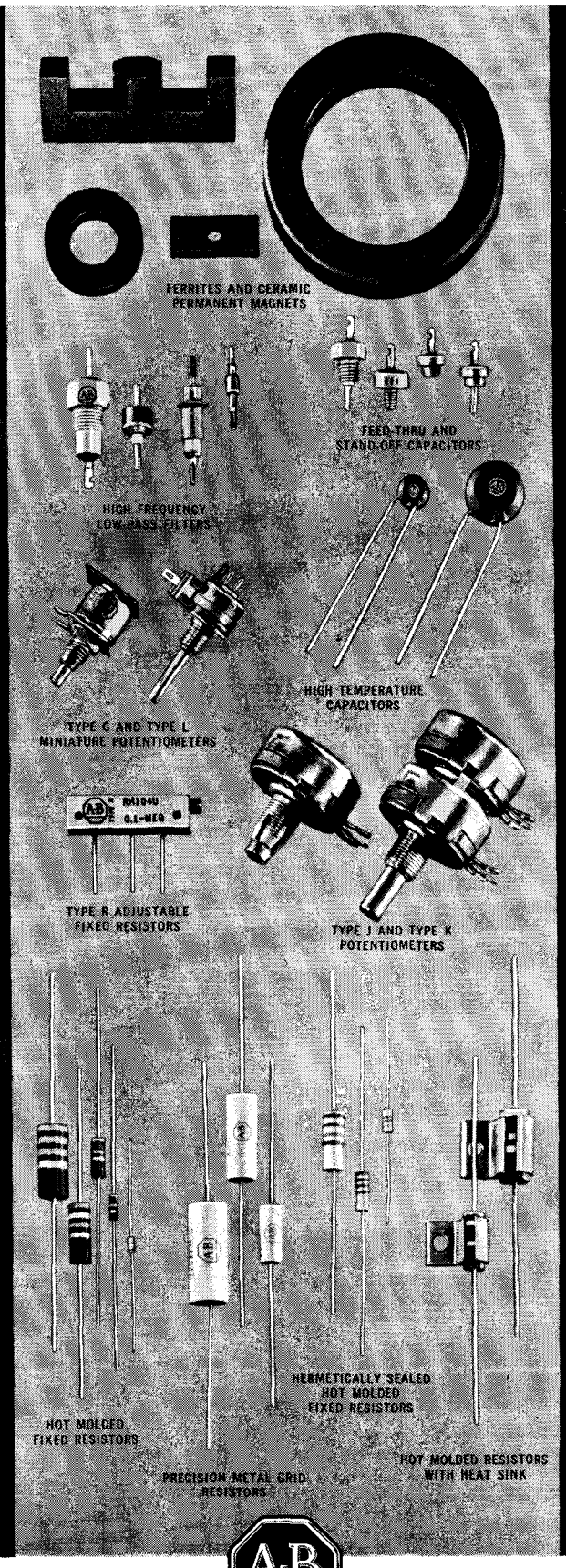


PRODUCT IMPROVEMENT

To miniaturize the circuitry in their new electronic timepiece, Accutron designers at Bulova chose the smallest of A-B resistors. Conclusive evidence of reliability is shown by their use in the Accutron timer aboard Telstar for terminating the beacon transmitter on July 16, 1964.

DATA TRANSMISSION

To obtain the desired reliability for their new Kineplex modem—capable of transmitting binary data at 2400 bits per second over 3 kc voice bandwidth facilities—Collins Radio made extensive use of A-B hot molded resistors.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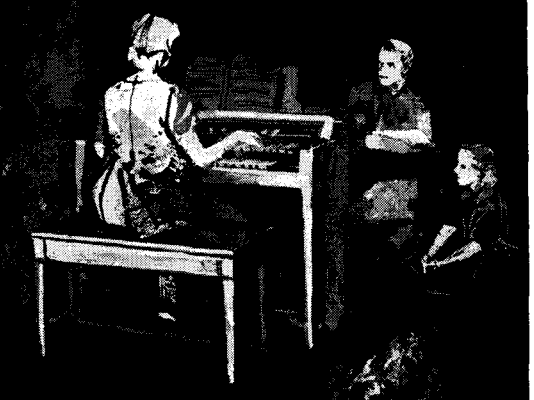
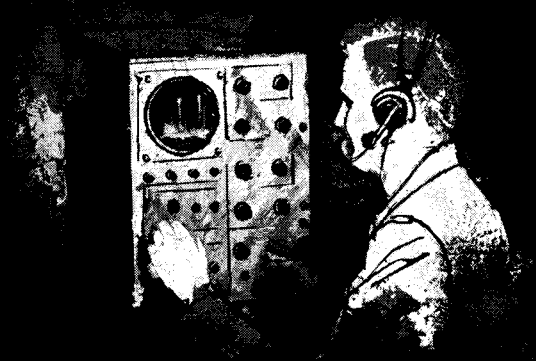


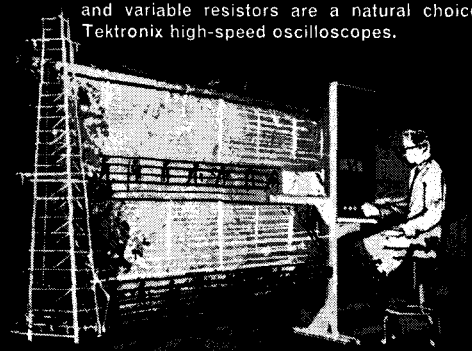
HOME ENTERTAINMENT

To insure years of enjoyment, Hammond, the world's first and largest manufacturer of electric organs, uses A-B hot molded resistors in the model shown above. In the swell control, which is in constant use, extensive tests have proved A-B Type J potentiometers to be unequalled for long life and low noise.



LABORATORY INSTRUMENTS

Designing equipment to meet the exceptionally high standards for laboratory work demands equally high performance from the components employed. For this reason, A-B hot molded fixed and variable resistors are a natural choice for Tektronix high-speed oscilloscopes.



GROUND STRATA EXPLORATION

Assemblies of hundreds of thousands of resistors in interchangeable grids are used at Schlumberger's Research Center to simulate ground formation characteristics. With such a vast number of resistors in use, A-B resistors—with their complete freedom from catastrophic failure—are a logical choice.

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We Have Moved

Our editorial offices are now located at 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Correspondence regarding subscriptions, however, should continue to be addressed to POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Kid Gangs. "Juvenile delinquency," warns **Vincent Riccio,** "is getting worse. The record is clear. Nobody is actually helping these kids." Riccio tried. For five tension-ridden years this muscular ex-boxer shared the shattered lives of kids who used narcotics, stole and fought gang battles in a teeming Booklyn slum. Today, as a physical education instructor, he has more time to spend with his wife and two children. But he's never been able to sever his emotional ties to the kids in the city slums. His collaborator, Manhattan-born **Bill Slocum,** is a columnist for the New York *Daily Mirror.*

Other By-Lines. **Lois Dickert** is a free-lance writer who covers the film colony from her home in Los Angeles. . . . **Smith Hempstone,** who probes Ghana's leftward list, has spent six of his thirty-three years in Africa. Researching this article, he "talked with tribal chiefs in the remote North, ate stewed rat (it tastes rather like squirrel) and slept in abandoned castles built by 16th century mariners." . . . As a Salt Lake City newsman, **Jack Goodman** has made several trips to record progress at Glen Canyon Dam. . . . Washington *Post* sports columnist **Shirley Povich** first got to know Harmon Killebrew when the youngster joined the Senators in 1954, and has retained a keen interest in the slugger's career ever since. . . . **Florence Pritchett Smith** is the wife of a former U.S. ambassador to Cuba. . . . Author of several books on probability (among them: *How To Lie With Statistics*) dollar-stretcher **Darrell Huff** insists that the hard-to-believe figures he gives on page 60 are accurate. . . . THE DECLINE AND FALL OF FRIENDSHIP, says **Morton Hunt,** "represents a small effort to do some original thinking. It shouldn't upset my real friends." . . . An up-to-date acquaintance with modern art was the ice-breaker when contributing editor **Peter Maas** set out to profile New York's fast-moving governor. "He relaxed," Maas recalls, "the moment I mentioned the subject." The interview flowed smoothly from Picasso into politics.

The Cover. Part of the fun of owning a sports car stems from coping with minor inconveniences such as having to put up your top in a sudden rainstorm. Artist **John Falter** approached this "fun" with feeling. Once he owned a sports car himself—a 1947 English Singer Drop-Head Coupé with Self-Canceling Trafficators. It wasn't waterproof.

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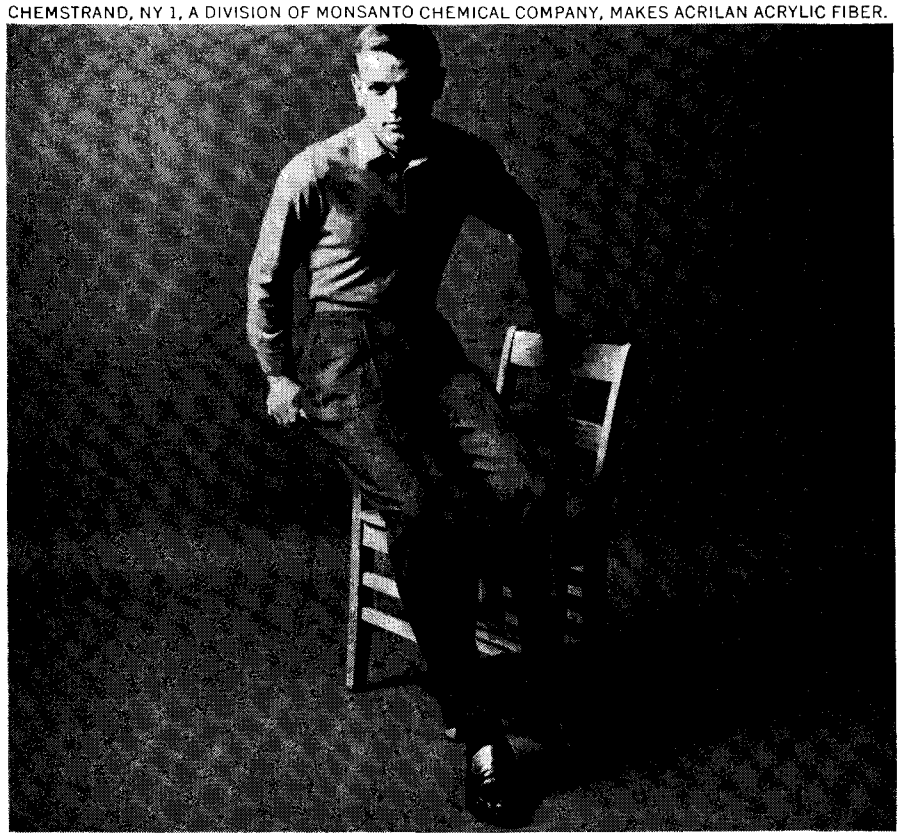

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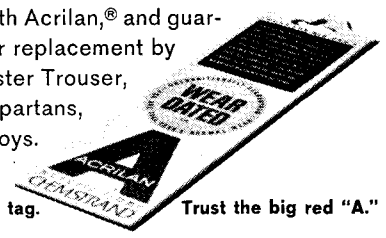

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LETTERS

Ike: Blasts and Bouquets

Dear Sirs:

The Post deserves a salute for featuring former President Eisenhower's timely article, ARE WE HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION? [Aug. 11–18]. . . . The impatience some people voice to accelerate everything and "get America moving" is hardly intelligent and probably dangerous. . . . Ike should be applauded for suggesting that a responsible government considers not only *speed* but *direction* as well.

DONALD E. DEUSTER
Libertyville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

President Kennedy should be given equal coverage. And ex-Presidents should remain ex-Presidents.

A. F. EADS
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

After reading Dwight D. Eisenhower's piece and agreeing with every word of it, suddenly the reason came to mind. I have been a Republican for forty years.

ROTH CLINE
Culver, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Certainly enjoyed and approved of ex-President Eisenhower's position on public spending, our terrible farm program and his fear of the debt we are leaving our children. My only regret is that he arrived at those conclusions eight years too late to help.

HOWARD C. PORTER
Fairfield, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Dwight D. Eisenhower's principle—"The leader of a democracy is not the source of power; he merely directs it. Power derives from, and must remain in, the people."—may well be democracy's weakness, not its strength. How can power be *given* to a leader yet *remain* in the people? . . . If the leader is merely a "director," as Eisenhower puts it, what does he do about divergent groups with divergent and oftentimes contradictory interests? Must he remain a passive subject and recipient of contradictory powers?

ALBERT P. ROEMER
Chicago, Ill.

Who's Wrong on Red China?

Dear Sirs:

How similar Joseph Alsop's article [THE COMING EXPLOSION IN RED CHINA, Aug. 11–18] is to dozens of articles about the imminent collapse of Soviet Russia that filled our daily press and magazines between 1920–40. . . . The facts are, of course, that the bulk of the articles we had been reading about Soviet Russia reflected our hopes and not actual conditions. Let's avoid such nonsense in regard to China.

HUBERT PHILLIPS
Fresno, Calif.

Golden vs. The Confederacy

Dear Sirs:

I say amen to Harry Golden's SPEAKING OUT: LET'S END THE CIVIL WAR [Aug. 11–18]. Now that we have finally evolved as one nation, who could possibly enjoy celebrating the war that once bitterly divided us?

G. E. WILLIAMS
Cleveland, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

As a member of a reactivated unit of the Civil War period I must protest strongly against the tone of your article. The farther we move from the Civil War, in time, the more tragic it seems. But time also brings a true perspective, and that is one of the real values of the centennial commemorations. Certainly we have nothing to celebrate, but we have much to commemorate.

CPL. MONROE M. KING, *Adj.*
Kennesaw Volunteers
41st Georgia Regiment
Kennesaw, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Harry Golden has good cause to beef. What started out as a worthwhile project has degenerated into a commercial wingding. What Harry misses, in his just indignation, is that the Civil War was a great national experience and will forever be part and parcel of the deep things that belong to all of us. I'm sure that he feels, as I do, that the boys on both sides left us something to remember. And the only tarnish on it all is what the hucksters in our time have done to something that should glow in the national memory.

JOHN PAUL HEFFERNAN
McGuire AFB, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Who gives you Northern hypocrites a right to come down South and tell us how to run our social life?

E. D. LOVE
Acme, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Golden refers to the war as the "Civil War." It definitely was not a civil war. It was a war between uniformed armies of two governments, and it was started by the North's invasion of Virginia. Why not call it the "War of the Northern Invasion," for that's exactly what it was.

FRANK H. GARRETT JR.
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Well of all the silly hogwash. When you see a picture of the "Spirit of '76," do you want to hop on a boat and run over and kill the British? . . . We don't want to kill any more Yankees. You-all come—and bring your tourist money with you.

MRS. FRANK VINSON
Rossville, Ga.

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LETTERS

Inter-League Rumble

Dear Sirs:

Ralph Houk should have thought twice before pointing to the success enjoyed in the National League by five former American Leaguers [THE AMERICAN LEAGUE IS TOUGHER, Aug. 11–18]. Some prejudiced National Leaguer just might point to the fact that some thirty-odd N.L. "castoffs" are performing in the "Junior Circuit."

DAVID J. GROTE
Director of Public Relations
The National League
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for Ralph Houk's probing explosion of the National League superiority myth!

WARREN E. WHEELOCK
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In view of all this foolishness, a stanch National League supporter should be able to write an article claiming that the National League is tougher because Casey Stengel, who won so many American League pennants, can hardly win a game in the N.L.

JACK WOOD
Torrington, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Let's quit arguing about which league is better, because they're both pretty darn good. I thought baseball is supposed to teach kids better things, such as good sportsmanship, rather than arguing.

SUSAN CARTLIDGE
Fairless Hills, Pa.

Writing to Senators

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, "DEAR SENATOR" [July 28–Aug. 4], sounds very much like the propaganda on the withholding tax issued by the Administration. . . . Of all the constructive mail that was sent to senators on the subject and which undoubtedly convinced them that the proposal was unfair and impractical, you quote a letter which, if it was ever written, simply indicates that the writer correctly placed more confidence in the advice of the banker than . . . in the orations of the Administration.

A. W. FRASER
Elizabeth, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Now that you have flayed in print all those who wrote to their senators about the withholding-tax proposal, I would like to tell you that I wrote on my own—in fact I am not associated with any bank, or savings account. I wrote because it seemed to me that bit by bit we are losing our basic freedoms that we fought so fiercely for in 1776. I believe freedom from seizure is one of these freedoms.

EVELYN A. MCDANIEL
Franklin, N.H.

Thanks From the Stomach

Dear Sirs:

COOKING WITH GOD'S PLENTY, by Helen Papashvily [Aug. 11–18], on the delectable heritage of the Pennsylvania Dutch people (of which I am one, one generation removed) moved me to smack my lips and get out the old typewriter. Thank you from the bottom of my stomach for bringing back the memory of the tastes and smells which originated in my mother's kitchen.

R. L. KRINER JR.
Nampa, Idaho

Coming . . . in next week's Post

Stewart Alsop Reports on
The Mood of America

Hope for Retarded Children
By Eunice Kennedy Shriver

At Home With Shirley Booth—TV's Hazel

Let's Face Up to Automation

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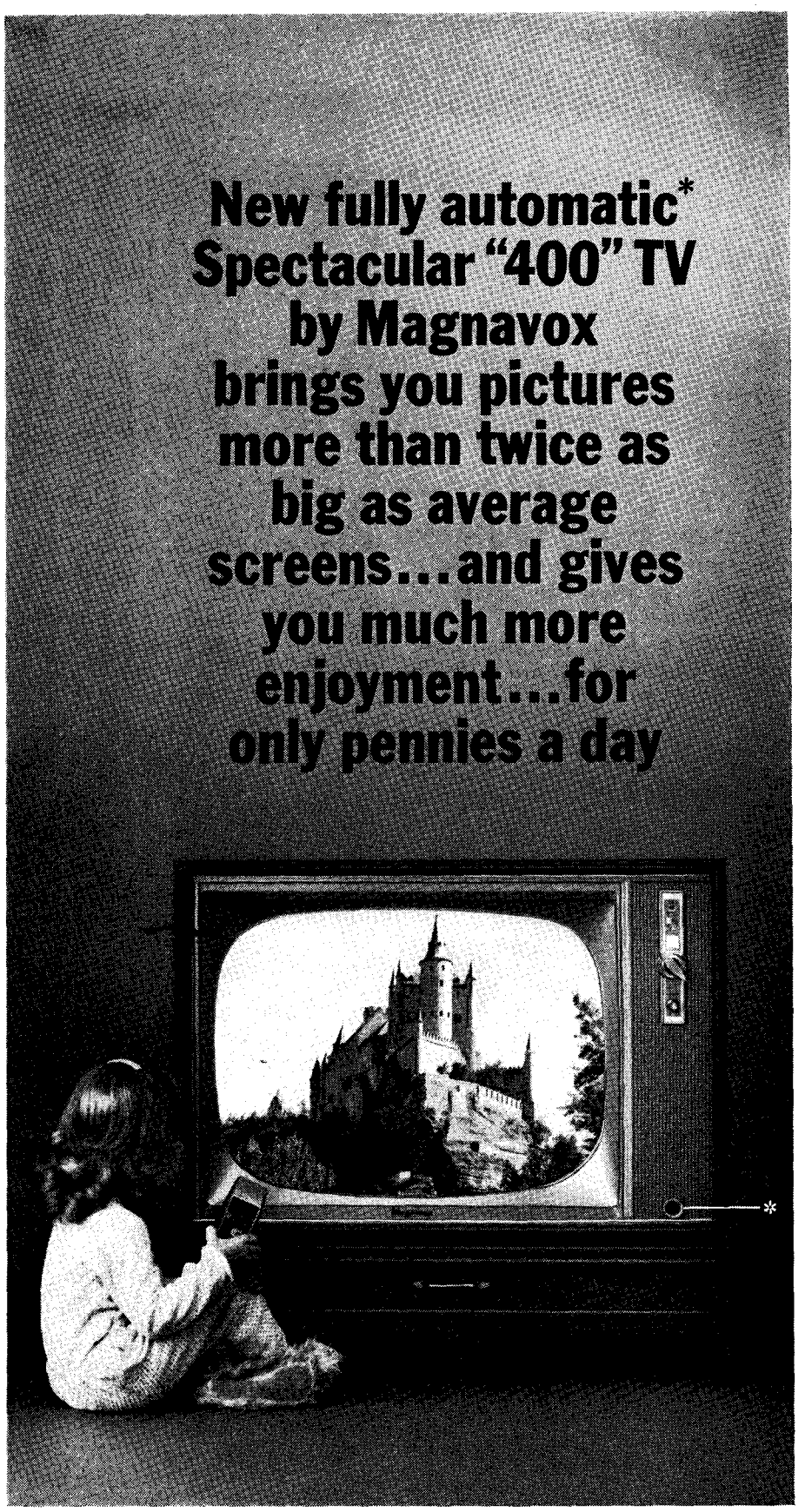
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SPEAKING OUT

Last Chance for the Moon

Only a nuclear-powered rocket can overtake Russia's lead in space.

By SEN. CLINTON P. ANDERSON

Senator Anderson, a Democrat, is a member of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which he once served as chairman. He was elected from New Mexico to the Senate in 1948.

A month ago Soviet Russia scored an impressive victory in the conquest of space by rocketing two manned satellites into orbits so close that the two astronauts were actually in visual contact part of the time. Both men remained aloft, eating and sleeping through orbit after orbit, one of them for nearly four days, far longer than any American astronaut.

The feat earned official congratulations from President Kennedy—and unofficial gloom in our Space Administration. Well it might have. The United States has already made a substantial down payment on a space program that will cost a minimum of $40,000,000,000 over the next eight years. Yet this country may well be risking defeat in the space race by putting all its bets on the wrong horse: chemically driven rockets. In my opinion, far too little stress is being placed on atomic propulsion, our surest hope for overtaking the dangerous Russian head start in space power. We are missing the chance for an achievement as significant as the development of the nuclear submarine.

Such a situation is bewildering in the face of two facts:

1. Scientific opinion recognizes the superiority and absolute necessity of nuclear rockets for lifting heavy loads over vast distances in space.
2. Tests have proved the feasibility of an atomic spaceship.

When he was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, John McCone, now director of the Central Intelligence Agency, declared, "Nuclear power offers to rockets the most energy per unit mass of any fuel source presently known. In fact, it is the *only source* [emphasis mine] of energy which promises the large quantities of power necessary to carry increasingly larger pay loads into outer space."

The present chairman, Nobel-prize winner Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, echoes that judgment.

Future Energy Requirements

There is fleeting value in merely putting a man or a team of astronauts on the moon. Expeditionary camps must be established to explore the moon's resources and strategic locations which might make travel between its regions easier. Tremendous amounts of energy are needed to haul the heavy equipment for this venture.

Our Soviet competitors have chemical boosters lifting pay loads three times as heavy as those of American rockets. Another two or three years will slip by before the first version of our Saturn rocket will be ready to hoist something weighing 25,000 pounds, while the Russians have lofted a capsule of more than 14,000 pounds. They are not going to wait for us to catch up. We have far underestimated their progress in the past.

With the Soviets already ahead in chemical rockets, there is the threatening prospect that they may beat us into space with a nuclear system. This would be a tragedy for the nation which has led the world in development of atomic energy. Soviet publications emphasize the efficiency of nuclear propulsion for interplanetary travel. We should assume they are trying to harness it for the space task.

Missing: a Sense of Urgency

Despite these icy realities, despite President Kennedy's pronouncement that "we are well on our way to startling progress" in atomic rockets, despite additional funds voted by Congress, a sense of urgency is intolerably missing in those who have taken on responsibility for Project Rover, code name for the nuclear-rocket program.

A budgetary myopia in the past has been one of the chief barriers to Project Rover. Congressional believers in nuclear propulsion for spacecraft have had to fight hard to get funds for the program restored, after they were cleaved by budgetmakers.

This matter is as vital to the national security as was the building of an atomic bomb and the decision to construct a hydrogen weapon. Certainly if we had not provided ourselves with nuclear weapons, other nations would have gained a military advantage, to the grave danger of the free world.

Ideas exist for exotic propulsion schemes which would haul tremendous weights on multimillion-mile voyages through space. Some of these systems now are under study, and someday they may be put to use. But an atomic rocket will give us all the push now needed to deliver big packages to the moon and put men on Mars and Venus—probably the farthest space travel most of us will live to see or care to undertake.

Down through the ages bold ideas in science have regularly been greeted with indifference or hostility. The nuclear rocket is a latter-day example. It was in 1946 that Tom Gittings, a bright young physicist at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory in New Mexico, proposed applying atomic power to space propulsion. We were moving out of wars and thoughts of wars, and his idea was shoved aside. Nine years were to pass before work on the nuclear-rocket concept actually began. Had the United States energetically pursued Gittings's proposal, it is reasonable to believe that powerful American craft would be voyaging through space today. Gittings was killed in an automobile accident in the summer of 1961, on the way to a Rover test site in Nevada. His death was a real loss to the project he helped begin.

A year and a half ago the National Aeronautics and Space Administration published its ten-year space program, but said not a word about atomic propulsion. In the wake of successful preliminary tests of the Rover concept, this omission leaves me amazed and worried. The American people have not been told the full story of Rover. They deserve an accounting; their investment in this effort totals about $190,000,000 and will grow.

A rudimentary understanding of the mechanics of the atomic rocket is helpful here. Both chemical and nuclear rockets are shoved through space by the force of hot gases ejected from a nozzle. Outside the earth's atmosphere, oxygen needed for chemical combustion is lacking. Chemical engines, therefore, must pack their own oxygen along.

Advantages of Nuclear Power

In a nuclear rocket, hydrogen gas passes over a reactor, is heated and ejected to produce thrust. Free of dependency on oxygen, Rover does not need separate fuel and oxidizer tanks, nor the two separate systems of pumps, lines and valves required by chemical rockets. Troubles with this complex plumbing have plagued the development of chemical rockets.

Just as a long freight train must have several power units, larger chemical rockets require multiple stages. But adding stages shaves the odds of success. Clusters of chemical engines and the additional web of controls and auxiliary systems are far less reliable and far more expensive than single-stage rockets. Nuclear systems pack more power, making possible a great reduction in the number of stages, perhaps even down to a lone stage for certain missions. Atomic-rocket reliability is enhanced simply because there would be fewer things to go wrong.

Of course, chemical rockets are suitable for many tasks. They can deliver bombs across continents and place weather and communications satellites in relatively low orbits. And they would be used to boost nuclear units into space.

But there comes a point, as assignments in space exploration get tougher, when the nuclear rocket becomes progressively smaller, lighter and cheaper compared to its chemical cousin. The moon shot is

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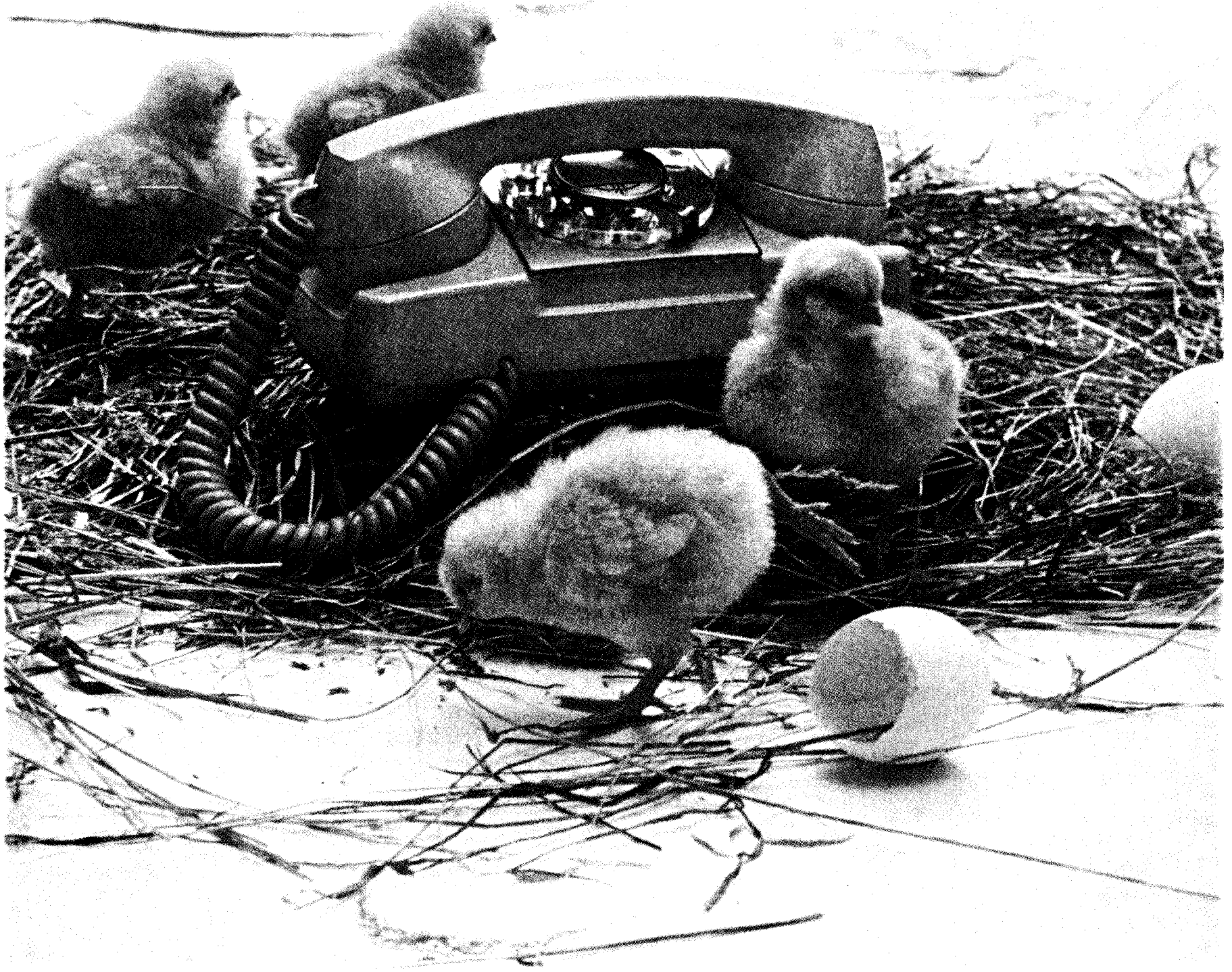

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HOW WATER REVIVED ONE OF THE

Savannah, Ga., was picturesque...and worried. Its water table was dropping alarmingly. New industry shunned its charms...and its young men were leaving. Then it tapped a new water source. With it came $180 million in new plants, 7400 new jobs and the return of its sons. This is the way it happened.

Savannah has been posing for picture postcards since it was founded by General Oglethorpe in 1773. If the word charming is overworked in Savannah, it's with good reason. The city is bedecked with azaleas, camellias and moss-draped oaks. Fine ante-bellum homes overlook spacious parks. Its people are gracious.

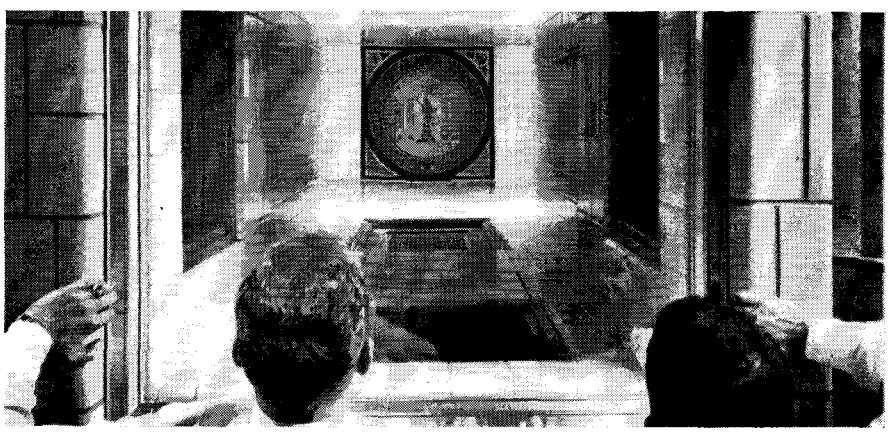
But in 1938, a number of the people took a hard-nosed look at the city's future and found it something less than charming. The truth was this southern flower was beginning to fade—from lack of water.

"If we don't find more water," predicted Thomas M. Johnson, "our industrial growth will be completely stifled. The city will stagnate." Johnson, an investment banker and dedicated civic leader, spoke as chairman of the city's General Planning Commission.

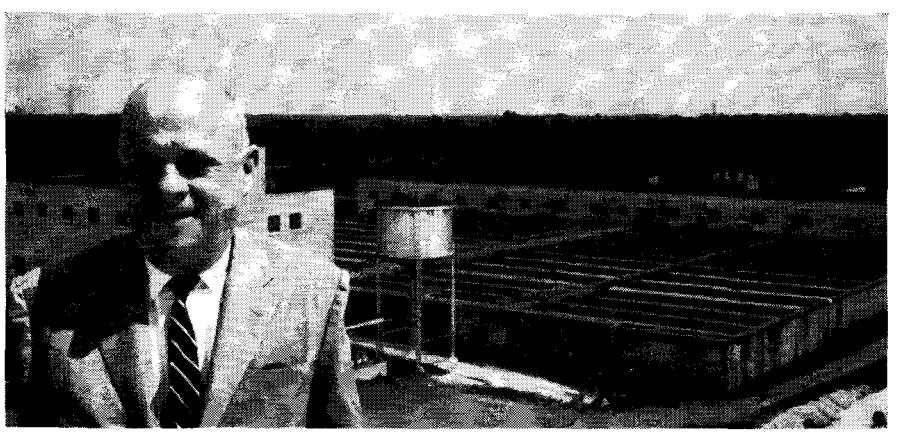
Since 1886, the city had drawn water from artesian wells. But now it was taking more water out of the ground than could be replaced. There was danger of salt water intruding in the wells. Shallow wells in outlying areas began to dry up. In the city, the water level dropped precipitously. Some companies had to buy costly new pumping equipment. Finally the city prohibited the drilling of large wells.

As a result, new industry was understandably shy of locating in Savannah. Particularly pulp and paper mills. Around the city are fine stands of loblolly and slash pine, but it can take up to 50,000 gallons of water to produce a ton of paperboard from these trees, although this can be substantially reduced by reuse of the water.

Because of the water problem, Savannah's population growth almost reached a standstill. Young men reluctantly left their home town to find work. At this point the Planning Commission suggested finding a new industrial water source. The city would continue to get domestic water from wells but could tap the new supply in times of high demand.



SYMBOL OF PLENTY—You are looking down at the seal of the City of Savannah through 15 feet of pure, sweet water as seen in the city's modern new filtration plant. Its capacity is 50 million gallons a day—and this can be increased as Savannah needs it.



HE STARTED THE WATER FLOWING—Tom Johnson, who headed Savannah's drive to find water to attract industry, stands in front of the water plant that resulted. Behind it can be seen the pine trees which made Savannah a natural for the pulp-and-paper industry.

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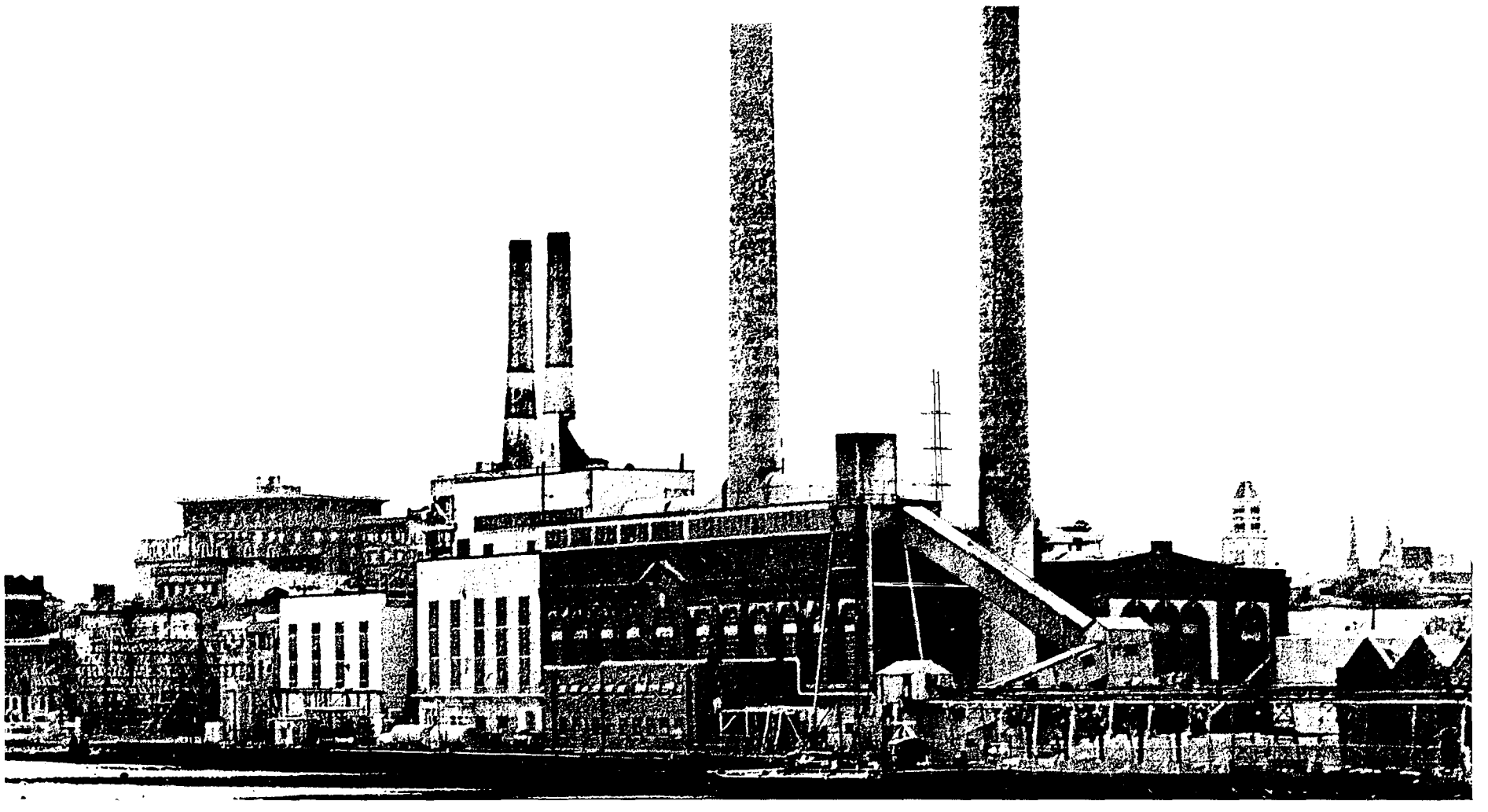

NATION'S MOST CHARMING CITIES

The water could be taken from Abercorn Creek, a dependable stream north of the city. This plan had the backing of City Council.

Then World War II began. The project was put aside until one month after the war ended. By then an independent body—the Industrial and Domestic Water Supply Commission—had been formed with Johnson as chairman. Its mission was simple: get the job done and quickly.

The idea paid off even during the planning stage. One of the nation's largest paper companies agreed to build a plant in Savannah and buy 10 million gallons of water a day when the new system was finished.

The project originally cost $4,800,000. The city contributed $1 million through a bond issue. The Commission sold a $3 million bond issue and the remainder came from water revenue certificates issued by the city. In 30 years, the new water plant would belong to the city.

It opened in 1948. Today its capacity is about 50 million gallons a day—and it can be increased far beyond that. Sixteen industries now buy water from the Commission. The cost is among the lowest of any major city in the South.

Results have been eye-opening. It is estimated that $180 million in capital investment is due to the new water supply, providing 7400 jobs and over half of the city's manufacturing payroll. From 1950 to 1960, the city's population increased 24%. Many native sons have returned to the new jobs created. Pine land in a 300-mile area, supplying pulpwood to the paper mills, has increased in some instances from $10 to $100 an acre.

Water problems like Savannah's are not restricted geographically. In a recent year of subnormal rainfall, one quarter of our nation was rationed for water. Shortages exist even in areas where rainfall is abundant. For there water is often shamelessly polluted. Yet by 1980 we'll need twice the water we're using today. Our margin of safety grows thinner daily.

In your community, action can start with *you*. The people of Savannah proved what individuals can do. They knew what was needed . . . and did it.

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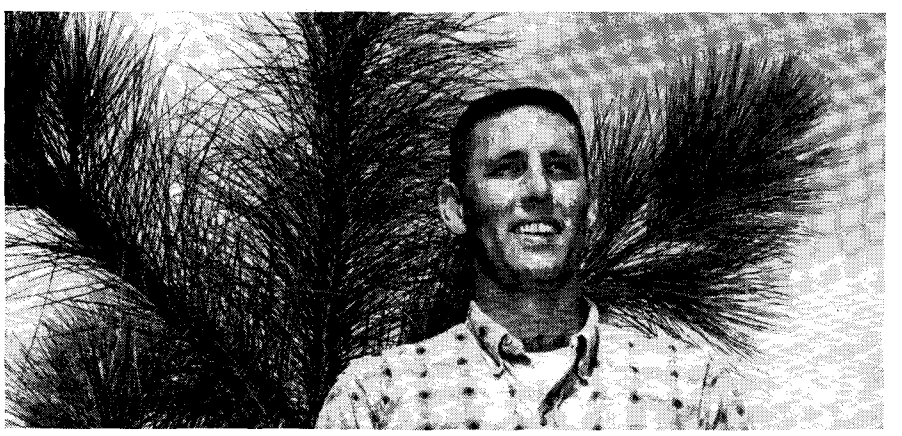
TWO WHO RETURNED—George Meinert, right, and Bill Forgarty both were forced to leave Savannah to look for jobs after their graduation. Now that new industries have come to the city, they were able to return and get good jobs in a new chemical plant.



CHANGED HIS LIFE—Frank Zeagler, who lives 70 miles from Savannah, once was a struggling farmer. Today, however, he and his family have 900 acres in timber which he sells to new paper plants in Savannah. He now has a steady and growing income.

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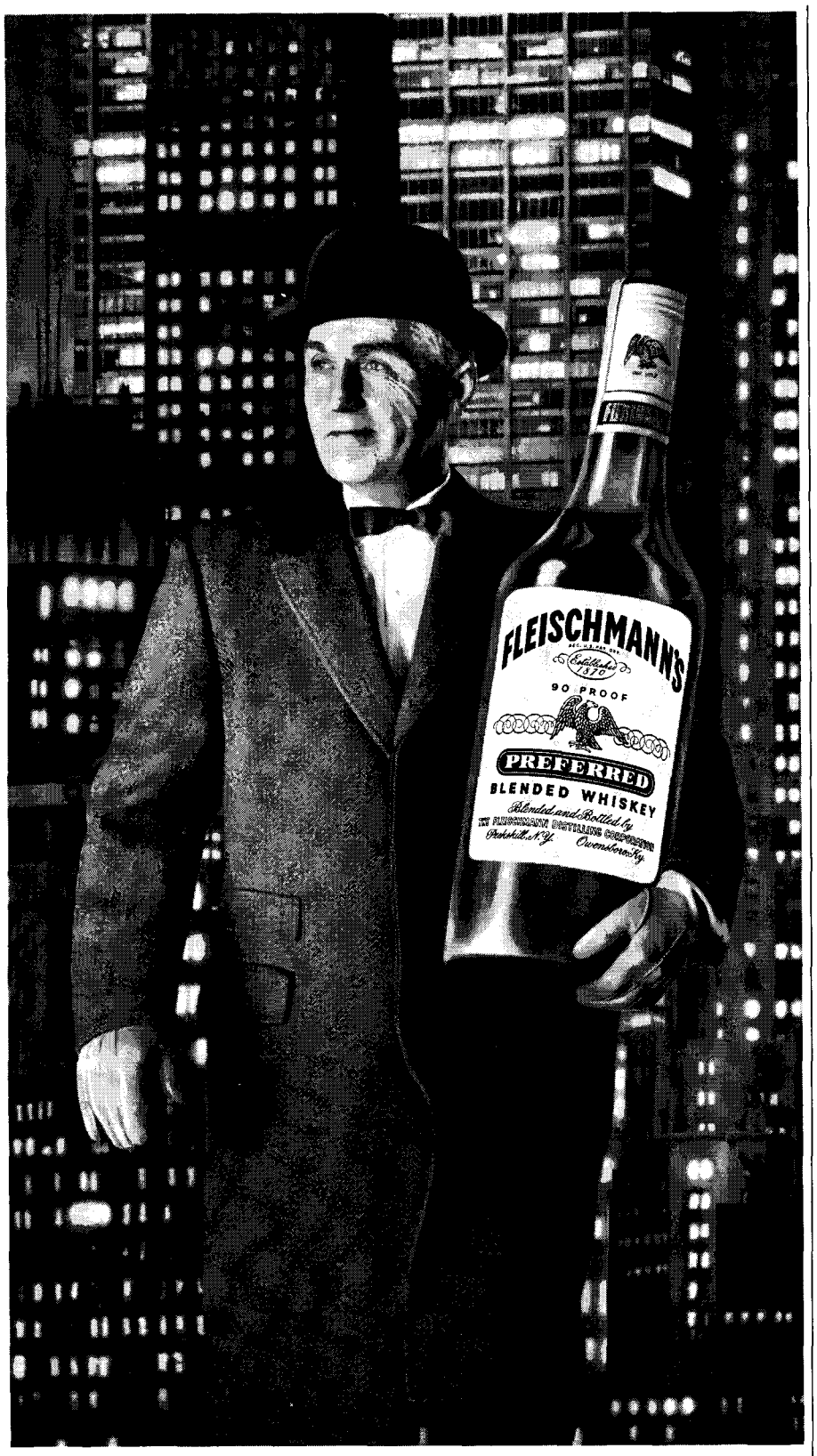

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SPEAKING OUT

about the maximum mission which chemical craft can perform. For Rover, it would be just a warm-up. The secret is the nuclear system's greater specific impulse—the pounds of thrust produced for every pound of propellant fired out the nozzle in a second. In terms of the family car, the nuclear system gives roughly three times the miles per gallon as the best chemical rocket imaginable.

Thus Rover can use its muscle to haul fatter pay loads instead of large quantities of fuel. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has forecast that to land a team on Mars and bring it home would require an all-chemical system of 9,100,000 pounds. An all-nuclear system weighing only one tenth as much could easily do the same thing.

No one pretends we can wave a magic wand and send a nuclear rocket aloft. Sizable engineering hurdles must be vaulted. Fortunately success does not hinge on scoring a so-called scientific breakthrough. It depends on a halt to the business-as-usual attitude that pervades the Rover program and a vigorous regimen to work out technical problems.

One of these is extreme temperatures. Materials in the atomic rocket must withstand 3000-to-4000-degree heat generated by the reactor within a few seconds, imposing violent stresses on fuel elements and rocket parts. The handling and use of liquid hydrogen, Rover's lifeblood, also presents difficulties. Luckily for Rover, some of these problems are being encountered in the advanced chemical-rocket systems. Solutions and new types of hardware coming out of the chemical rocket program should help Rover.

Radiation poses no greater problem for Rover's crew than for men on board a chemical rocket. In either case shielding probably will be required to guard crewmen passing through zones of natural radiation, such as the Van Allen belts. Rover may require a little more extensive shielding because its reactor will emit radiation. But even with this extra weight burden, the nuclear rocket has a wide margin of lift ability over the chemical vehicles.

The space administration is confident that Rover can be safely flown. It would not be launched from the ground, where its exhaust might spew radioactive particles into the air. Instead, Rover would be carried out of the earth's atmosphere aboard a chemical rocket, and the reactor started up where radioactivity would imperil no one. If by mischance the nuclear rocket were to crash, it would do no more damage than a chemical-rocket accident. A reactor is not an atomic bomb, nor does it behave like one. Unreasonable worries should not be permitted to hobble us in space.

How We Can Still Catch Up

Time lost in science can never be regained. We cannot retrieve the years since the nuclear rocket was first proposed. But our Government must act now to avoid being left behind in space. We must:

1. Assign Rover a definite role in the mission to the moon and give it the same level of highest national priority held by the Saturn rocket development and the man-in-space program. Several benefits will result from this action. The moon-bound chemical rockets will be backstopped with another source of energy as insurance of adequate power. The nuclear rocket's requirements will not be forced to the tail of the line as competition increases for scarce materials, skilled manpower and special facilities. As the bill for the whole space enterprise mounts, we can expect to hear demands for stretching out certain programs in order to lower costs in a particular year. With the mantle of priority, Rover would avoid being dragged to death, a fate from which it has had to be rescued several times.

2. Accelerate the building of a flying model of a nuclear rocket. Industry is now developing a design for the first flight engine. Development should be pushed with full speed.

3. We should take what scientists call a quantum jump. That means building a nuclear rocket many times more powerful than the prototype. As "bugs" turn up in the flying model, engineers can eliminate them and avoid similar troubles in the bigger craft. Two years could be sliced off development time by proceeding that way. The keel of the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* was laid a full year before tests on the prototype reactor for its power plant were completed. Admiral Rickover's quantum jump, which meant some calculated gambles, paid tremendous dividends in time. Through the admiral's boldness we are far ahead of the Russians in atomic undersea forces.

4. Elevate the Space Nuclear Propulsion Office, which oversees Rover, and give the man in charge full authority and responsibility. The office is too insulated from the decision-making strata. This arrangement invites the secret veto of neglect to stifle action. An incident last year provides a painful example: Rover was set back at least four months simply because an official held a contract on his desk that long. Finally some of us on the Atomic Energy Committee prodded it along to the next higher desk.

5. Establish the necessary measures to achieve or beat the Rover flight-test date. The project's history is studded with slowdowns invoked not by technical obstructions but by special committees and study panels. (It's interesting that an advisory committee in 1947 recommended against development then of an atomic submarine.) Now that the target date of 1966–67 is fixed, a schedule for reaching it can be laid down. We then can hold people responsible for meeting these goals.

There are scientists connected with Project Rover who believe the United States, if it tried, could be flying a nuclear rocket by 1964, certainly no later than 1965. Those dates take on critical importance when we realize that two years from now, at the present pace, we will stand in chemical rocketry where the Russians were a year ago. This country need not have been a Johnny-come-lately. As long ago as the 1920's, Robert Goddard, an American inventor, was conducting promising experiments with rockets. Our Government paid him scant attention. The Germans were more alert. They borrowed from Goddard's work and developed rockets as weapons.

There's a story told in Washington about the famous space scientist who was asked by a congressman what we would find on the moon. "Russians," the scientist grimly but candidly replied. Let us resolve that the prophecy in the story never be fulfilled. Rover must fly the moon mission! THE END

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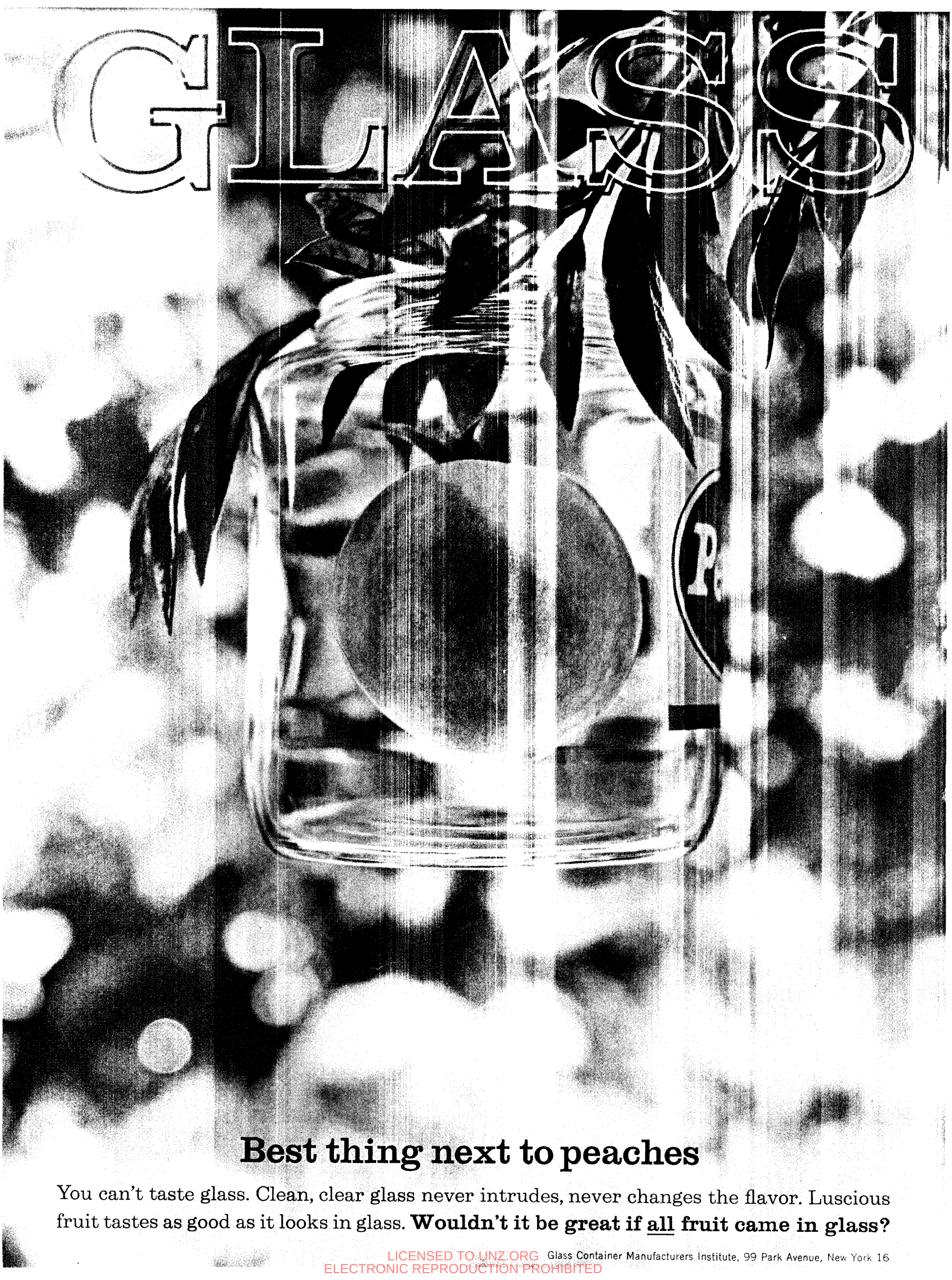

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My Life With Juvenile Gangs

A former Youth Board worker tells of his frustrating, yet rewarding years in the jungle world of New York kid gangs.

By VINCENT RICCIO as told to Bill Slocum

About the Author: *Shocking though it may be, Vincent Riccio's eyewitness story of street gangs is an authentic social document, based on five years' experience with the New York City Youth Board. In the Brooklyn slum in which he himself was born, Riccio first won the trust of gang members, then tried to help them. The job was grueling. When he realized he was seriously neglecting his own family, he quit. Riccio, who is 44 and holds a master's degree from Columbia University, now teaches physical education in a Brooklyn high school. Although his experiences as a Youth Board worker took place from 1950 to 1955, Rick says conditions nowadays are as bad or worse. • The Editors.*

© 1962 By VINCENT RICCIO AND BILL SLOCUM

For nearly five unforgettable years I lived closer to a gang of forty teen-agers—including mayhem artists, larcenists, drunkards and dope addicts—than I did to my own wife and two small children. Most of these boys were social pariahs. I wish I could have helped them more, but I had a family to support.

If I can help now from the sidelines—and the help of understanding people everywhere is desperately needed—it may be by trying to explain the kid gangs whose ruthless battles and seemingly insane, pointless killings explode wildly in our big-city and small-town streets.

It has been my experience that social workers can't aid these warped little creatures, the clergy can't reach them, the cops can't and don't help them. I'm not sure who or what will. And yet I know that they can be helped and deserve help. That is why I want to tell you about them. Their story is very real and very shocking. It is, in fact, a sorry report of American defeat on the home front.

Basically what these unfortunate brats are seeking is just what all of us want—to be somebody rather than nobody, to be recognized as a human being, to be appreciated and even loved. But these kids start desperately far down the line, with next to nothing by every human measurement, and most of them have little to offer society in conventional terms. So when these gang kids go after the recognition that all of us want, they don't even know how to approach their goal. They're almost totally unacquainted with normal living. Their stunted personalities run riot. Frustrated at every turn, many take to drink, dope, perversion and sadistic violence before they are fifteen. Some die of overdoses of heroin in toilets or back halls at eighteen or earlier, or get life sentences for murder.

The most that society has done for them, as I see it, is to suppress their street outbursts aimed at wholesale murder. Few people are actually helping these kids. Juvenile delinquency is getting worse in all our large cities and in many other places. The record is painfully clear.

My task as a New York City Youth Board worker for almost five years was primarily to stop the killing. The city didn't like nasty stories in the newspapers about gun and knife butcheries

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"I would do anything to stop a rumble. I kept no box score, but I know I stopped ten for every one that got away from me."

among schoolboys. So each Youth Board worker was assigned to a gang, around the clock and around the calendar, like firemen waiting for the bell to ring. When we weren't putting out multiple-alarmers, we were working incessantly to minimize the social equivalent of fire hazards.

But cast a jaundiced eye on every newspaper story in the land that claims, "This boy is a good boy. He didn't want to be a gang kid. He had to be, or be killed." Mothers may believe that, but it is sheer bunk. Gangs don't want kids who aren't enthusiastic members—they would be terrible risks in a gang war or rumble. Gang kids are volunteers, not draftees.

The kid who joins a gang needs something that only a group of similar misfits can give him. He is more often stupid than not. He is without exception an inept, uncoordinated athlete. He is a juvenile dreg needing the company of his own poor kind.

The excuses for gang fighting are girls, ethnic differences, insults, invasion of "turf," or simply the need to feel important by throwing weight around. Primitive tribes make war for much the same reasons. In my experience gang trouble often starts from little or nothing.

Take the afternoon four of the Gowanus Boys—the gang I was assigned to pacify—were chatting with me in the Community Center. Baldie arrived with his face bloody and his upper clothing torn off to his T shirt. All Baldie said was, "Come on, man. It's on." The boys rose without a word and followed him. So did I.

A few blocks away a mob of Gowanus Boys surrounded three young strangers. Everybody was yelling. Baldie broke in, "You bastards got no business on our turf." Then he explained that the strangers were Dragons who had invaded Gowanus territory and "passed a remark to Lucky, Shorty and Joey Boy, who was standing on the corner minding their own business, that 'Only punks hang out in this neighborhood.'" That was all. Shorty had summoned Baldie, a renowned battler, who whipped the freshest of the Dragons in single combat.

Gowanus and Dragons in a Rumble

"Yeah," spoke up one of the cornered Dragons, "it was a fair fight, but you picked a soft touch and you know it." Baldie offered, "I'll take *you* on right now." The Dragon, a blond kid named Hurley, was ready, but I stepped in and tried to make peace. Hurley said, "We can't, Rick. My boys are probably getting ready right now."

I drove around the neighborhood in my car and sure enough, both sides were arming. The Gowanus Boys were gathering weapons, the call was out for absent members and the air was alive with emotion. Over in Dragon territory they were bringing out carefully hidden munitions. They kept a lot of their heavy stuff, the baseball bats and tire chains, atop a small movie marquee. Two boys had climbed up and were dropping the weapons down to kids in the street.

My last efforts to arbitrate failed. Gowanus was willing, but the Dragons' spokesman said, "Nope. Lefty wouldn't like that. He thinks your guys have to be straightened out for once and for all." Lefty was the Dragon fighting leader, of a breed who exalted themselves by strife. Like all fighting leaders, he had no time for peace.

On the job in 1955, Riccio talks with members of his assigned kid gang.

By the time I got back to Gowanus, accompanied by a former gang fighter called "Schemer," we saw at least seventy-five kids stalking through the housing project. Dragons. Schemer said, "They're crazy to walk in there like that. Gowanus will rack a lot of heads, for sure."

Gowanus, outnumbered three to one, had the advantage of fighting in familiar territory. They used alleys and rooftops to advantage. They let the Dragons walk right into the middle of the project before showing themselves. It was unbelievable.

Kids, fourteen to twenty, were fighting to the death. I saw the bats swinging, the bottles flying. I saw and heard flashes of gunfire—not improvised zip guns, but real pistols. Chains whistled through the air, swung with sadistic skill. Fighters went down, lay there, then crawled off. One boy was fighting off five. Another group of a dozen from each side was in a wild fist-and-bat-swinging melee. The air was filled with rocks and scrap iron.

It was over in three long, long minutes. Almost all of these fights are. The Dragons, victims of an ambush, broke off the fighting and fled in groups of four or five. Rumbles don't last long, and victory is never clearly defined; although the Gowanus Boys did repulse the Dragons, they were far too spent to follow up the wounded stragglers.

Schemer asked me to drive over to Dragon territory. "They got a few hurt," he said. Maybe they did. We never found out. We were on their turf five minutes after the rumble ended, and not a soul was to be seen on the quiet streets.

Back in Gowanus fifteen minutes later we found the area saturated with police cars. But the Gowanus Boys had disappeared into the alleys, the movies and their own homes. A couple had been questioned. One, Shorty, laughed and said, "They grabbed me, but a cop said, 'He's too skinny to get in a rumble!' They shoulda known. I busted two heads, easy."

Schemer conducted an expert tactical discussion the next day. He was particularly interested in the gunfire. "How many pieces you guys got?" he asked.

Proudly he was told, "Five. They didn't have none. The guns was the difference. They scared off them Dragons."

The gangs didn't rumble for a time, but they "japped" each other incessantly for weeks. "Japping" is the practice of three or four members of one gang surprising a lone enemy or two with a sudden attack and retreat. The derivation of the word is clear, I'm sure.

There are no rules, but in my own experience it is japping that causes most of the spectacular deaths we read about. Nonfatal intergang wars go virtually unpublicized; we do not read of the serious and crippling injuries that result from such clashes. Kids who are hospitalized by knives, bricks, tire chains and just about anything short of bullets lie about the source of their injuries. They fell off a bicycle or were struck by a flying object, origin unknown; so they say.

I have heard of gangs being badly beaten, but never knew one to be destroyed or lose all its turf as might happen in international war. Rumbles just don't last long enough for complete destruction.

As time passed, I talked Gowanus and other gangs into many a peace treaty, but I could always get the sour smell of disaster when they went completely secretive on me. I think they felt that I would do anything to stop a rumble, including telling the cops where the fight was to take place. And they were right. So they saw to it that I seldom knew where a rumble was to be fought. I kept no box score, but I know I stopped ten rumbles for every one that got away from me. And the terrible tragedy of that one is that almost every kid who participated in it wanted me—or anybody—to stop it. Rumbles are like wars. Only the psychopaths and some of the generals want them. The infantry hates them, fears them, but fights them bravely.

Rally by Big Brothers and Fathers

Funny things happen in age groups during a rumble. Oddly, they can affect full-grown men who have long left gangs and gang fights behind. This will happen when a kid is japped and reports that his assailants were big guys. This charge rouses older brothers, even fathers. The older men will also rally to the side of relatives and friends fending off an attack in their own neighborhood.

One of the most extraordinary rumbles I know of was a battle between the Kane Street boys of Brooklyn and Puerto Ricans living nearby. I was involved, because I was sent into the Kane Street area to try to prevent bloodshed. The Kane Street boys had been giving the Puerto Ricans a hard time. They japped them endlessly and

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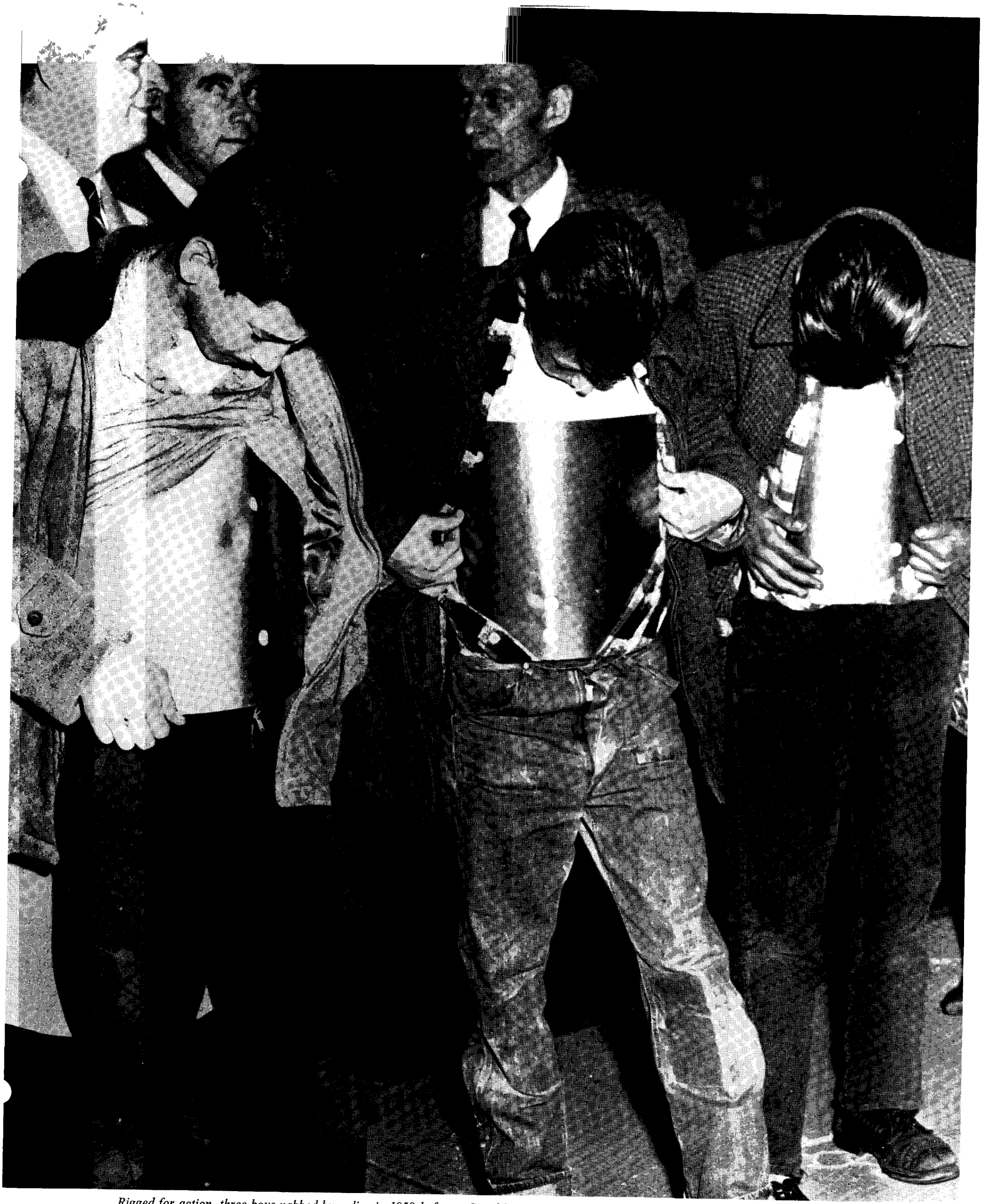

Rigged for action, three boys nabbed by police in 1958 before a Brooklyn gang fight could get started, display their metal vests.

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"Social workers or the clergy can't reach these warped creatures. The cops can't and won't help. I'm not sure who or what will."

mercilessly. Finally the Puerto Ricans attacked Kane Street in force. They literally marched in, carrying Puerto Rican flags and following a man blowing a bugle. The Puerto Rican kids were reinforced by brothers and even fathers in their late twenties and early thirties. Older Kane Streeters joined when they saw the adult Puerto Ricans.

It was one of the most thorough ambushes in kid-gang history. Kane Street saw the flags and heard the bugle and swung into well-planned action. Half of them went to the roofs, where piles of bricks, gravel-filled milk bottles and scrap iron were stored. The Puerto Ricans marched unmolested into the block. Then Kane Street sealed off both ends of the street and bombed the invaders from the rooftops. The casualties were terrifying, and only prompt police action averted mass murder.

This pitched battle, involving grownups, flags and bugling, wasn't the climax of the gang strife that I observed and struggled to avert. That came one summer when the equivalent of global warfare broke out among the boy gangsters of New York.

It was the worst possible combination of circumstances. In the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, the Nits, Chaplains and El Quintos were in open combat; three kids had been killed. In Harlem a furious war broke out between the Dukes and Viceroys. Gangs were rumbling in Lower Manhattan and Brooklyn. And the Youth Board, for which I worked, was trying to get its appropriation increased. It was awful.

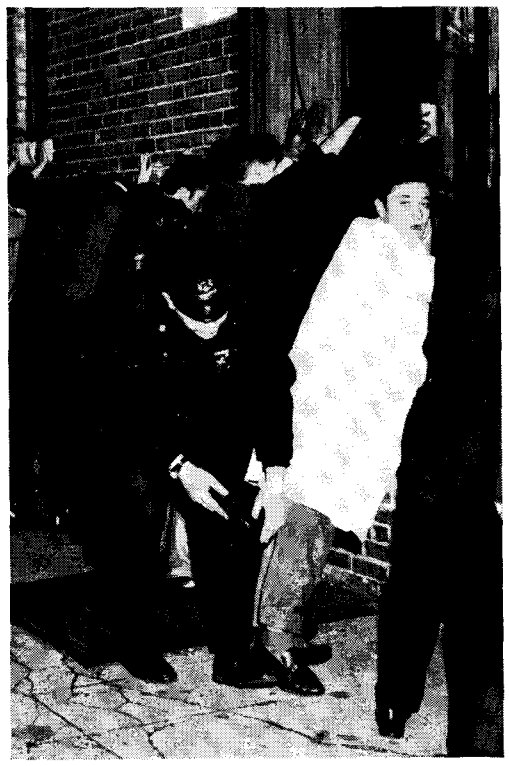
Then came a stroke of genius. Someone high on the Youth Board decided that if we could get the battling kids off the streets, there would be fewer bodies lying around to embarrass the board in its request for more funds to "keep the peace." Thus was born Operation Bus—a nightmare.

The Nightmare of "Operation Bus"

The plan was simple: get the kids into buses and take them out into the country. All six of us Brooklyn Youth Board workers were transferred to help the Bedford-Stuyvesant men. They needed help. A mediation meeting of gang leaders there had only one result—the casualty of the poor Youth Board worker who presided until he was jumped and landed in the hospital.

Operation Bus lasted for about forty days and nights. In that time we averaged four hours of sleep a night. The trips were run on military plans, with slight political overtones. We reported each morning at eight to a bus dispatcher. Destinations were important, because if a load of El Quintos wound up in Heckscher State Park near a load of Chaplains, war was inevitable. So we tried to go in opposite directions. Our orders were to drop the tougher kids right at their doors at night. It was often two A.M. before we unloaded and convened to discuss our progress.

In truth the kids had us and the rest of New York officialdom overpowered, and they knew it. Almost immediately a caste system developed. The gang leaders, recognizing our panic, refused to go on the buses and demanded preferential treatment. Faced with the frightening alternative of leaving them on the streets to fight, the Youth Board capitulated. While the gang minions prowled the beaches and woods, their leaders were driven to Manhattan for a dinner and show.



Police took knives, tire chains and bullets from boys in a Bronx rumble.

On my first trip from Bedford-Stuyvesant I rode the second of two buses carrying a gang called the Chaplains. Kenny Marshall was their youth worker. The boys were thirteen to twenty-one, and their girls were somewhat younger. We set out singing, no less. My first clue that this would be a long day came when I heard a crash. It was an empty pint whisky bottle exploding against the curb. They were swigging cheap wine and rye and, by the time they got to the outskirts of Brooklyn, they were drunk.

Girls began screaming as they felt the heavy hands of escorts. The language grew foul beyond description. The boys were ribbing one another mercilessly.

It was time something was done. I stood up, cleared my throat and spoke sternly. "Now listen, fellows, this has got to stop."

I was ignored. I couldn't be heard halfway down the bus anyhow. The forty boys and girls were too busy drinking, arguing or making love to listen to me. I represented "Authority," and I was helpless. I knew it and sat down.

The driver was terrified. He said to me, "I don't know who is going to drive you people back. I sure ain't." (He did, but in the forty days' duty I suffered through I never saw the same bus driver twice.) At a comfort stop I begged Kenny to switch buses.

"Don't worry so much," he said. "Your gang'll calm down pretty soon." They did—in a nice drunken stupor.

Rye Beach at last. Rye Beach is an ancient and respected spot on Long Island Sound. New Yorkers—quiet, middle-class, hardworking people—have been going there to spend a day on the water for decades.

Now we unloaded two buses, eighty wild Negro gang kids, into the middle of this genteel park. Adults looked on in astonishment. The police watched with thin lips and wisely called for reserves. Now came the matter of food. I had been handed five dollars for expenses, and another five dollars was given to Kenny—for eighty starving boys and girls.

The boys started demanding food. "Where them pork-chop sandwiches, man?"

I asked, "What pork-chop sandwiches, man?"

"Them pork-chop sandwiches that they promised us, man. They said we'd all get all the pork-chop sandwiches we could eat up here. Where are they, man? We're hungry."

I had wondered how these kids had been persuaded to risk the terrors of faraway Rye Beach, and now I knew: somebody had promised pork-chop sandwiches. How Kenny and I kept those promises was Kenny's problem and mine.

We pooled our money and bought some hot dogs and buns. We built a fire to cook them. We knew from the beginning that we wouldn't have enough to go around, but we didn't know how short we would be until the frankfurters actually began to cook.

The big boys, the tough ones, grabbed all the hot dogs. One fellow would get four; ten boys and girls would get none. That left an awful lot of hungry youngsters. Most of them had no money, but if there was one thing they knew how to do, it was steal. And they started working over the beach concessionaires.

The police were nailing them everywhere. I spent most of the afternoon talking to cops. The cops kept demanding to know when we were going to get on the buses and get out, and I kept saying, "Real soon, officer. Real soon."

But I had orders to stay as late as possible. The whole thing was a fiasco. The boys and girls were hungry, and some of the boys turned real mean. They had been told Kenny and I had been given money, and they had been promised pork-chop sandwiches. They were starving and fairly certain that Kenny and I were pocketing the money.

Some Strong-armed Dining Habits

Finally we left. The kids were weak from whisky and hunger, and only a few of them raised hell coming back. But those few did a fine job of it. The driver of the bus was banging along at sixty miles an hour, swerving in and out of traffic and jumping red lights. Finally I said to him, "Take it easy, pal. You'll get us all killed."

He answered, "The hell with that. I'm busting through. I want to get rid of these bums just as soon as I possibly can."

One bus ride was the same as another. Only the parks differed. The few hot dogs and buns we supplied were gobbled up by the strong while the weak starved, then the concessionaires were stripped. Some kids heard about the shortage of food and brought sandwiches, but most of them swiped their lunch.

I spent my time pleading with cops, breaking up fights among the boys and trying to calm the

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12

BROOKLYN

Four unemployed teen-age members of the "South Brooklyn Boys," all dropouts from school, while away the summer hours shooting craps.

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"Basically what these unfortunate brats are seeking is what all of us want—to be somebody rather than nobody."

park's normal visitors, who were not used to seeing the ultimate sex act carried out at three o'clock in the afternoon where the sea meets the sand.

We got a reinforcement for our next trip, a chap named Franklin, who was an expert on recreational activities. He was to show us how to keep our charges happy and active so they would not get drunk, steal or make love to girls all the time.

I must set a scene now. We have two buses waiting. Milling about are our eighty passengers. The boys are dressed real sharp, man. The pistol-pocket pegged pants, the zoot suit, the flat hat. Only a few of these kids have killed anybody. But they have stabbed and been stabbed, they have stolen, they have been in jail in many cases and in precinct houses in all cases. They were the very models of modern male hoodlums, thirteen-to-twenty-one division. Their ladies were dressed after the fashion of the day, with knives in their garter belts.

Into this group stepped Mr. Franklin. He was tall and skinny, cheery beyond human endurance and, Heaven be my witness, Mr. Franklin was wearing a Boy Scout uniform complete with short pants.

The boys stopped ribbing to stare. The girls stopped sashaying to stare. Kenny and I stared, unbelieving. I asked, "What the hell?"

"He's going to show us how to keep the kids busy."

"Is he going to show us how to keep them from stabbing him?" I asked.

I got him on my bus first. The boys and girls settled down, the bus started, and the boys and girls reached for their bottles. But they stopped in mingled amazement and horror.

Mr. Franklin was on his feet. "All right now, gang," he said with disgusting cheerfulness. "Let's have a real good old-fashioned songfest, hey gang?"

The kids loved to sing, so they showed some interest. Mr. Franklin continued, "Now we'll start off with *Alouette*, eh? You all know *Alouette*. Oh, no? Well, it's a grand song, gang. Goes something like this."

Then he sang *Alouette*. In French!

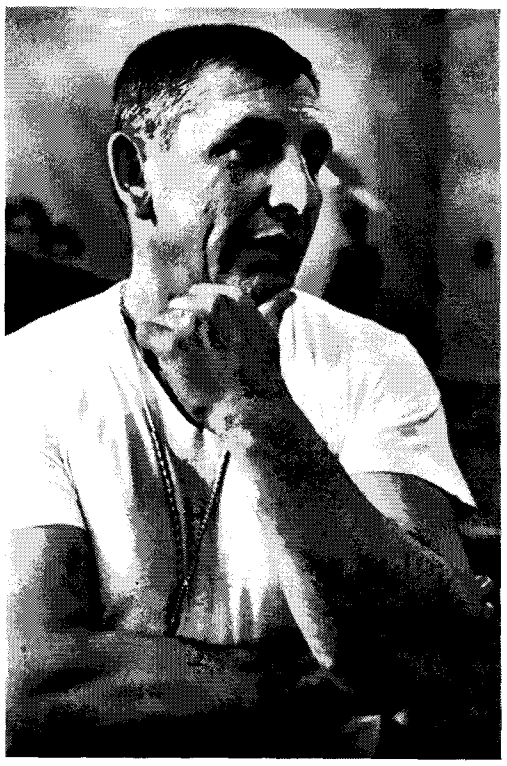
All of these kids had plenty of trouble with English. They were also aware of no music in the world except rock 'n' roll.

Fun and Games for Frisky Kids

They didn't sing *Alouette*. But they didn't tear the bus apart. They just sat watching this funny-looking man and drinking rye and wine. He never stopped trying. Eventually I lost him when he switched buses at a stop.

Naturally there weren't enough hot dogs to go around, and we all had as much fun as you can have starving, while Mr. Franklin tried to organize three-legged races among healthy young males who only wanted to steal some food and get their girl friends off to one side for a while.

The last I remember of Mr. Franklin was on the trip home. He was working like a beaver to organize a songfest. And the man was still trying to get them to sing *Alouette*. He never came back.



Though teaching now, "Rick" still devotes long hours to gang kids' problems.

I think that was just as well because, when the novelty wore off and the hot dogs remained in short supply, Mr. Franklin might well have been stabbed for laughs.

Although Operation Bus dragged on and on, it was clearly a failure. The kids we wanted to get off the streets in the active gang-war areas quit going. And there was a bad reaction among the gangs that weren't warring and therefore weren't invited on bus rides. About once a week we workers were sent back to our regular charges in passive areas. My Gowanus Boys greeted me with, "Why in hell don't the Youth Board send some buses over here? We're just as mean as them Nits over in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and we'll prove it." The bus rides had become a form of prestige among kid gangs.

So the operation ended with wounded feelings, and the real bad kids remained at home to club one another. And, of course, the coddling of leaders with dinners and shows in Manhattan was recognized for exactly what it was—outright surrender.

In the whole social morass of slums, poverty and depravity, I encountered only one thing that really salvaged kid gangsters. It worked solely on an individual, unorganized basis, and it could not do otherwise, for it worked through romance. The one thing that saves bad boys, I found, is "good" girls.

Of course, some of the worst and sorriest creatures in gang society are girls. You read about "debs," the female auxiliaries who carry guns or knives under their dresses and smoke marijuana. Most participate in gang activities because they desire any kind of male companionship and admiration, and do what they must do to satisfy these wants. But this type gets out fast—just as fast as they encounter boys different from their brothers' friends, who are usually the first gang kids they met.

The majority of the girls who stay on as active, fighting debs are psychopaths. They are stupid or moronic and physically dreary. They glory in the idea that the boys are fighting to avenge insults they say they suffered from rival gangs. These girls stir up more gang wars than all other causes combined.

The good girls in gang neighborhoods, on the other hand, are the only people I know who can really effect dramatic changes in otherwise hopeless youngsters. Going steady is terribly important to any youngster, and these boys are no different. They start busting heads to prove they are something special. They stop busting heads because the girls they love want them to stop, and they are proving something to them by stopping.

More-fortunate human beings might profit by the gang kids' scale of values. These kids are incurable romantics. They want "the" girl. They want marriage.

Although they are almost without exception the victims of parental neglect of all sorts, they want to rear their own families.

The gang kid seldom has or wants a sex relationship with the girl he loves. Again, it is the code, as old as fairy tales. Chivalry, it's called. If the girl will accommodate him without benefit of matrimony, she's a bum. Respect is very important to these kids. They get so little.

If the marriage goes well—and the average here is as good as in superior groups, if not better—the boy is saved. If not, he's a well-trained bum and can always go back to his trade. Sometimes, even in the happiest of marriages, he pulls a stickup or two through sheer economic pressure. The wife, who almost always works, is pregnant. So he steals to eat. If he is caught, there is no mercy.

Good Girls Save Gang Boys

Nevertheless, love and then marriage have saved more potential bums than all the clergy, police, social workers and Youth Board people combined. It can result in nice girls getting hurt. But I would guess the percentage of failure is somewhat less than that of the Harvard-Radcliffe set.

So the good girl is fantastically important to the gang kid from the very second he realizes he is in love. Instinctively he knows that she represents his best chance to escape from a ruinous future that he sees all too clearly.

If the boy and girl break up, he's in terrible shape. All love-crossed adolescents are. But these adolescents can't go home and mope. What homes? So they fight their frustration with a gang war, a stickup—or heroin.

(Next Week: Mr. Riccio tells of his hilarious efforts to guide kid gangsters to social success.)

This is the first of three articles drawn from the book All the Way Down, *by Vincent Riccio and Bill Slocum, to be published on September 25 by Simon and Schuster.*

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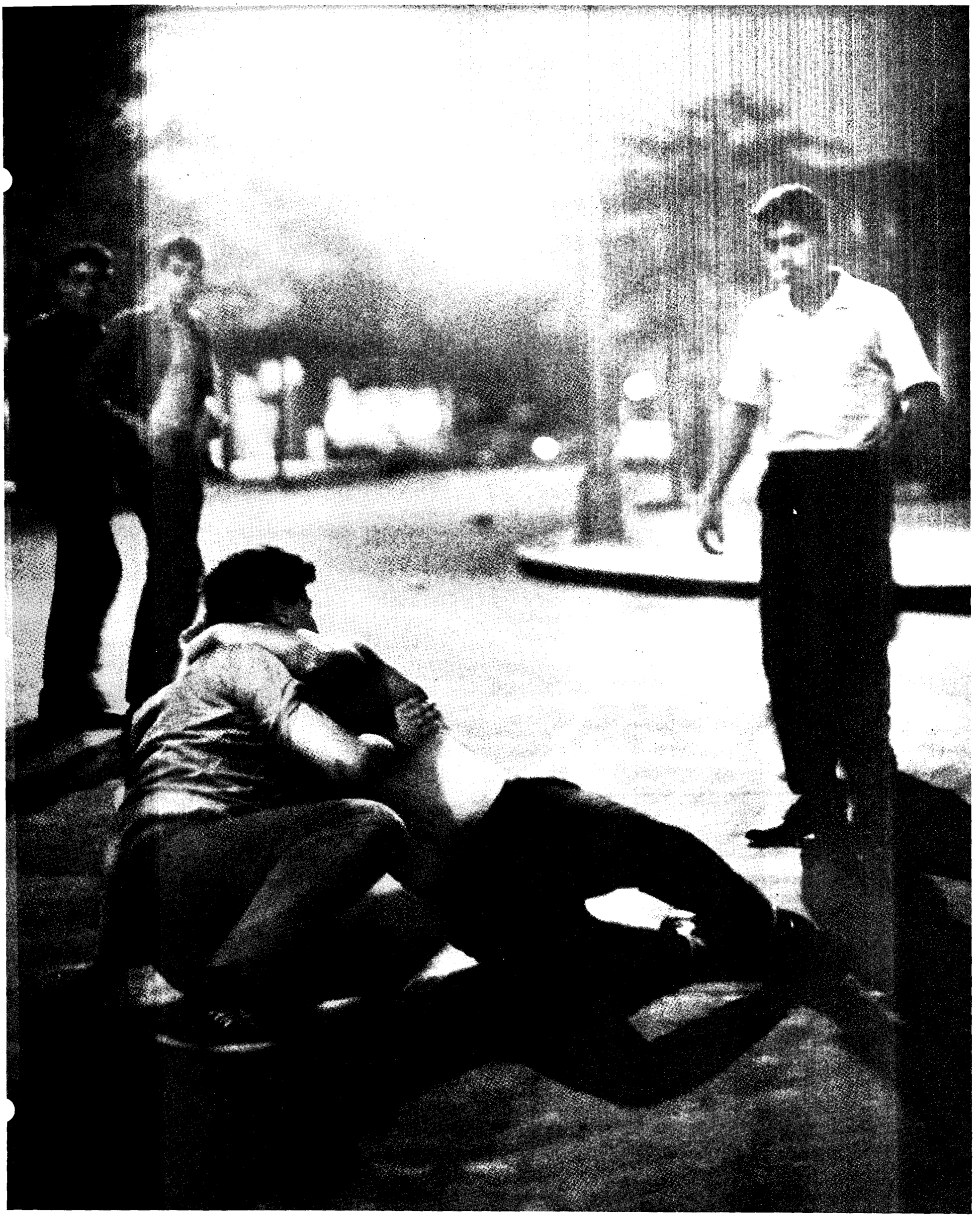

June 1962: Two chosen gladiators of rival gangs fight it out on a Brooklyn street corner. Full-fledged rumbles can often be delayed by this method.

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Star Without an Image

Outspoken, unpretentious Joanne Woodward manages to hide herself behind a hundred make-believe roles.

The lissome platinum blonde, wearing a few strategically placed balloons and a deadpan expression, undulated across the barroom runway in a smoke-filled Kansas roadhouse. The boys at the bar hooted with vulgar delight as she beckoned them to "strip" her with the lighted ends of their cigarettes. Swaying through the sea of extended arms, she sang in a flat, sex-husky voice above the yapping of the bar hounds and the popping of balloons. Not a moment too soon she moved beyond camera range.

The showgirl beneath the tattered balloon shreds was, it now appeared, plain, daisy-fresh Joanne Woodward, whose public image is about as sexy as Shirley Temple's. The scene, set on a 20th Century-Fox sound stage, was from a forthcoming movie, *A Woman in July*. The role of Lila, the earthy siren, belonged to one of Hollywood's more voluptuous queens; but even with her own slender figure (32-24-32) Joanne had leaped at her first chance to play a sexpot.

"Three Faces of Eve" Virtuoso

As usual, Joanne was taken with the idea of portraying onscreen what she is not offscreen. Since she won movieland's first prize four and a half years ago for her virtuosity in the tripartite lead in *The Three Faces of Eve*, she has created such a variety of images that she barely has a face to call her own. She has never played the same type of character twice and never plays her real self—a straightforward, unpretentious girl with a sense of humor.

In private life Joanne is a hard worker, the happy wife of actor Paul Newman and the mother of their two children, Nell, three, and Lissy, one, whom she takes along on her trips because she can't bear to be without them.

The public Joanne Woodward is more elusive. With a new face for every film, Joanne cannot expect people to recognize her on the street, and they rarely do. In Paris a few years ago, sitting with her husband at the Café Flore, Joanne looked on while French teen-agers flocked around him for autographs. Nobody noticed Joanne (whose arm was draped lovingly around Newman's shoulders), although *From the Terrace*, a film in which both had starred, was then playing on the Champs-Élysées.

When Joanne first arrived in Hollywood, a somewhat bemused newcomer, she was willing to string along with the image concept. "I wanted to be a kook or something," she admits, "and then I realized I didn't have the kind of personality that hits people in the eye right away. It just isn't important for me to have an image. What kind of image do Alec Guinness, Laurence Olivier or Geraldine Page have? If you have an identifiable personality, you end up playing the same role all the time."

A vivacious, nonstop talker, Joanne lards her conversation with candid observations ("I was a schlump when I first came to Hollywood") and hyperbole ("I have 15,000 relatives in the South, and I'm sure they'd all go to see a really good film"). She has an intelligence quotient of 135, a discovery she made after losing an argument with a friend. "I didn't think I could be *that* stupid," she says, "so I took the test. They told me my IQ was higher than 90 percent of the doctors' at New York's biggest psychiatric hospital."

The Newmans take an active interest in public affairs. During the last presidential campaign, they took time off from filming *Paris Blues* to support John F. Kennedy on a CBS *Report From Paris*. Joanne and Paul are members of SANE (a liberal organization for "a sane nuclear policy").

"You can't just sit around and be hysterical," she says. "You might not be able to change anything, but at least you can try."

They are also proponents of government support for actors and artists of all kinds. "This is the only country," Joanne complains, "where the artist has never been recognized on his own. We are like kids with our noses pressed against the fence, asking to be let in, to be accepted—as citizens."

Joanne's frankness about politics and the state of the film industry has not always made her popular with the movie colony. She stirred up the Hollywood hornets in 1958 when she let it be known in print, a few days before winning the Academy Award for her role in *The Three Faces of Eve*, that she did not have "an infinite amount of respect" for the people who thought she had turned in the greatest performance of the year.

She was astonished at Hollywood's reaction. In a later interview she said: "I never say anything unless I believe it . . . but it's a frightening thing; for the first time in my life I've discovered that honesty is not an admirable trait. I'm finding out that honesty doesn't always pay—at least in good public relations."

Shapeless Slacks or Shapely Sheath

Onscreen, Joanne is an honest faker. Her malleable features become the tools of her chameleon-like talent. "I can fake beauty or I can be plain as an old shoe," Joanne says. Her straight mouth, nondescript nose and cool green eyes have a curious way of assuming different qualities with the application or removal of makeup and appear to change shape with every new hairstyle. Her spare figure fits anything from shapeless slacks to form-fitting sheaths.

To give shape to Lila, the showgirl in *A Woman in July*, Joanne dyed her hair silver-blond (she's almost forgotten its original color), combed it shaggy-dog style, and wore Travilla-designed clothes that looked as if they could slink across a stage without inside help.

The trappings are necessary to Joanne, but they are not enough. It is a matter of *feeling* beautiful or plain or sexy, if only until the makeup wears off and she wriggles out of the costume. "The most important and the most difficult thing about acting," Joanne says, "is analyzing the character. I'm bad at preanalysis, though. I have to get involved before I can analyze."

To play the sexpot, Joanne studied Lila, the sexy showgirl. She tried to understand Lila's motivations, then let Lila take over. "I had a visual image of Lila as Marilyn Monroe," she admits. "But I'm not imitating Marilyn. Lila is."

Joanne has an uncluttered concept of sex. "Sex is a state of mind. It has nothing to do with looks or clothes. Some of the ugliest women in the world are the sexiest. You can learn to be beautiful, but you can't learn to be sexy. Either you've got it or you ain't. I'm lucky to have a husband who thinks I'm a sexpot. When you live with that kind of thing long enough, you begin to believe it, and it radiates to everybody around you."

Her near-total immersion in a role often confuses her offcamera existence. People who meet Joanne while she is working on one film sometimes fail to recognize her a few months later when she is working on another. "I don't blame them. I change enormously. Right now I'm sick of being Miss La Vie en Rose, which is me being Lila off the set."

Gypsy Rose Lee and Segovia

Occasionally her efforts to fit into other people's shoes have put her in a tight squeeze. One day, practicing the bumps and grinds for *A Woman in July* in front of her dressing-room mirror, Joanne glanced up to find Gypsy Rose Lee, who has a small part in the film, looking on. "I stopped dead," Joanne recalls, "as if somebody had shot me. It was like strumming a guitar and finding Segovia looking over your shoulder."

In the early days of Joanne's career, some label-conscious members of the press tabbed her "the female Marlon Brando," since, like Brando, she was the product of a New York "method-acting" school (Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse, in her case). Joanne denies that there is any particular method, or even that there are method actors. Method schools can only set a course for the actor. "You can't use all of it," she explains. "You can use only what works for you, and what works for you may not work for somebody else."

A very small Joanne discovered what worked best for her as a first-grader in Thomasville, Georgia. Wearing a "saucy little blue dress" in her first nonprofessional appearance, Joanne played an animated doll in a school production called *Little Lady Make-Believe*.

As a professional actress, Lady Make-Believe made her debut in the early days of television, when variety was the spice of live shows. Over a four-year period, Joanne played 100 roles, no two alike. "It was great training," she recalls. "In the morning I would be a fourteen-year-old, and in the afternoon I was Cassandra of Troy."

In her first film, *Count Three and Pray*, Joanne was a cigar-smoking, shoot-'em-down hoyden,

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The real Joanne on her acting tools: "I can fake beauty or I can be plain as an old shoe."

By
LOIS
DICKERT

still her favorite character. Her only crack at comedy was with Paul Newman in *Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!* Joanne and Paul have made four films together, but Joanne considers teaming up a precarious practice. "I don't want people to think of us as the Bobbsey Twins."

Joanne's method of choosing roles is more mystical than analytical. For two years after Fox brought her to Hollywood under contract she turned down every part Fox offered. Finally she accepted a script after reading the first line of dialogue, which she still remembers. "I barked at somebody I'd just shot: 'Git up! I didn't hurt ya none.' Isn't that lovely?"

She is frequently impatient with Hollywood film-making—the constant interruptions, the shifting from one scene to another.

"It's hard for a creative person to work in Hollywood unless you have enormous self-discipline. The atmosphere here is for relaxation. I need to be in an atmosphere of work. I'm lazy." But Joanne admits, "The movies have made me what I am, and I hate to see the industry collapsing through sloppy organization and error. But you can't make an art form into a business."

New York Preferred to Hollywood

The Newmans have always been transient citizens in Hollywood, a fact which once caused Hedda Hopper to sniff reproachfully: "They bought no property, lived in a simple home without swimming pool on a month-to-month basis and drove rented cars."

Paul and Joanne plan to spend more of their time in New York than on the West Coast. They frequently urge aspiring young actors to go East, where there are enough good drama teachers to go around.

Recently they bought a house (a converted barn designed by Broadway set designer Ralph Alswang) in Westport, Connecticut. The upstairs "hayloft" accommodates their five children (three by Paul's previous marriage). The house is set in three acres of apple trees and riverbanks.

It is ironic that Joanne's most recent role in Hollywood should epitomize the superficiality and symbolism she has been defying all along. She had refused the same role on Broadway in William Inge's short-lived play *A Loss of Roses*, on which the screenplay of *A Woman in July* is based.

Perhaps it was, after all, more appropriate to play the role in Hollywood. The story of Lila's life suggests the late Marilyn Monroe's: Reared in a foster home, she marries unhappily, suffers a mental breakdown, attempts suicide when a too-young lover refuses marriage, ends up a tragic figure with no love and no place in show business.

But Lila's orange pompons were only borrowed. Joanne is ready to squirm into a new pair of shoes. Today, at thirty-two, she wants only to continue to be an actress of many parts, not a one-dimensional cardboard image. Being Lady Make-Believe suits her fine. **THE END**

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Ghana: Neutral on the Left

By SMITH HEMPSTONE

As the U.S. and Russia compete for influence, a growing dictatorship is tipping the balance in favor of the Communists.

Nkrumah welcomed Queen Elizabeth on a visit last fall, but seized the occasion to jail 950 political opponents.

In the fall of 1935 a young African entered the gates of Pennsylvania's Lincoln University. He was slight in stature with extremely small hands and feet. His eyes were sleepy, his lips full and averted, his head elongated and bullet-shaped. A gap between his front teeth gave him a slight lisp, an oratorical impediment soon to be remedied by dental surgery. In his pockets he had $112 and a second-class teacher's certificate.

His name was Francis Nwia Kofie Nkrumah. He was twenty-six. In little more than two decades this anonymous student has sculptured a nation in his own image, shaken a continent, been courted by the two greatest powers the world has ever known. In the process he has led his country to the verge of disaster.

The United States has been making an eleventh-hour effort to persuade him, through dollar diplomacy, to keep his country from falling under Communist influence. This is the story of Nkrumah and of the crisis which today grips Ghana.

Nkrumah, the son of a polygamous goldsmith, was born at the coastal village of Nkroful in the Gold Coast on September 21, 1909. He was the only son of his mother, who pampered him. His birthday was a Saturday, hence he was nicknamed Kwame—most Ghanaian children born on Saturday are. He was brought up a Catholic, and he sold chickens to pay his fees at mission schools. He once aspired to be a Jesuit priest.

He was only an indifferent scholar, but Lincoln gave him a scholarship. By 1945 Nkrumah had B.A.'s in theology and sociology and graduate degrees in arts and science—his doctorates are honorary. To support himself during this period he worked in a Chester shipyard, hawked fish in Harlem, toiled in a soap factory and scrubbed pots on a cruise ship plying between New York and Mexico. When he was broke Nkrumah spent nights riding the subway between Harlem and Brooklyn. He became a disciple of Father Divine when he learned that the Faithful were entitled to fifty-cent dinners and dime haircuts.

In America Nkrumah formulated a vague personal philosophy which borrowed from Communism, Trotskyism, Fascism and Democracy. From these disparate political ores he hoped to forge a key to turn the colonial padlock which bound his country.

Nkrumah's Political Climb

In May of 1945, head awhirl with half-digested plans and political theories, Nkrumah sailed for England. In London he spent most of his time in leftist circles. In 1947 he accepted an invitation from Dr. J. B. Danquah, leader of the conservative United Gold Coast Convention, the British colony's first nationalist party, to become its general secretary. The job did not last long. Nkrumah was fired after he'd been arrested with an unsigned Communist Party card on his person. The commission investigating the riots costing twenty-nine lives, which had led to Nkrumah's arrest, found that he was "imbued with Communist ideology which only political expediency has blurred."

Nkrumah quickly formed his Convention People's Party (C.P.P.), which soon eclipsed Danquah's U.G.C.C. In 1951 Nkrumah, then in jail for sedition, was released to take his seat in parliament after the Gold Coast's first general election. Of the thirty-eight seats, thirty-four went to his C.P.P. The C.P.P. repeated its victory in elections held in 1954 and 1956. At midnight on March 6, 1957, the Gold Coast became independent Ghana with Nkrumah as its prime minister. The name of the new nation, which recalls an ancient African empire, ironically had been chosen by Danquah.

Ghana, which in 1960 became the British Commonwealth's third republic, is a relatively wealthy, steamy little country—smaller than Oregon—on Africa's west coast. Although Ghana, which has a population of 7,000,000, produces gold, its real wealth lies in cocoa, which accounts for 56 percent of Ghana's exports, or about $180,000,000 per year.

Problems and Progress

When he took over, Nkrumah inherited cash reserves of $700,000,000 from Ghana's British "oppressors." He also inherited some problems. Sixty percent of the population was illiterate. Disease and malnutrition were rampant and superstition still ruled the country. One out of every four Ghanaian children dies before it is a year old. A blistering climate combined with indulgence in high-voltage local booze with endearing names such as "Make Me Hot" and "Blue Train," plus a penchant for "high-life" dancing at such night spots as "Kalamazoo Shake-Your-Head" and "The Decency Bar," sap the people's energies. But all things considered, Nkrumah inherited a country which was a going concern with every prospect of prosperity ahead of it. What has he done for Ghana in more than five years of independence?

Nkrumah's best performance has been in the fields of education and health. School attendance since 1957 has increased from 580,000 to 789,000. Health expenditure has more than trebled to $30,000,000. In international affairs, Ghana has become the self-appointed protector of radical African nationalist movements and a member of the United Nations' Security Council.

These are real accomplishments, but they have cost a terrible price. Nkrumah's administration has brought Ghana to the brink of financial ruin by involving the country in an orgy of wild prestige spending. Millions of dollars have been squandered on unneeded Russian Ilyushin and British Viscount jets for the money-losing, government-owned Ghana Airways.

To spread his political message throughout Africa, Nkrumah has poured more than $2,000,000 into the construction of a powerful shortwave radio station and "loaned" more than $28,000,000 to Guinea and Mali in exchange for a political union which exists only on paper. Lavish embassies have been established abroad, Ghanaian cabinet ministers have girdled the globe on endless junkets, and friendly Africans have been brought to Accra, usually at Ghana's expense, to cheer Nkrumah in a succession of conferences. Ghana's 6000-man army has been given expensive equipment which the country neither needs nor can afford. More than $7,000,000 has been spent in erecting monumental public buildings. This fiscal irresponsibility has resulted in the shrinking of Ghana's cash reserves from $700,000,000 to $280,000,000.

Stern-faced Young Pioneers, tightly regimented by the Nkrumah governmen march from their Accra headquarters below a banner exalting their leade

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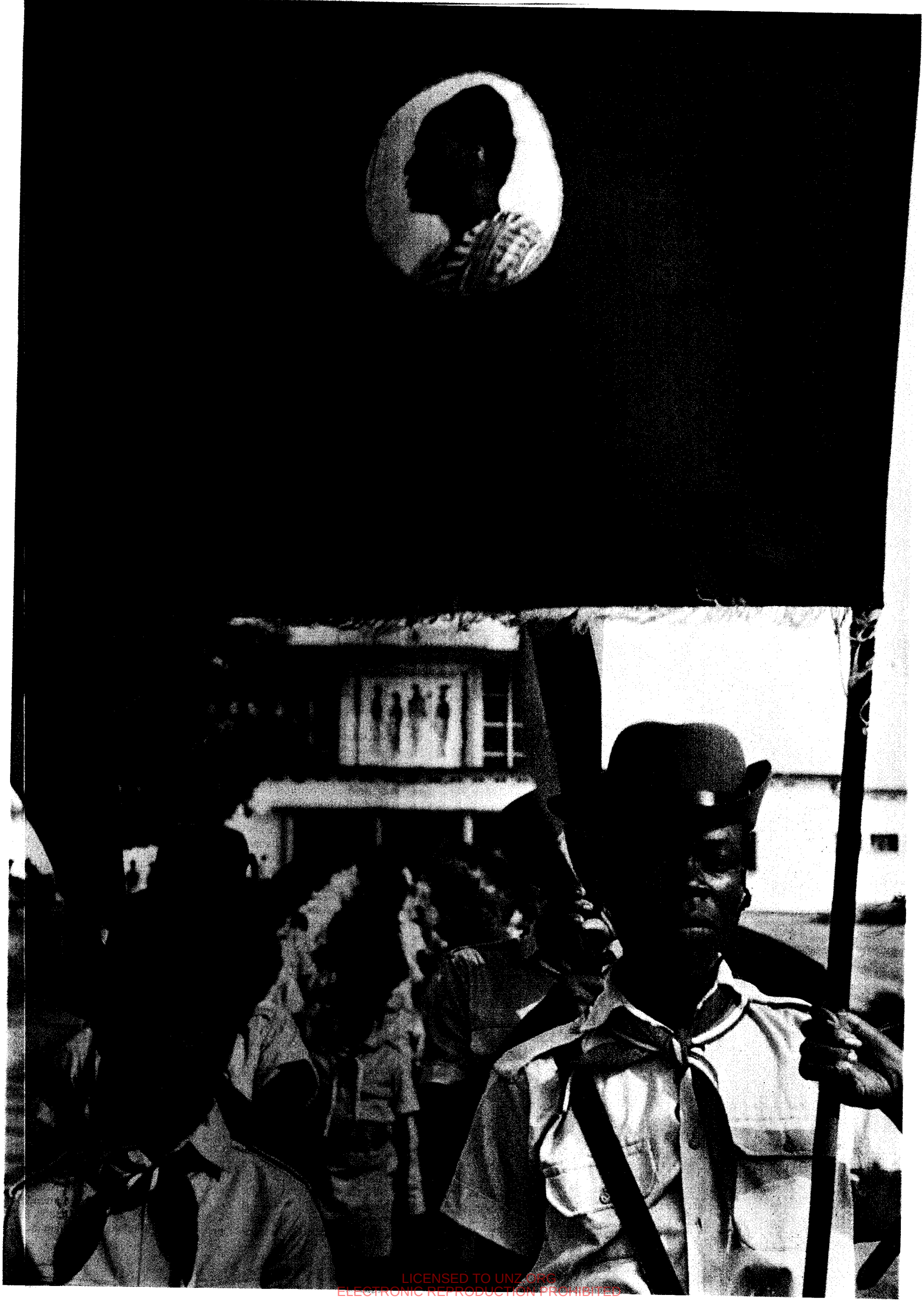

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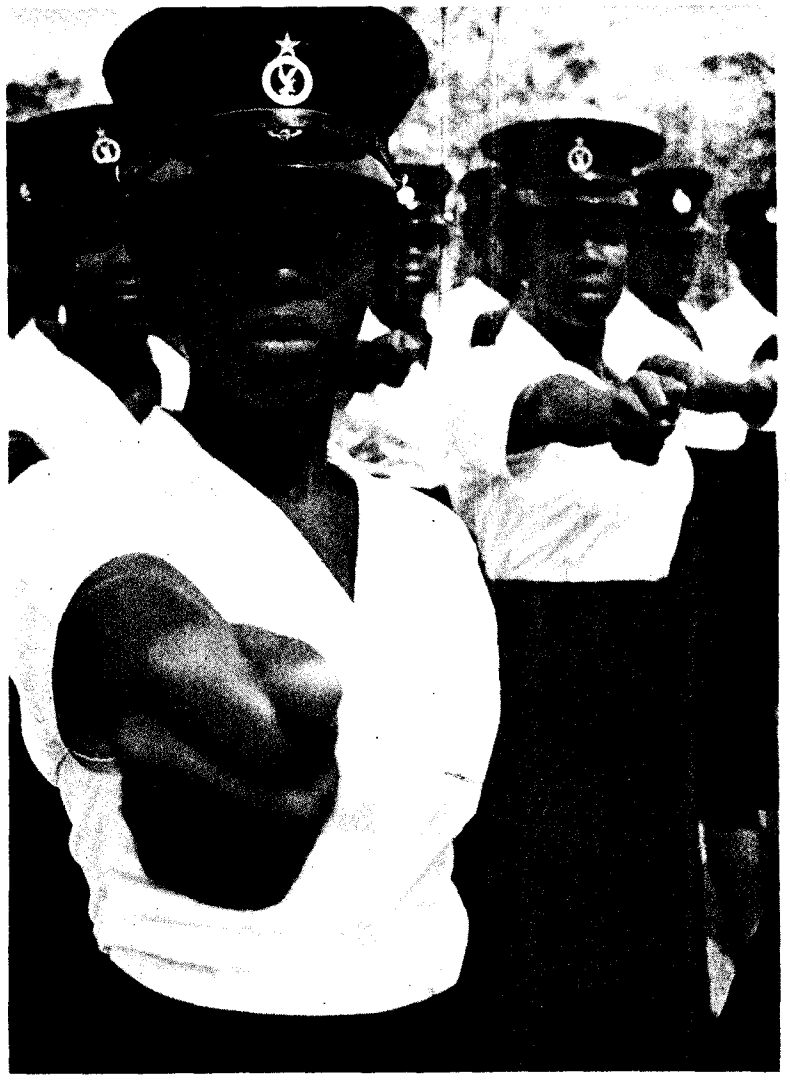
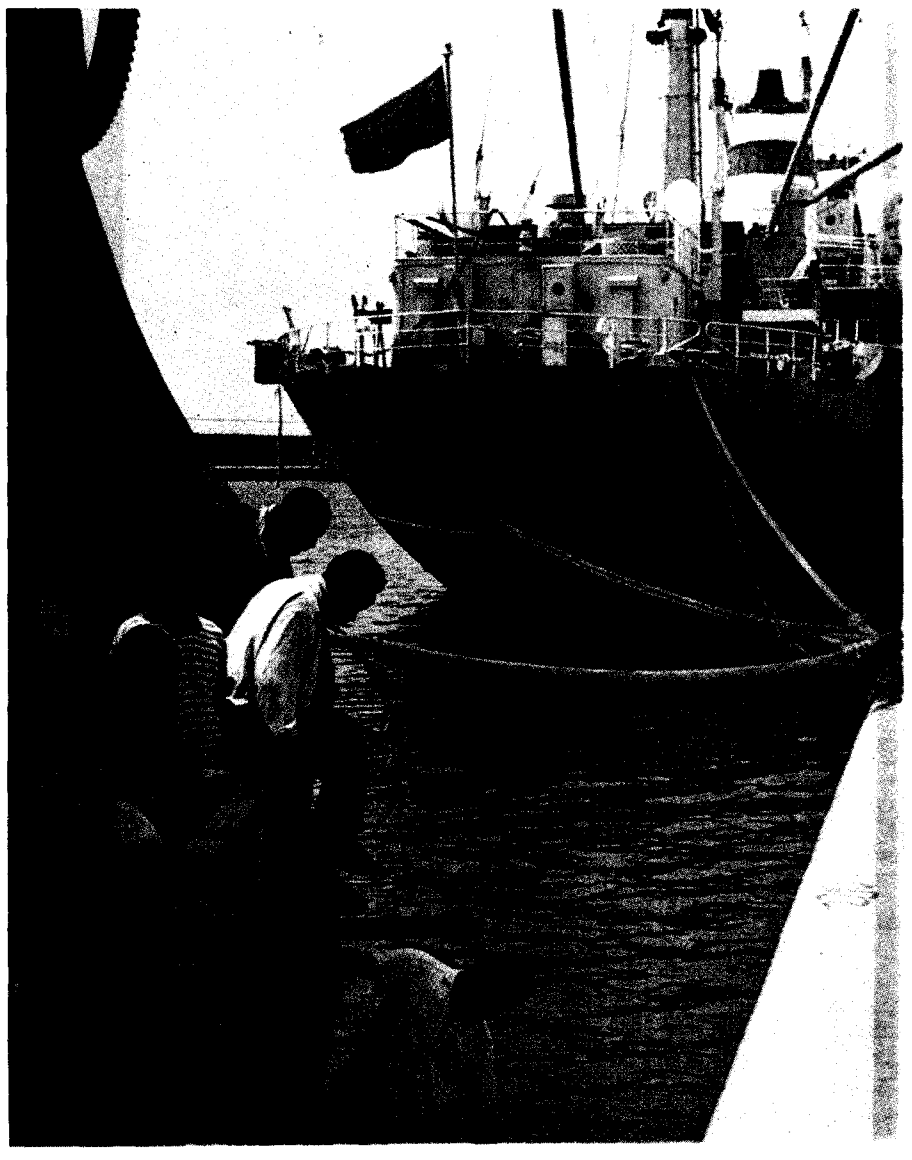


Sharp-stepping young women march at an Accra center training for Nkrumah's politically oriented police force.



The Soviet ship Ivan Pavlov *takes on a load of cocoa, Ghana's principal export, as part of a trade agreement.*

Foreign investors, hampered by currency controls and wary of Nkrumah's announced intention of "evolving a socialist pattern of society," have stayed away. Foreign firms already doing business in Ghana have cut operations.

In an effort to stave off financial collapse, Nkrumah's rubber-stamp national assembly last year passed a Draconian budget which hiked import duties and purchase taxes, on essentials as well as luxuries, by as much as 100 percent. In addition, income taxes were increased. Workers making more than twenty-eight dollars a month were required to turn over 5 percent of their salaries in exchange for government bonds in an attempt to cover an $86,800,000 deficit in Ghana's $291,200,000 budget. Last September, 10,000 dock and railway workers went on strike in protest. John Tettegah, leftist leader of the government-controlled Trades Union Congress, declared the strike "counterrevolutionary" in character and its leaders were arrested.

Nkrumah, returning hurriedly from a nine-week iron-curtain tour, dismissed Maj. Gen. Henry Alexander, the British Chief of Ghana's defense staff and seventy other British officers. To quell dissension within his own party, Nkrumah fired six members of his government, including two senior cabinet ministers. One of the cabinet ministers dismissed was Health Minister Komla Gbedemah. Gbedemah had gone to prison during the nationalist struggle and been Nkrumah's friend for more than a decade. He was the last survivor of Nkrumah's 1951 cabinet and was considered as a possible successor to the president.

The dismissal of Gbedemah, probably the most able and certainly the most pro-Western of Nkrumah's cabinet ministers, was significant. The shuffle strengthened the extreme Left Wing in Ghana. The four most powerful men in the country today (after Nkrumah) are Trade Unionist Tettegah, United Ghana Farmers Council leader Appiah Dankwa, Interior Minister Kwaku Boateng and Information Minister Tawia Adamafio. They are all bitter critics of the West, proponents of socialism, and advocates of tighter ties between Ghana and the Communist bloc.

Having crushed all opposition within his own C.P.P., last October Nkrumah moved against his avowed opponents. Police arrested fifty prominent Ghanaians, including three of twelve Opposition United Party legislators. Under the pretext of assuring Queen Elizabeth II's safety during her November visit to Ghana, police arrested another 950 of the president's political opponents. Caught in the net of the first sweep was Danquah, Nkrumah's old mentor and the father of Ghanaian nationalism. Gbedemah fled to neighboring Togo, where 6000 anti-Nkrumah Ghanaians now live in exile.

Suppressing Civil Rights

Blows against political freedom are nothing new to Ghana. When Ghana became independent in March of 1957, the Opposition United Party held thirty-two of 104 National Assembly seats. Arrests and intimidation have whittled down this number to nine in the enlarged 114-member assembly. No general election has been held since independence. Special courts from which there is no appeal, with the power to inflict death sentences, have been constituted. Police have been given increased powers of search and arrest. The principle of habeas corpus has been officially set aside. Imprisonment without trial for periods of up to five years is permissible.

Regional assemblies, guaranteed by the constitution, have been eliminated. The local press has been gagged (publishing news "contrary to the public interest" is punishable by two years in jail) and foreign journalists deported. Ashanti region, the core of resistance to Nkrumah, has been partitioned. The trade-union movement has been placed under direct government control (to get a job, you must be a member of a T.U.C. union; to join such a union, you must be a dues-paying member of the C.P.P.). Judicial appointments, once the prerogative of an impartial commission, have been transferred to the president's office.

Ghanaians can now be sentenced to fifteen years in prison for making false statements "likely to injure the credit or reputation" of Ghana's government. Ghanaian citizens living abroad now may be tried and sentenced in absentia for "political crimes" retroactive to 1957.

"Nkrumah Does No Wrong"

The army has been subjected to a program of political orientation. Officers are exhorted to show "love and respect" for the person of Nkrumah. Anti-Nkrumah professors at Ghana's two universities have quit or been fired. Curricula and texts have been doctored to glorify the person and policies of Nkrumah. This has been accomplished by a sickening deification of Nkrumah, who is now officially referred to as Osagyefo (redeemer). He has twenty-two other titles.

The Accra *Evening News* has told its readers that "when our history is recorded the name of Kwame Nkrumah will be written as the Liberator, the Messiah, the Christ of our day, whose great love for mankind wrought changes in Ghana, in Africa and in the world at large. He is our Messiah and he is immortal."

The "institutionalized slogan" of the Young Pioneers, the government-controlled children's organization, runs like this: "Nkrumah does no wrong. Nkrumah is our leader. Nkrumah does no wrong. Nkrumah is our Messiah. Nkrumah does no wrong. Nkrumah never dies."

Nkrumah's face adorns Ghana's currency and postage stamps. Streets, schools and clinics bear his name. A life-sized-plus statue of him stands in front of the National Assembly. Information Minister Adamafio, who once told me that Nkrumah was his "superman, master and God," has been known to fall on his knees in front of the president. Interior Minister Boateng, on my most recent visit to Accra, informed me with a perfectly straight face that "Nkrumah-ism is a great new philosophy which will soon replace Christianity."

That not all Ghanaians think so highly of Nkrumah was demonstrated by an August bomb-throwing attempt on his life which killed four persons and injured fifty-six standing near him. Nkrumah escaped unscathed and several dozen suspects were later rounded up by police.

Accompanying the staggering blows to Ghana's economy, the suppression of civil liberty and the deification of Nkrumah has been a perceptible slide to the Communist bloc. Russia, which has granted Ghana $40,000,000 in loans, maintains a permanent trade exhibit and a 5000-book cultural center in Accra.

Hundreds of Ghanaians are attending Communist universities. In October the first sixty-eight of 400 Ghanaian army

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officer cadets left Accra for three and a half years of training in Russia. Red China has given Ghana a long-term interest-free loan of $20,000,000. Czechoslovakia and Poland have each extended $14,000,000 lines of credit to Nkrumah.

Last year Nkrumah went on an extended tour of Russia, Red China and the satellites, during which he missed no opportunity to attack the West and to praise "the glorious results of the Communist Revolution."

Ghana was one of the relatively few African states to vote for the admission of Red China to the United Nations last December. And Nkrumah consistently follows the Russian line on everything from atomic-testing to Berlin. (He has managed to avoid taking sides in the Russo-Chinese dispute.)

To fight these Communist gains, the United States moved into Ghana with a $133,000,000 loan to help finance the massive Volta River hydroelectric scheme. The project for damming the Volta, Ghana's only important river, has been planned for more than a decade. Ghana contains bauxite reserves of about 220,000,000 tons. Harnessing the Volta and construction of a smelter to use the power so generated will enable Ghana to turn this bauxite into aluminum.

Nkrumah has been darkly hinting that he would go behind the iron curtain for funds to finance the Volta scheme if the West did not come across. Washington, haunted by memories of the Aswan Dam, which Egypt is now building with Russian help because in 1956 we backed out of a commitment to finance the project, decided to make the loan. A series of negotiations and reassessments involving the Kaiser Corporation ensued. The Volta Aluminum Company (VALCO), in which Kaiser is the principal stockholder, also is involved in financing this complex operation, but VALCO's investment will be guaranteed by the United States.

Even so, in making the loan, Washington obviously had some misgivings because of Nkrumah's international posture and the suppression of liberty within Ghana itself. In fact, our Government's final decision to make the loan came only after a special presidential commission headed by Clarence B. Randall made a full report on the situation.

This $133,000,000 loan represents the largest single hunk of American aid committed to Africa south of the Sahara. Prior to this, American aid to Ghana amounted to about $1,000,000 a year in technical assistance and the help of a Peace Corps unit. Clearly, this big loan is a last-ditch attempt to keep Ghana from drifting into the Communist orbit.

The Volta River Scheme

Those who favor the loan point out that the money will be made available in stages and can be stopped if Nkrumah drifts further to the left. They maintain that refusal to finance the project would have thrown Ghana into the Communist camp. They assert that whatever happens in Ghana's domestic politics, the Volta River scheme, which is expected to give employment to 10,000 Ghanaians and to raise the value of the country's annual exports from $319,000,000 to $363,000,000, will be of lasting value to Ghana. They argue that the loan demonstrates American willingness to help "neutralist" states and makes it possible for such states to accept American aid without being branded "imperialist stooges."

There is a degree of truth in all of this. By the same token, however, the American loan will prop up the regime of a police state which has opposed the United States internationally at every turn. It will demonstrate once again that it pays better to oppose America than to support her. It will relieve Russia of the burden of financing the dam while in no way committing Ghana to change her anti-Western foreign policy. And it should be noted that Egypt, despite the fact that Russia is financing the construction of the Aswan Dam, is far more anti-Communist now than in 1956.

In short, it is difficult to justify the financing of the Volta River scheme on moral grounds. If expediency is to be the criterion, then the success or failure of the move must be judged by an alteration of Ghana's international posture. There has been nothing so far to indicate that this will take place.

Taking From Both Sides

The future for democracy in Ghana is dim. Nkrumah anticipated its destruction when he wrote in 1956 that "measures of a totalitarian kind" might be necessary in Ghana after the nation gained its independence. Ghanaians and other Africans, riddled by a massive inferiority complex born of centuries of slavery and colonial rule, long desperately for progress and recognition. The only way to success seems to them to be through political authoritarianism and socialism. They will take money from both East and West.

In international affairs the average African leader is not interested in the relative morality of Communism or Democracy. An insult in a Baltimore restaurant is far more important than a Communist conquest of Tibet. Russia fully supports radical African nationalism. The United States, often out of deference to its NATO allies, frequently finds itself opposing it.

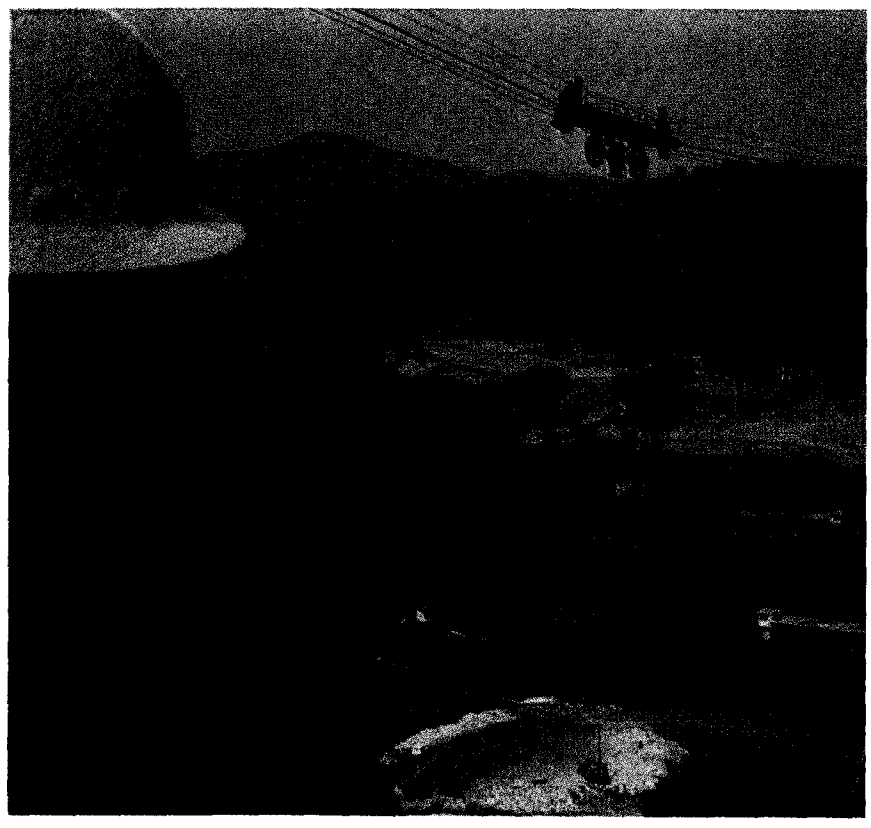
The unique factors in the crisis through which Ghana is going are Nkrumah's enormous, almost psychotic vanity and his personal political history. Ghana had an economy sufficiently diversified and an elite well enough trained to enable it to become an orderly, well-ruled, rather prosperous state—an African Lebanon. But this was not what Nkrumah, with his dreams of Pan-African leadership, wanted. Nkrumah has had Communist associations for nearly a quarter of a century. He still describes himself as a non-Russian Marxian Socialist.

This does not mean that Nkrumah is a Communist or that Ghana will become a Communist satellite. It does mean that Nkrumah is sympathetic toward Russia and China, that their policies and his often coincide, that he has created in Ghana a climate under which Communism could thrive.

Language, preferential tariffs, inherited if deformed political institutions, and educational bonds still tie Ghana to the West. But she has slipped far toward the East. And as long as the current clique rules the country, she will continue to slide in that direction. Whether, like Cuba, Ghana will topple over the brink remains to be seen. The $133,000,000 American loan is calculated to prevent this.

But the Kennedy Administration is storing up future psychological defeats if it deludes itself into thinking that the American loan will buy Ghana's thanks, respect or cooperation. **THE END**

Members of a government-run Workers Brigade return from a day's reclamation work on uncultivated land.



The U.S. is aiding the Volta River project (above) in hopes of preventing a drift to the Communist bloc.

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Taming the Colorado

By JACK GOODMAN

Around-the-clock shifts of daring construction workers are racing to beat a 1964 deadline for Glen Canyon Dam.

Each weekday morning at seven o'clock Zug Bennett ties himself to a length of one-inch rope, tests the knot, then calmly steps off a 700-foot-high Colorado River cliff into space. Wearing the skivvy shirt, blue Levis, wide leather belt and heavy boots of a high scaler, Bennett spends most of each day daubing survey marks on the sheer sandstone walls of northern Arizona's Glen Canyon. At forty-one, ancient for his trade, Oren Z. Bennett is only one of a small army of men pouring an abundance of specialized skills, old-fashioned sweat and even their lives into building Glen Canyon Dam, the country's largest nonmilitary construction job.

"My job is really one of the easy ones," explained Bennett one day recently at the canyon edge. "The engineers look through a theodolite and signal me to climb up, down or sideways. When they stop me in the right place, I paint a mark. One inch off, and the dam could get way out of plumb in 700 feet." Then he added, grinning, "I'm the man who keeps this dam from washing out." He waved a salute and dropped over the side of the canyon to start his day's work.

Watching the high scalers push off with their feet to traverse the sides of the canyon, I found it hard to accept Bennett's jaunty approach to his job. Although Glen Canyon so far has been one of the safest large construction projects in history, dams are notorious killers, and ten workers—including two high scalers—already have lost their lives on this job. And in all probability there will be more before the dam is completed. Actually, in statistical terms, Glen Canyon has an amazingly

Working 700 feet above the riverbed, high scaler Zug Bennett kicks away from rock overhang to mark the canyon wall.

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"We simply must place concrete faster than anyone ever placed concrete before"—project manager James Irwin.

Glen Canyon

low record of 16.8 employees injured per 1,000,000 man-hours worked. Ninety-eight men died building the Hoover Dam a quarter of a century ago, and it is estimated that fewer than a fifth of that number will be killed at Glen Canyon.

Yet it cannot be denied that there is constant danger on the job, and the men and their wives are always aware of it. Almost any worker at the dam can tick off the circumstances of the thirteen fatalities thus far. One rigger toppled from a crane, two men were crushed by backing trucks, and a bulldozer operator died when his machine turned over on him. A tunnel worker was flattened by a pay-loader, a hopper man was caught in an aggregate plant conveyor, two high scalers died in falls. And a pair of workers met sudden death in Glen Canyon's strangest accident; using a cutting torch, they exploded a stick of dynamite inexplicably imbedded in a length of old pipe. Also, several have been killed in recent vehicular accidents near the damsite.

A few months ago Zug Bennett and a foreman, "Sleepy" Aybal, swam the Colorado and scrambled part way up the canyon cliffs to bring down the body of Robert Gonzales, a high scaler who, in their words, "just forgot to tie on." Gonzales had been prying loose rock off the cliff wall 400 feet above the river. Finishing part of his chore, he swung out into space to move to another rock area. "Aybal and I looked up," Bennett recalls, "and down the boy was coming like a sack of burlap. He simply forgot to tie on to his tail rope before moving over. No one will ever know why."

In the dusty, immensely noisy abyss of Glen Canyon, 2000 men labor night and day to harness the roily, silt-filled Colorado. Some of them are giving seven years and more—one sixth of a productive lifetime—to place a mountain of concrete in the Colorado's path.

Designed to Last Forever

Glen Canyon Dam, under construction since 1957, now thrusts almost 500 feet above the rust-red riverbed. Designed to outlast the living rock walls into which it is notched, the dam, when completed in 1964, will not be a single, solid cross-stream wedge. Instead, twenty-four massive concrete blocks are being built in two parallel, gently arched rows. These blocks, each of which will be as bulky and as high as a sixty-story skyscraper, are staggered to permit interlocking and are cemented to one another as their segments rise skyward. Three hundred feet thick at the base and tapering to thirty-five feet at the 710-foot-high crest, Glen Canyon Dam will measure 1550 feet in length and will contain 5,060,000 cubic yards of concrete. Hoover Dam, although sixteen feet taller, has one third less bulk.

Today's visitor views the immense sweep of the dam from a graceful, silvery bridge—the highest (700 feet) arch span in the nation. Trucks loaded with girders, pipe and cement roar high above the riverbed on the bridge, which was designed as a dam-building necessity but which also serves motorists in opening up a heretofore inaccessible chunk of Arizona and Utah.

The prime function of Glen Canyon Dam—whose price tag is $325,000,000—will be water regulation, serving as one more check on the once-rampaging Colorado and helping to postpone the time when Lake Mead, behind Hoover Dam, will be filled with silt. Yet there are other benefits. It is believed that the sale of Glen Canyon's 900,000 kilowatts of power to towns, farms and new industries will provide full repayment of the cost within a half century. The project will irrigate 115,000 new farm acres and put additional water on another 231,000 acres.

Access to Rugged Country

And as a final bonus, the waters backed up by the dam will provide a new U. S. National Park vacation haven. A 186-mile-long lake, named for river explorer John Wesley Powell, will fill various southern Utah canyons from rimrock to rimrock, allowing tourists access to spectacular and heretofore roadless country.

The dam now poking up from the canyon like a monstrous, gray, multifingered fist, was designed more than thirteen years ago by U. S. Bureau of Reclamation engineers at the bureau's Denver office. Having built 193 water-storage dams without a failure, the bureau's scientists and engineers pooled their skills to make absolutely certain that Glen Canyon Dam would not fail.

Obviously a river that can carve stupendous gorges and canyons can get out of hand. Unless engineers were painstakingly correct about the site they picked, the river would erode its cliffs at the points where concrete meets sandstone; unless its foundation stands firm, the swirling, silty stream could undercut man's massive barrier; unless the concrete proves rock-hard, the structure could crumble and deal destruction far downstream.

Bureau hydrologists analyzed records on the flow of the capricious Colorado through a half century; geologists studied rock cores drilled from its riverbed; and designers made a ten-foot-high scale model to test the proposed dam's behavior under varying weights of reservoir water. The designers also produced more than 2500 complex drawings delineating thousands of construction details—but must still make another 1000 drawings before the job is complete.

"Then they passed this mountain of blueprints, contracts, specifications and headaches to me," comments L. F. (Lem) Wylie, the bureau's project engineer. Head man for the bureau at Glen Canyon, Wylie at fifty-six is trim of build, with snapping blue eyes and a no-nonsense manner that reflect his wartime years in the Marine Corps. He came to Glen Canyon in 1957 and supervised construction of the damsite's bridge and highways, maintained amicable relations with Navajo tribesmen—who had to be moved from their reservation lands before the dam was built—and simultaneously rushed to completion a hastily constructed but tidy city for 5000 people: the workers and their families.

Today the town of Page, Arizona, stands atop the mesa where a Navajo, Manson Yazzie, corralled his sheep and horses just four years ago. The curved streets lined with homes and lawns, schools and churches and supermarkets have a permanent air—as they should. For Page, with its carefully engineered water supply, sewage system, community swimming pool, fire house, jail and desert golf course, is a permanent town, planned to thrive long after the dam builders leave.

Wylie inspects work on "his" dam from dawn to dusk daily, then takes armloads of paperwork home each night. Okaying millions of dollars' worth of bills, coping with design changes, inspecting materials and making sure that contractors scrupulously meet specifications are matters that rest finally—and heavily—upon Lem Wylie.

Profits Pouring Away

Private industry's opposite number for Wylie is big-boned, blue-eyed construction veteran James O. Irwin, project manager for Merritt-Chapman and Scott, prime contractors for the dam. Irwin is painfully aware of the mid-1964 completion deadline, after which penalties can mount to an astronomical number of dollars. In fact, Irwin came face-to-face with crisis the day he took on his job. A six-month strike, centering around union demands for "isolation pay," shattered all timetables shortly before he became Glen Canyon's third project manager. Merritt-Chapman and Scott allowed itself scant profit leeway, having underbid its competitors by $10,000,000. What with the 1959 strike, mounting machinery costs, boosted wage scales and the recent unexpectedly chill desert winter that slowed concrete pouring, some experts believe the firm now can't possibly break even on the project.

Jim Irwin, however, has little time for pessimism. "Our job is to get her up fast," he told me. "We simply must place concrete faster than anyone ever poured concrete before."

As we rode out to the base of the dam in his dust-covered sedan, a two-way radio squealed a frantic message about a shortage of six-inch gravel at the batch plant, followed by a report on difficulties in lowering a 200,000-pound penstock from cliff to dam. Irwin sent back clipped, terse action orders, then fell silent as he drove down a steep, two-mile-long access tunnel.

The view one gets emerging from the tunnel at the base of the dam would bulge the eyes of the most experienced sidewalk superintendent. High overhead, men working at the 400-foot mark looked like ants. As we rode a hoist up the cliffside, I discovered that the solid-looking concrete blocks were punctured with elevator shafts, walkways, conduits, a welter of piping and wiring, and mammoth subway-sized steel pipes called penstocks, which will bring the Colorado's waters to the powerhouse generators. The noise was deafening, but Irwin made himself heard.

"Everything is precisely scheduled, and pouring concrete is the one object," he told me. "That means logistics, just like war. We've got to keep at least two days' supply of 'ammunition' on the rim—gravel, cement, pipes, steel forms, wood, cables, everything.

"We've checked the drawings, and the bureau has checked the drawings, but if we don't catch an error until concrete is pouring, or if we have to stop for lack of something, there's a helluva lash-up, a backup on every part of this job."

Ten million tons of gravel is the prime supply ingredient in the Government's recipe for mixing Glen Canyon's 5,060,000 cubic yards of concrete. Day and night Irwin's draglines must gouge that gravel from nearby Wahweap Creek, where it is washed, piled mountain high, sorted, then shuttled to the damsite in two dozen huge truck-trailer loads each hour.

To swallow this gravel in carload lots, M-C & S built high on the canyon wall a twenty-story-tall batch plant, resembling a mammoth, fully automated kitchen blender. Midpoint in its innards, superintendent Omer Hill and bureau control engineers work in an air-pressurized, dust-free room. Ingredients are sifted into automatically controlled batchers or mixers, while dials and tapes record every pound of the mix. Sand, rocks, gravel and truckloads of cement whirl into each batch. Pozzolan, a fine, white, Arizona pumice helps reduce the dam's weight and is a relatively new ingredient. So is ice—to prevent cracking.

Keeping the Concrete Cool

Hill explained to me that on the Arizona desert, where temperatures climb above 110 degrees, heat inherent in concrete must be removed both before and after Glen Canyon's mix is placed. Cement and pozzolan have their temperatures taken before being whisked into batchers by air blowers. Other materials, churned in the mixing of Glen Canyon's concrete, are precooled. M-C & S believes its refrigeration plant, with a capacity equivalent to a daily output of 6000 tons of ice, is the world's largest.

Busy batch-plant operators resemble rocket-launch scientists as they peer into closed-circuit TV screens at mixers tilting and whirling rock, pozzolan, cement and ice. But bureau engineer Vic Gezelius looks calm and professorial as he makes a multitude of checkmarks in notebooks. As chief of the bureau's Field Concrete Control Branch, Gezelius's obvious love

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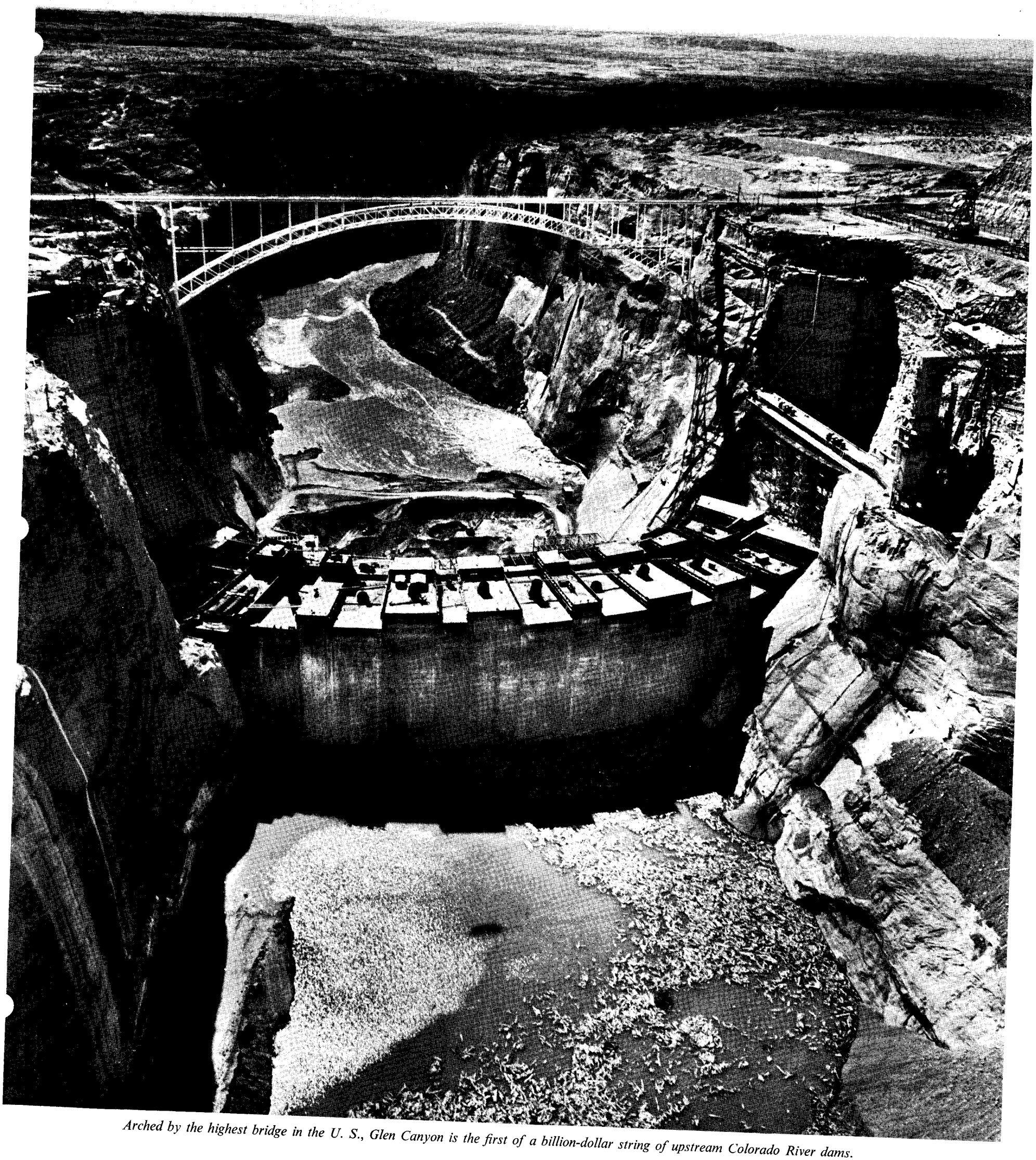

Arched by the highest bridge in the U. S., Glen Canyon is the first of a billion-dollar string of upstream Colorado River dams.

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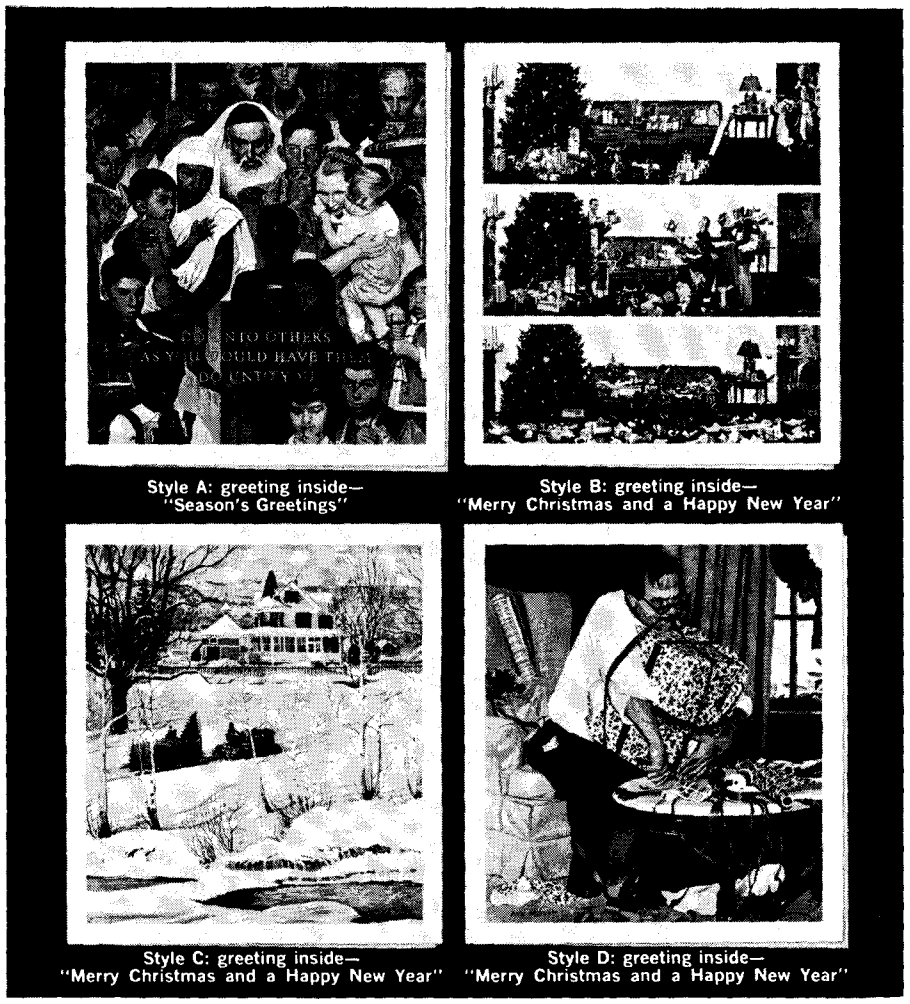

Style A: greeting inside—"Season's Greetings"

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Glen Canyon

is the spotless test laboratory at Page, where his colleagues live by the simple motto: "If it isn't right, it isn't going in." The engineers subject the concrete and its ingredients to 250 tests a week.

"By our standards, twenty-eight-day-old concrete must stand firm under 3000 pounds of pressure per square inch," Gezelius said. "We see that it does. And before we're finished here, we'll check theory with practice—we'll have underwater TV cameras below the river to see how our base concrete is standing up."

Whisking concrete from the automated batch plant to the dam is the most painstakingly planned job of logistics on the entire Glen Canyon project. Men who swing concrete down from the cliffs, dump it in place, then hammer it home in record quantities are all veterans—men like day-shift cableway operator Robert Jones and signalman Johnny Vezzoso.

Jones sits in a glass-and-plastic cubicle atop the canyon controlling one of three cableways—sending ton after ton of concrete and steel hurtling down toward the seven-man crews he can't see. On the dam a quarter of a mile away Vezzoso serves as a physical extension of Jones, guiding each load of concrete to a safe landing. The huge buckets, filled with enough concrete to pave half a city block, come flying through the air at 700 feet a minute. Jones pulls and punches control handles, kicks and thumps foot pedals, while an intercom system relays Vezzoso's commands from the dam block.

In construction work since 1940—with Shasta, Big Creek, Boulder Creek, Chief Joseph and California's Trinity Dam jobs behind him—forty-five-year-old "Available" Jones is up at six A.M., home at five P.M. to a tidy concrete-block apartment provided by Merritt-Chapman and Scott. He studies electronics each evening, hopes to open a TV shop someday when he grows weary of building dams.

Jones's teammate, Johnny Vezzoso, signaled the first pour of concrete 137 feet below the riverbed on June 17, 1960.

Working With Wet Muck

"I was here for the millionth yard, the two millionth and the three millionth," Vezzoso told me proudly, as we jumped onto the highest concrete form. Dust flew alongside him as crews sandblasted surfaces poured two weeks earlier. Water cascaded past as men hosed the block with high-pressure streams to prepare for more concrete.

Unlatching a lightweight microphone from his belt, Vezzoso began talking a forty-two-ton bucket down the cableway from the batch-plant deck. He flicked a look aloft as the bucket moved out across the canyon and dropped downward. He squeezed two metallic discs in his right hand to sound a "beep-beep," signaling Jones to slow the bucket. Another "beep" on the intercom and the mammoth bucket stopped just above the foreman, who yanked a dangling cord which activated a hydraulic valve. Out spilled twelve cubic yards of concrete, up flew the empty bucket for another load. Three heavily booted Indian boys, each armed with a vibrator, stepped into the wet muck.

"Toughest work on this job," said Vezzoso, as their jackhammers pounded concrete into corners of the forms. "Those things shake your guts out. That's why three men pound down one bucket of mud, then stand by while three other men vibrate the next load."

Up on the cableway the empty bucket had already been refilled. Vezzoso was too busy for further talk. "Come over tonight—trailer on Row A with the bamboo fence and palm trees," he shouted.

The neat-as-a-pin trailer occupied by Johnny and Billie Vezzoso and their sons, Pete and Tom, was easily located by the landmark of Page's lone palm trees. "Being able to live with your family on a job like this makes all the difference in the world," said Johnny, as he settled down in a comfortable chair. "Construction life is better because of trailers." To the Vezzosos, a dam builder's life has its compensations.

"When the chips are down, everyone helps out, especially when someone is sick or hurt," commented Billie Vezzoso. Johnny chimed in, "A man is hurt or ill, the union takes up collections, and the company helps too. We had a six-month strike, but everyone stayed who could. I worked at everything. Put up a drive-in movie screen in Page, helped build a store. You stay because you want to see the job finished."

"Our Grapevine Is Terrific"

"There's enough to worry you without talking about strikes," Billie said. "Waiting for the man in the white truck is plenty." She explained that a white safety truck brings first official word of accidents. "Our grapevine is terrific. You likely know what's happened before the white wagon comes."

Eyes twinkling, Vezzoso told of a signalman at the dam's base who suddenly found himself under a faulty bucket of concrete spilling its load.

"He ran, but in those days we kept our radio headset lines tied to a railing. His line flipped him over the rail and down fifteen feet. Quite a sight, that somersault, but it threw him away from the concrete. Sometimes we're lucky."

"You never told me that," said Billie. "Was it you it happened to?"

"Of course not," winked Johnny. "Anyway, now no Glen Canyon bellmen loop their headsets to rails—ever."

On another evening I chatted with Bill and Anita Schrade, who strolled up to the lip of the abyss where I was standing. The desert sunset came fast. Lights twinkled on the bridge. Down on the dam, working under floodlights, the night shift was pouring concrete.

"We got married on this job two years ago," Bill explained proudly. He is a Texas-born college graduate and holds a business-office job with M-C & S. Anita, blond and spunky, keeps her secretarial job while a neighbor tends their year-old boy.

"You could say I'm a typical construction gal—my dad works on the dam," Anita commented. "I was born in Idaho, raised in Montana, married over in Utah and we work in Arizona."

Bill Schrade feels the dam is "part mine," although he's in an office, not down on the blocks. "People say it's a one-horse town," he said, "but the horse is a dam. And what a horse! After it's finished we want to stay in Page, maybe buy a small business."

"You know," Anita said slowly, "we went to Kanab on our first date. We went back there to watch Frank Sinatra making a movie. We were pretty disillusioned with the Hollywood stars. After all, though, they're just making a movie, and a movie doesn't last. But we're building Glen Canyon Dam here. It should last forever."

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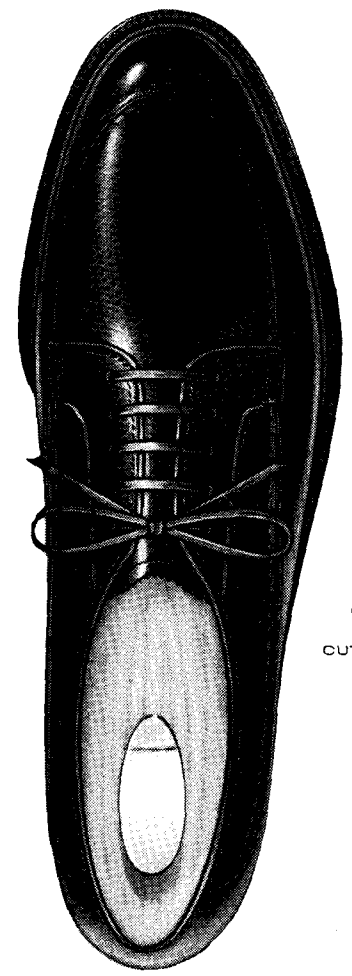
"A man is hurt or ill, the union takes up collections, and the company helps too."

Boldly swinging out over the massive dam in his bos'n's chair, high-scaler Bob Lummus approaches a landing on the canyon rim.



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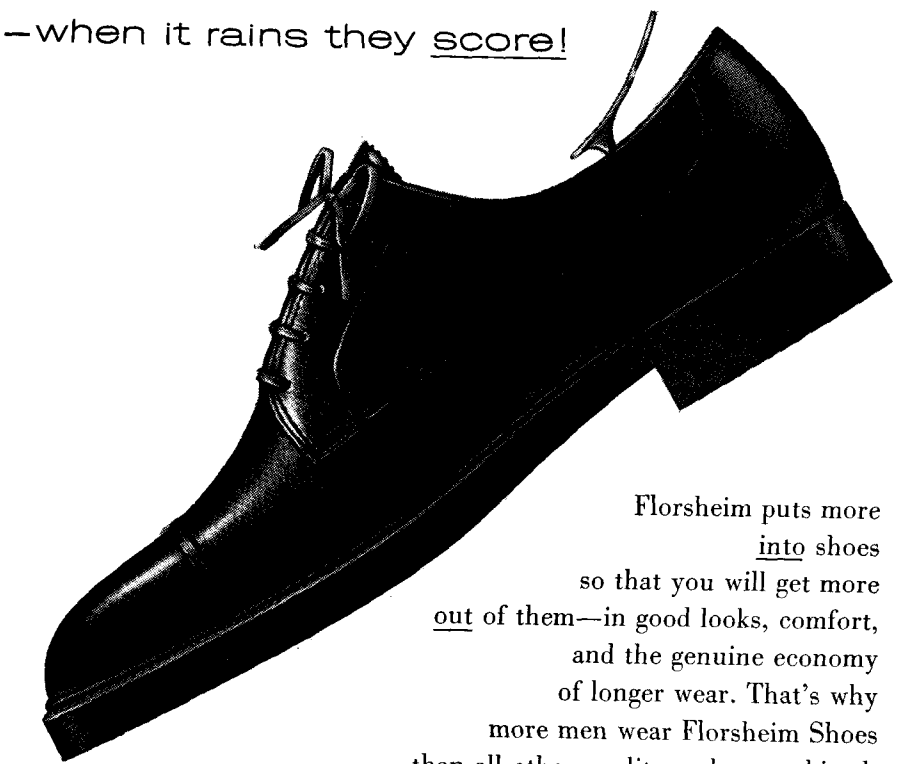

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The EBONY Bed

It rejected anyone who was incapable of love.

BY FRANK FARNHAM

Ah, spring, I thought. *If I could only write a poem.*

There were the birds on the wing, eggs in the nest and all that jazz. And also the hens and their chicks and the cows and their calves and the ewes and their lambs and the mares and their foals.

Maine in May! On one side of the fence, expectant apple trees blushed with a fresh burst of blossoms where they held open house for their great good friends the bees. On the other side of the fence there was I, John Justice, cushioned on foam rubber, up on the seat, with my hands on the wheel that guided the tractor that pulled the plows that turned the furrows to grow the crops that paid the bills that allowed me to live in the house that Jack built.

By Jack, I refer to my ancestor, the first John Justice, who built the house for his mistress, Hope Hart, in 1834—the year before he married her—largely of woods and goods gathered from the six continents and the seven seas in his twenty years of voyaging.

Even the names of the woods he used fairly reeked with romance—teak and rosewood and Spanish cedar, bird's-eye maple and cherry and cocobolo, Honduras mahogany and cypress and tulipwood—and what would you say (what would anyone say?) to the ebony bed from Malaya, blacker than the blackest night, soft-glowing, with a silken finish, a bed for a queen or a courtesan, with its intricate carvings of seductive, enchanting Mu-mu-a-pu-a, a sort of Malayan Venus?

Is it any wonder that traditions and common sense both decreed that the wives of the reigning Justice males be exotic beauties of passionate natures, to go with the bed and the Chinese jade and the amulet from Bali?

Ah, spring, spring, I thought drearily, and the bloom was gone out of the morning, for there was I, the current reigning Justice male, of an age and a will to be married, given the right girl, with the right girl not in sight. True, I had dated Sally, slender and tender, and Bessie, buoyant and buxom. Both of them were wholesome, farm-fed types. But would they do for an ebony bed that had held not only the amorous Hope Hart, but great-great-grandmother Sonia, the actress; great-grandmother Gilda, daughter of the pearl king of Tahiti; grandmother Mariette, prima donna of the high trapeze, and also Aureole, who was Miss Mississippi first, and then my mother?

Even on a morning such as that, when I was in love with the very idea of love, I could see that neither Sally nor Bessie would do. They were as sweet and unsophisticated as—as country butter. What was worse, they were practical. I wanted to share fillet of sole with a filly of soul.

I composed two poems that morning, brief and meaningful, though of modest artistic merit. *Don't Dally With Sally* was one. The other was *Don't Messie With Bessie*.

And I could add that neither one of these trifling rhymes had an obvious connection with the telegram that my housekeeper handed me when I walked into the kitchen at noon. It read:

FLORA FOR SALE. COME AT ONCE.
UNCLE EDWARD.

"That old lecher," Mrs. Hardy fumed, "when you've got two perfectly good girls right here in town. You're not going, of course?"

"Of course I am." I grabbed her and danced her twice around the kitchen. "She's not a girl. She's a lady dog. A field-trial champion." This seemed to relieve Mrs. Hardy's mind, and she helped me pack.

I had my foreman, Tom Brannum, drive me to town. At the bank I transferred an extra $5000 to the checking account from savings. At the airport I purchased a seat on the two-o'clock plane.

"You look out for them city girls. Hear?" Tom warned.

"Just as good as I can." All the way down, I thought about spring in New York, where I hadn't been in two years.

Would all the headwaiters know me again? Would Sherm? Perhaps if I were accompanied by Uncle Edward. And a girl named Royce, who used to paint in the Village. Where was she now? What about Adora La Rue? What about Katie from Queens?

When I exhausted the list of the people I knew, I thought about places and objects. The Waldorf. The cool correctness and unutterable aplomb of Tiffany's. Tenements. The lady of liberty. Subways. Litterbugs. Ellis Island. A blade of grass in a sidewalk. Wall Street. Sky tailored to fit between the tall buildings. Pigeons on a cornice. Broadway. Macy's. Gimbels. Acres of black lingerie to cover acres of girls with pseudo sophistication.

New York had everything, I guessed. I almost knew it. Except, of course, ebony beds. And that left a little distinction for me and Maine.

"Uncle Edward," I said.

"John," he said. "Have a nice trip down?"

"A little rough. Nothing to mention."

We stopped shaking hands and inspected each other. He had aged seven months since his last trip to the farm during hunting season, but I couldn't see where he had changed, except that a man looks different in a full-dress suit in a fine hotel than he does gunning woodcock in an alder cover, or in a duckblind at dawn on Merrymeeting Bay. Uncle Edward was sixty-five or so, but he still had the square Justice chin and the bold Justice nose and that look of eagles in his wise dark eyes.

"You've put on a bit of weight, boy," he said.

"Three pounds." It figured out at only two thirds of an ounce to the inch, but Uncle Edward was a man who noticed. "Where are you in from this time?"

"Vegas. Poker. A private game." We exchanged small talk for five minutes, then he casually flicked up his shirt cuff to look at his watch, and the ruby on his finger caught fire as he turned his wrist to face the light.

"If you have a date," I said, "don't let me keep you."

"I do have to pop off, as a matter of fact. I'm dining at Luchow's with the countess in twenty minutes."

All of Uncle Edward's countesses were real enough to raise a man's blood pressure. It was only their titles that were phony. They were just plain misses until they met him, but Uncle Edward promoted them.

"Well, run along," I said. "I'll be staying with you. Now about your wire ——"

"Room 837."

"Flora?"

"Not the dog. The owner."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"What sort?" He pondered, with his hand on the doorknob. "Oh, young, smallish, dark. A Southerner."

"But what sort?" I persisted. "What's his financial position? Will he set one price and stick to it, or can I beat him down a bit? I don't want to pay any more than I have to."

"Naturally not. But you may wind up paying more than you want to afford, all the same. Whittier has an Achilles' heel, but plays a very sound game of poker. Luck, John," Uncle Edward said and left me.

Room 837 was on uncle's floor, and after exploring his suite and freshening up, I went there and massaged the door with respectful knuckles. It opened.

Spring, I thought. *Spring in New York*.

She had such a proud little neck. Her hair was as lustrous as minkskins. Each separate feature seemed dusted with magnolia petals. Her voice had a good round sound to it too.

"What were you muttering about? I don't know any Mariette or Gilda. Why should they move over?"

"You must have misunderstood me. I was really trying to recall one of my favorite Biblical passages."

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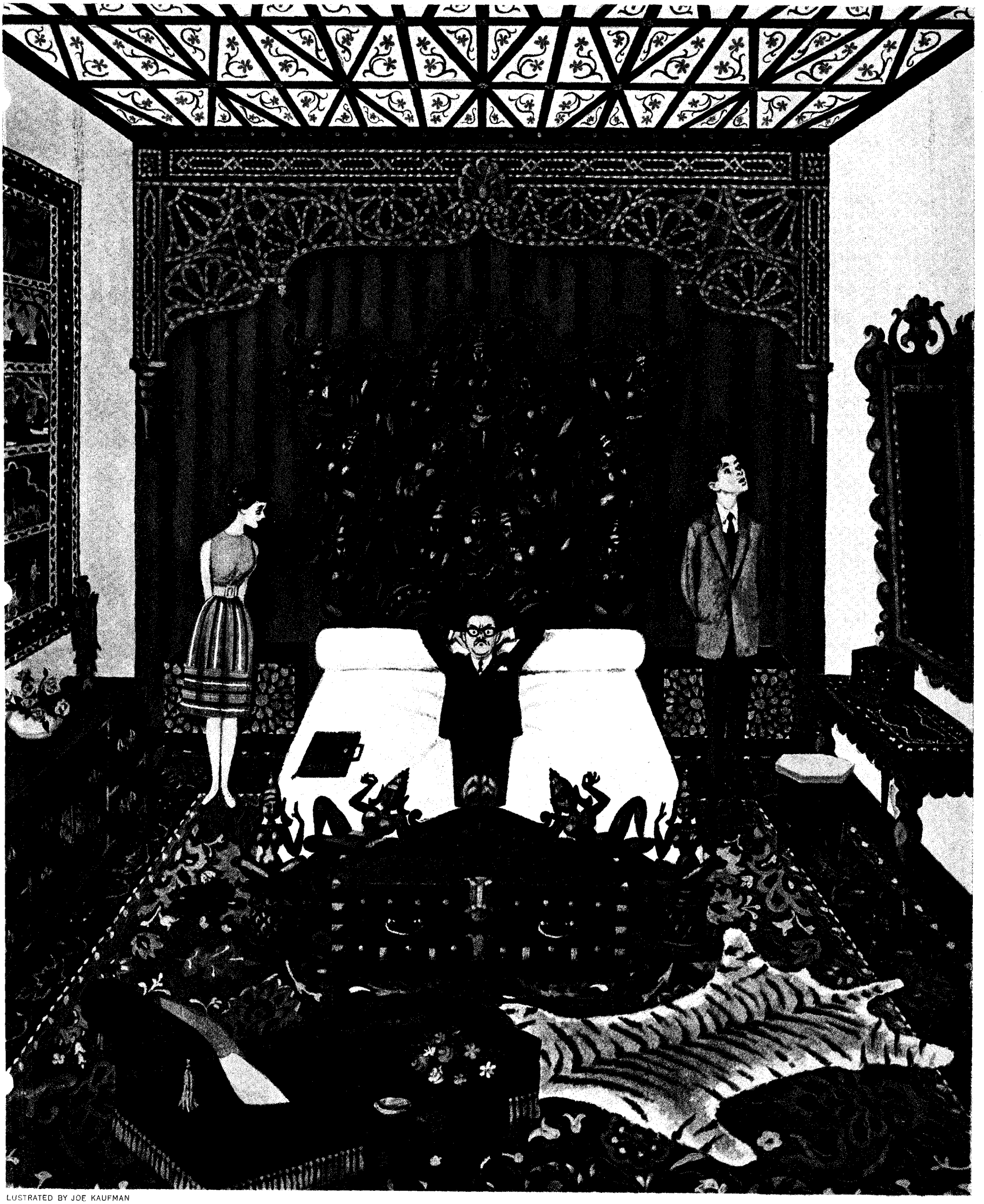

LUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

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Ebony Bed

"Let me guess. Was it The Song of Solomon?"

"O prince's daughter," I said, "do you always read minds so readily?"

"Not your mind. Your line." She smiled suddenly and almost warmly at me. Thus encouraged, I asked if her father was in. "No, he's not."

"Your brother, then?"

"I have no brother."

"Well, then," I fumbled on, "your friend, Mr. Whittier."

"My fiancé," she said coldly, "is Henry Rawlings of Athens, Georgia, and he's flying north tonight to join me. There's no *Mr.* Whittier here."

Only one possible answer was left. "Then tell me, Miss Whittier, do you play a sound game of poker?"

She laughed as a brook would, with the gurgle and gleam of water on cool stones. "Yes, I've been told so."

"And do you own a pointer named Flora?"

"I do and I know you now. You're John Justice."

I took a slow breath. "I watched her work in Abington one time and once in Dover. She's got style, poise, range and the truest nose I've ever seen. Will you sell her to me?"

"That depends on what you'd be willing to offer."

I was still outside in the corridor. She still stood in the doorway. "Look," I said, "honey ——"

"My name is not Honey. My name is Melanie."

"I love Melanie," I said, and I didn't care which way she took it. "What I was trying to say was, do we have to discuss the terms of sale out here?"

"Do you think I could trust you enough to invite you inside?"

So we compromised. Twenty minutes later found us downstairs in the Orchid Room, seated at a table.

"To you and Henry," I said, lifting my glass, "and Henry's moustache."

"It's a perfectly fine moustache," she said loyally, setting her glass down after drinking my toast. And then she did a double take worthy of Benny. "How could you possibly know about that?"

"Can't imagine," I said. "Let's get back to Flora. How old is she?"

"She was five in April."

"And you have papers on her?"

"Naturally I have."

"I'm not trying to annoy you with routine questions. I'm simply trying to keep this on a business basis for Henry's sake. If you were sitting where I am and looking at you, you'd know how hard that is. So please cooperate."

"I'll try." She looked more amused than penitent.

Was Flora ill? No. She also didn't need the money.

"Then obviously," I said, "the only reason you're letting her go is Henry."

"They're allergic to each other," she said, coloring. "He breaks out in a rash when she's near, and once she bit him. I can't think why. So one of them had to go, and ——"

"Why don't you ditch Henry?" I suggested. "You already know he'll lead you a dogless life."

"I don't think that's very funny at all."

"I'd give you a dog's life and love you, with or without a sense of humor."

"That's even less funny."

"Then let's do something that's fun. Shall we dance?"

On the dance floor we were sensational. "How is Henry on a *rumba?*" I asked.

"You're being unfair. There are more important things than dancing. Business, for instance."

"True," I said, as we dipped and swirled. "Let's talk business. What price have you put on the queenly Flora?"

"I'd have to be sure she had a good home."

"If you doubt it, I'll extend you the courtesy of visiting privileges."

She was about to comment, but the music stopped, and we returned to our table.

"Seriously," I said, "she'll have more days of real hunting a year than she's had yet, I'd guess. How about naming your price? I have my checkbook right here."

"No checks. I wouldn't sell her for money."

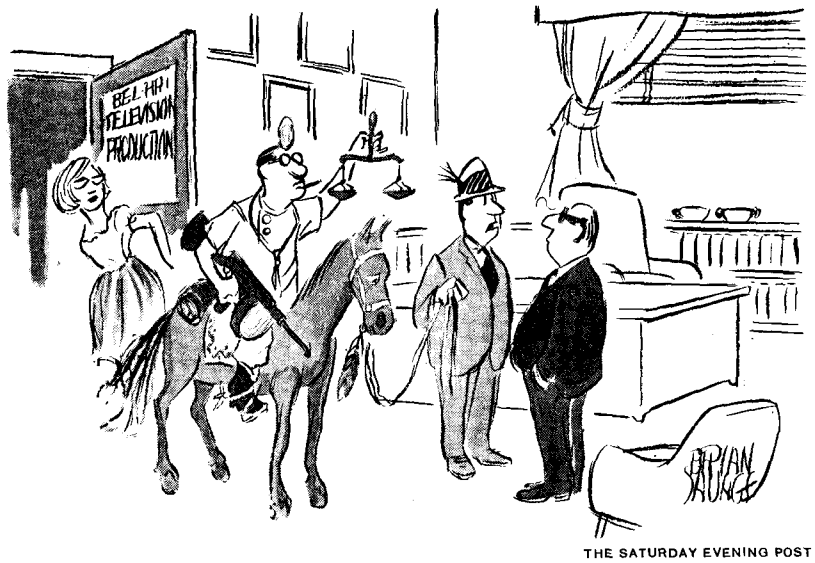
"But I understood—that is, Uncle Edward said —— Anyway, I won't let you give her to me."

Melanie looked around half-fearfully to insure that there were, aside from our own, no other attentive ears.

"Not give," she said, "swap. I want to swap Flora even, for your ebony bed."

"But it's an antique," I cried, "a family heirloom. The only one of its kind in the world. It has no price."

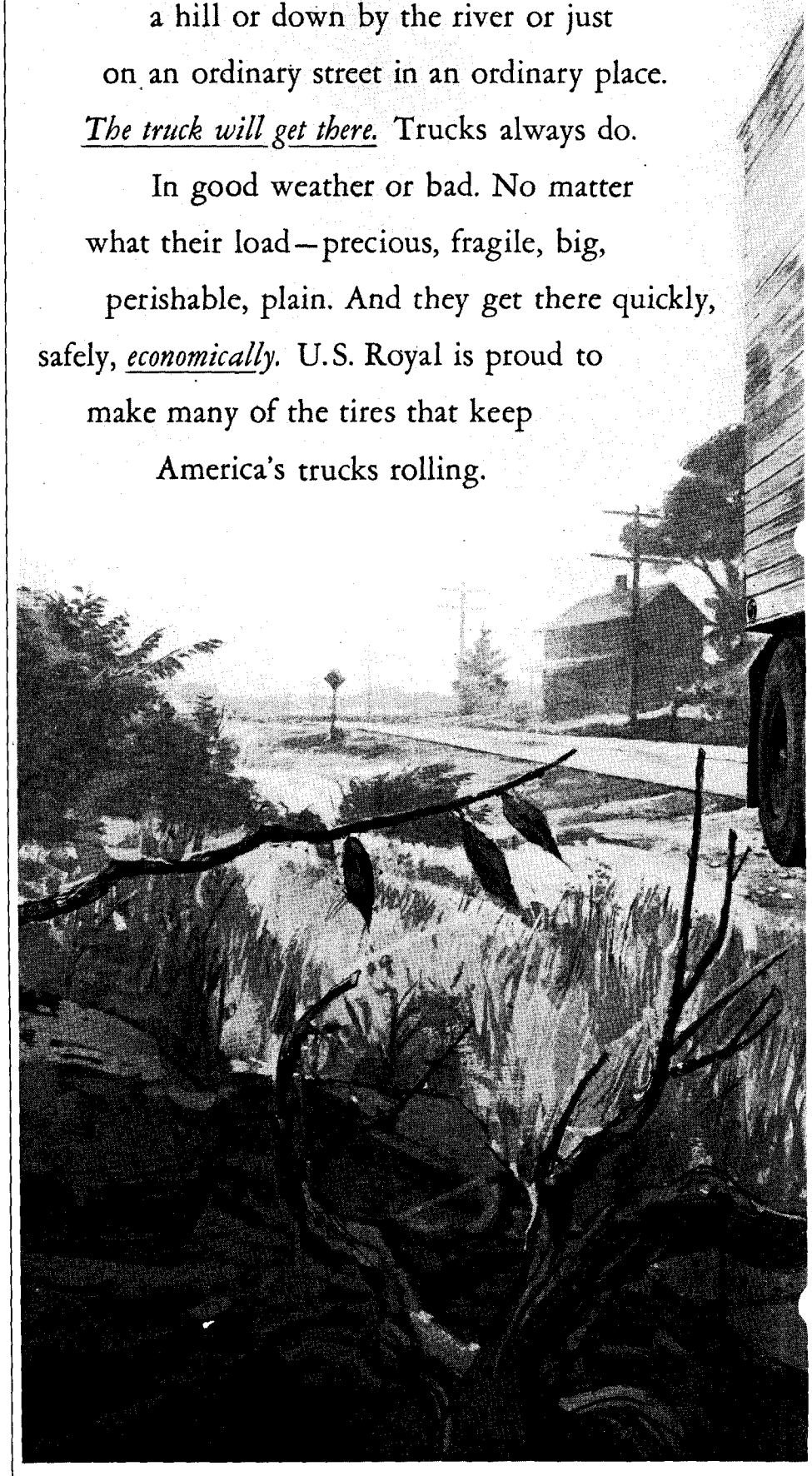
"Neither has Flora a price. Let's say they're both unique."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Here I create a brand new television personality, and you just stand there."

"...'bout two miles down the road." It could be two hundred miles to the Jones' house—or two thousand. In the center of town or 47 miles from the nearest neighbor, on top of a hill or down by the river or just on an ordinary street in an ordinary place. *The truck will get there.* Trucks always do. In good weather or bad. No matter what their load—precious, fragile, big, perishable, plain. And they get there quickly, safely, *economically.* U.S. Royal is proud to make many of the tires that keep America's trucks rolling.



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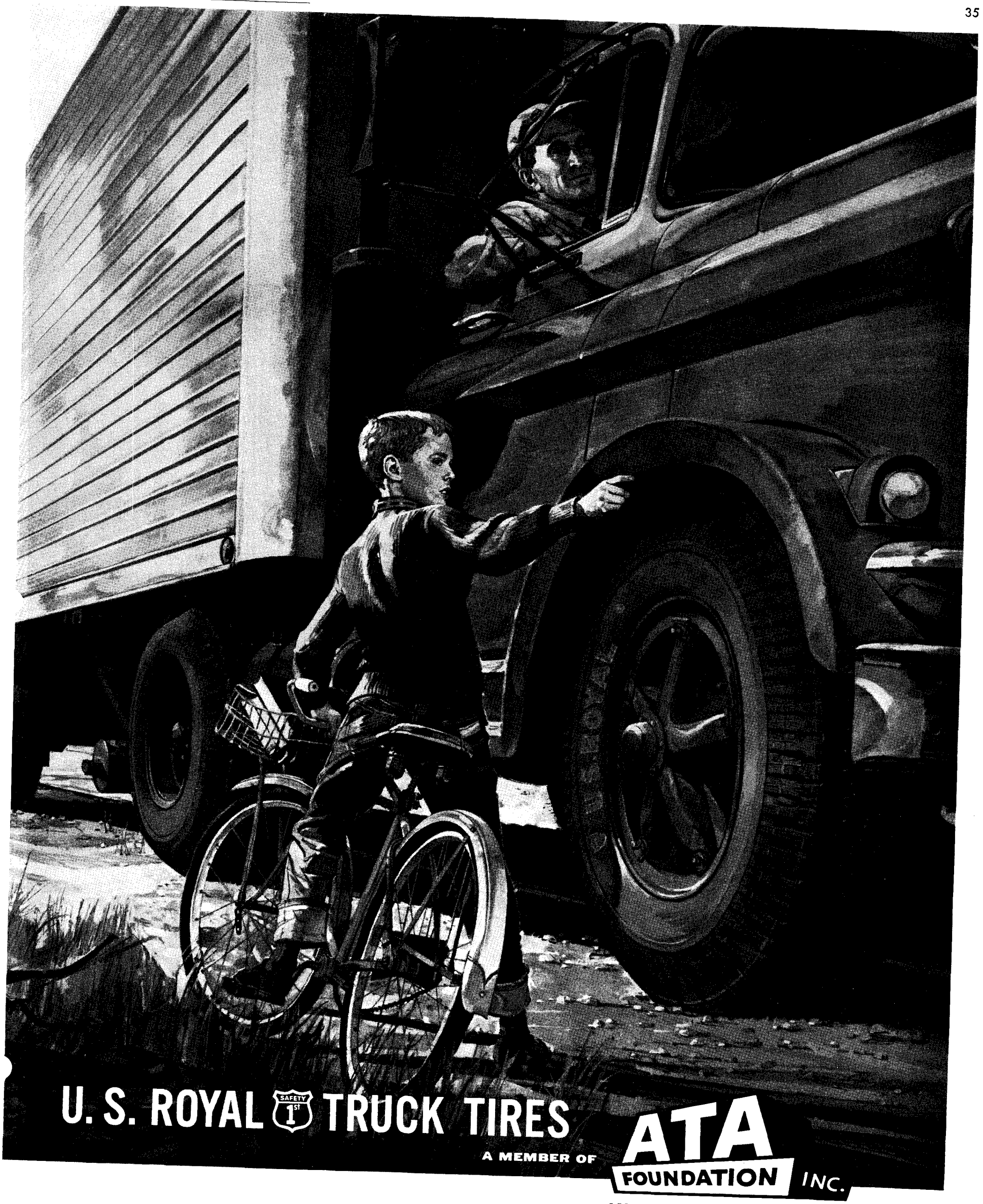

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Ebony Bed

"That may be true, but I can't understand why you'd want my bed."

"I collect antiques," she said.

"Starting with Henry?"

"All right. No more gags. I'll tell you the exact truth, and please, please try to understand. I'm almost sure Henry and I will have a happy marriage. We're not poor. We grew up together. We have almost every advantage. But I want my marriage to last. I'm selfish enough to want to make entirely sure. Is that so wrong?"

"Of course it isn't, Melanie," I said.

"Coming East from Vegas, your Uncle Edward told me about the ebony bed, which he said had brought complete happiness to everyone who ever owned it, with never a quarrel that he knew of, and life a sort of perpetual honeymoon. And then there was that love goddess——"

"Mu-mu-a-pu-a," I said.

"That's right. I guess she appealed to the mystic in me. Maybe she's nothing in herself, but if the Justices believed in her powers, as your Uncle Edward says, then they possessed her powers. Something worked. So call it a reaching out for faith, or Asian voodoo, a kind of occult charm, or a plain old American insurance policy. Anyway, I want my love to last. That's why I'd like the bed."

I wanted my love to last too, and I wanted Melanie. She really belonged in my ebony bed. "You'll get your wish," I said. "By the way, have you discussed this swap with Henry?"

"No. I intend to when he gets here."

I happened to look up at that moment, and coming toward us was Henry. Her Achilles' heel.

"Melanie, prepare yourself. He's here right now."

"Where?" Then she saw him. "But how ——"

"Henry," I said, pumping his hand. "Good old Henry. It's been a long time, man."

"Justice, what are you doing here?"

"Melanie will be glad to explain." She had passed my last test. She was beautiful even with her mouth hanging open.

"You mean you two know each other?" she said.

"Unhappily, yes," Henry said. "I can't imagine why they ever let him in Yale."

"I don't want you to think we were ever close friends," I told Melanie. "He was always up at the head of our class, while I sort of wagged along at the tail."

"Waiter, a chair!" Henry demanded.... "Darling, what is this all about?"

"His bed," she said, in a tiny voice, like Little Baby Bear. "I mean, it's really about Flora. You wanted me to get rid of Flora, and John wants to buy her, except I don't want to sell her. I want to swap her for the bed he has."

"You're out of your mind," said Henry. "Your dog will bring at least $8000, as I've just ascertained."

"My bed is an heirloom," I said, rising to its defense. "Dad turned down an offer of $9000 for it back in the depression. He said it was the only thing he owned that money couldn't buy." This impressed Henry.

"If it's really worth what he says it is, darling, the economic aspects from our standpoint might not be too unfavorable." Even with the "darling" thrown in, he sounded like a corporation.

Melanie artfully administered the *coup de grâce* when she brought up the romantic angle of the bed as an insurance policy for enduring love. This pitch, which had previously melted me, worked magically on Henry. His red corpuscles, all four of them, awoke and came dancing out on his cheeks. "Justice, will you agree to this swap?" The man sounded eager.

"I will," I said firmly.

"And you, Melanie, will you agree to it also?"

"I will," she said firmly.

It was a solemn moment for both of us, rather like a dress rehearsal for the marriage ceremony.

"One thing," I said. "I've seen Flora. I've watched her work. I know what she is, what she can do. So that puts you both at some disadvantage, since you haven't seen the bed. Maybe you should. We've got a homely country saying up our way that you should never buy a pig in a poke."

"I was about to suggest that very thing," said Henry stiffly, annoyed that I had spoken first. "Day after tomorrow, at two in the afternoon, I address the I.C.A.B. here in New York. That gives us"—he glanced at his watch—"some thirty-eight hours, or as much of that time as we need, to go and inspect it. Just where is this fabulous bed of yours?"

"In Porcupine, Maine," I said. "What's the I.C.A.B.?"

Henry cleared his throat. "The Ideological Council for American Business."

It figured.

We flew up to Maine the next morning, giving me a very short sniff of spring in

Four ways the English keep cool!

(These summertime drinks are enjoyed by Americans, too!)

(1) Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's N'Tonic

Pour one jigger of Gordon's Gin into medium-sized glass with ice cubes. Fill with any good tonic water. Add a slice of lemon or lime. Stir and enjoy. (Ah-h-h-h!)

(2) Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Collins

Jigger of Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tsp. sugar in highball glass with cracked ice. Fill with soda, stir well. Add orange slice. (Great!)

(3) Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Martini

Half fill shaker with ice. Use 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin to 1 part Dry Vermouth. Stir into cocktail glass or over "rocks". Add olive or lemon peel. (M-m-m-m!)

(4) Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Sour

Jigger of Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon and ½ tsp. sugar. Shake well and strain. Decorate with orange slice and cherry. Add dash of soda. (Dee-lic-ious!)

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

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New York, though I didn't much mind with Melanie along, and Henry working on his speech all the way, mouthing sentences under his breath that seemed to contain words like "cartel" and "cabal" and "idiosyncrasy" and striking impressive poses.

"I'm sorry, John," Melanie said kindly, while at 10,000 feet in transit. "You might just as well give up thinking the way you're looking. I'm firmly engaged."

Henry said, very plainly, "amphibryous" just then, when he didn't even know the words to *Boola Boola*. I looked in shock at Melanie.

I had phoned we were coming, and Tom Brannum met us at the airport. As we drove through the burgeoning countryside, Melanie's glowing face said she took to Maine. Henry, possibly miffed at my *faux pas* in introducing him to the hired help, stayed morose until he reached the house, when he suddenly began to take an interest.

"Color TV," he muttered, "way out here."

"We're not completely immune to progress, Henry."

"And a Persian rug. Well, well."

"As a matter of fact, I inherited five of them."

He liked the elephant's tusk, and the amulet, but his eyes really popped when I unlocked the glass case containing the Chinese jade.

"How much will you take for it, John?"

So now it was "John." We were equals almost. I told him it was such a bright green I couldn't see the color of his money.

All the while Melanie kept flitting about like a hummingbird, examining this and that, fingering the rare woods and furniture and looking ecstatic.

"But it's fabulous, John. I've never seen or imagined such a house."

I had counted on that favorable impression to give me status. "Well, I'm only a farmer," I said. "Truly, we live rather simply here at Justplainjohn."

"Are you never serious?"

"I am now. I really named it that. One word, not three."

Mrs. Hardy, as she bustled around serving refreshments, looked extremely benevolent. She takes every compliment to the house as a personal tribute to her custodianship.

"And now," I finally announced, "the thing you came up here to see and my proudest possession. The ebony bed!"

I led the way, with the two of them dogging my heels, and opened the door to the master bedroom, and there it stood, glowing. I can say in all seriousness that you have to see the ebony bed to believe it.

Henry said reverently, "Good Lord," and tamely succumbed to the spell of the eighteen carved images of Mu-mu-a-pu-a, who stared back at him opaquely with her thirty-six aphrodisiac eyes.

"I love it. I adore it. I've just got to have it," said Melanie.

"Now," I said graciously, "before you finally decide, there are two points worth mentioning. First, the bed is no longer antique in all respects. The featherbed that used to be on it has long been retired in favor of a modern Heavensent mattress, which I think you'll find very comfortable."

"Very sensible and sanitary. I approve," said Henry.

"Why, thank you, Henry. And finally, there's the legend that goes with the bed."

"Legend? What legend? Who believes legends?"

"I do," said Melanie. . . . "Please, John. Let's hear it."

"The legend is that if you cannot love, or cannot love enough, then Mu-mu-a-pu-a rejects you."

"Ridiculous," said Henry. "How can a bed reject you?"

"That I don't know, since it never rejected me. You'll just have to try it and see."

"Go ahead, Henry," Melanie urged. . . . "John, is it all right if he tries it?"

"I have no objection, but what if he fails?"

Henry took this as an affront to his manhood and, looking dedicated, thereupon sat on the edge of the bed and removed his shoes. Henry then lay back on the bed and smiled joyfully when nothing happened.

"Say, this is really comfortable, John. I'm glad you let me try it."

"I never took much stock in the legend myself," I said. "I'm very happy for you."

"Are you sure you don't feel any different?" Melanie asked. Probably anxiety, though it sounded more like regret.

"Of course I don't feel any different. When you cut out the frills and get down to the essentials, it's just another bed."

Or was it? For then Henry sneezed. His eyes began to water. A strange look curdled over his face, which swiftly turned puffy and blotchy. Henry sat up and put on his shoes and stood up. Henry no longer looked confident, but baffled.

"I can't understand it," said Henry. "The legend is rubbish. I know the bed didn't reject me."

"How do you know?" asked Melanie quietly, though she looked like the calm before the storm.

"Because it has to be one of my allergies, darling. I'm not allergic to the mattress, for I sleep on a Heavensent at home. I suppose it must be the ebony, and I'm sorry it turned out this way."

"What does that mean, Henry? No bed?"

He spread out his hands and smiled at her. "Darling," he said, "after all, how can we, if I'm allergic to ebony?"

"Henry," said Melanie, "I've been a good fiancée to you, and have hardly looked at another man since we got engaged, except in a business way, or across a poker table. When you turned out to be allergic to Flora, I was willing to give up Flora for you. Now you want me to give up the ebony bed for you. Henry, I am not going to give up all the things I want for the rest of my life because of your allergies. If we got married, you'd probably turn out to be allergic to me. But we're not getting married. I'm sorry, but I've just become allergic to you."

I tiptoed out and left them there alone with Mu-mu-a-pu-a. What more was there that I could do?

When he came out with the ring that Melanie was now without, he made a dignified martyr, I will say that. "John," he said quietly, "would you ask your man now to drive me back to the airport?"

"Of course, Henry." I did that.

"It's probably better if Melanie takes a later plane," he said at the car. "I do have to concentrate on my speech."

Well, he was a Yale man, a pretty good fellow, and I shook his hand very sincerely. "I think you're wise, Henry. Besides, Melanie and I still have some dickering to do."

We did that. We dickered sporadically through the afternoon as we wandered over my domain, as I showed her the green fields, the blushing orchard, the brook in the bird-throated woods. She was determined to have the bed. I was determined to have the dog. We would each have to give up too much, it seemed, if we swapped. There was only one way we could each share both.

"But I can't fall in love in a day," said Melanie tremulously. "It took me years to fall in love with Henry."

"I'm not Henry," I argued. "Besides, you never were in love with Henry."

I kissed her for the first time, and we did not seem allergic in any way.

"But a day, John," she protested feebly. "People who know say it just doesn't happen that way."

"So I've a guest room, Mrs. Hardy for chaperone, and we'll take a whole week for it."

And we did, and by then we were, as I wired Uncle Edward, who had guessed what would happen all along.

Melanie is now the mistress of Justplainjohn, cotenant of the ebony bed, torchbearer in the furtherance of a great tradition and shareholder in all the secrets of my life—save one.

She never did quite believe in Henry's ebony allergy. She's romantic, of course, and it's much more romantic to believe that poor Henry was rejected by Mu-mu-a-pu-a. I now half believe in this legend myself.

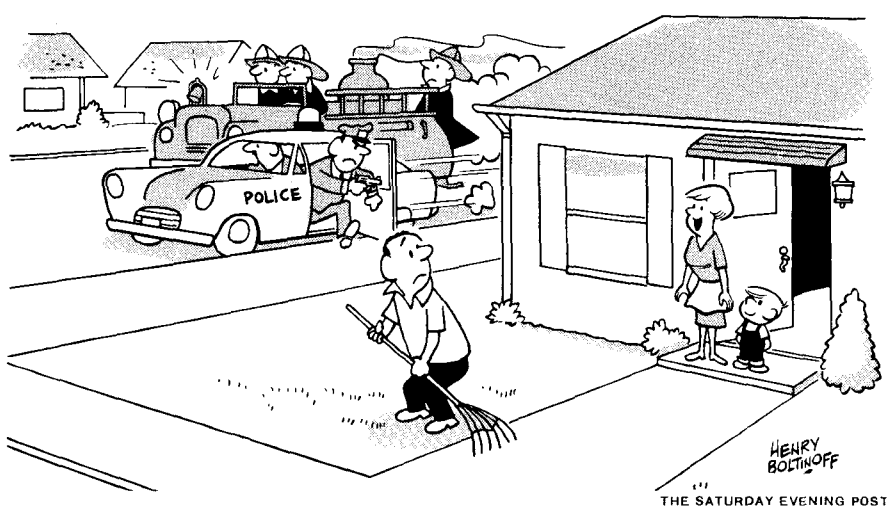
Why then, I argue, not let her keep her childlike faith, instead of diluting it with any mention of the other thing that could have caused her disengagement and our present bliss—the substance that coated the underside of the bedspread on the ebony bed on the day that Henry tried it?

All I knew when I phoned Mrs. Hardy instructions before leaving New York was that Henry was allergic to a pedigreed dog, and I also knew what is frequently found on such pampered pooches.

It could have been Mu-mu-a-pu-a, all right.

It might have been the flea powder.

THE END



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He was looking forward to a little peace and quiet. But his wife had other ideas.

After the Kids Have Gone

by STEVE McNEIL

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fleming got home at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day after the wedding. Peter fully expected that the house would still be trembling, like the aftershock of an earthquake, as a result of the frantic preparations of the past six months and the almost hysterical departure five days ago. But the house was so quiet that when the refrigerator motor started, it sounded like a DC-6.

"House hasn't been this quiet since the kids had mumps," Peter said.

"It's freezing," Susan said. "Turn up the heat."

Peter went to the thermostat and turned the dial to seventy-two degrees, took off his coat and hat and put them in the hall closet. He tried to think of something that would delay unloading the station wagon. "Care for a drink?" he said.

Susan shook her head. "I'll make some coffee while you're unloading the car."

"Yeah," he said with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm. He frowned. "I still don't understand why Nancy had to be married in Seattle."

"We went all over that," Susan said.

"I know. Let's go over it again."

"Because in the past four years she spent more time there than at home. Because all her friends were there. Because it was easier to move one person to Seattle than all the wedding guests to Portland, that's why."

"Sounds logical, all right," he mumbled grudgingly. He walked out to the garage. *It may be logical, Fleming, but it is hard on your back and your disposition, not to mention your wallet.*

He opened up the back of the station wagon and, mindful of Susan's nervous system, carefully took out, first, the epergne which Susan had borrowed from Esther Peterson and which, she had told him no less than seventeen times, not only was priceless but was insured for one thousand dollars. He carried the epergne into the house and turned it over to Susan's solicitous hands.

He went back outside and brought in four of Susan's bags and one of his. He unloaded a carton of flowers from the church and a box containing a silver tea service and a silver coffee service. Another box held Irish linen, which Peter assumed to be as priceless as the epergne, since it was considerably older, Susan had said, than the city in which Nancy had been married.

"And for heaven's sake," Susan said, "don't let Nancy's wedding dress drag on the ground."

The wedding dress, in which Nancy had looked like an angel without a halo, seemed to have material enough to clothe a platoon of brides, and Peter was certain that it was a good nine-iron shot around the bottom hem. Somehow he managed to get into the house without letting it touch the ground, a feat of major proportions.

Finally he had everything inside, including some of the wedding cake, each piece tied in white paper with white ribbon, and what was left of the liquor, not from the reception but from the party they had given in their hotel suite for a few choice friends. Nancy had insisted that the reception be held in the parish house, where liquor could not be served. Although this might have been something of a shock to a few of Peter's friends, he had felt that they would survive—whereas if the reception had been held in some other, and less temperate, place his bank balance might not have.

He went into the front room. Susan was seated on the settee in front of the fireplace, holding several one-minute snapshots of the wedding. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Wasn't it a lovely wedding?" she said. The tears ran down her cheeks.

Peter peered at his wife. "It was so lovely you're crying?"

She sniffled and nodded her head. "Wasn't Nancy beautiful?"

Peter conceded that Nancy had been, without a doubt, the most beautiful bride in history.

"Mrs. Baker said that they were the most gorgeous flowers she had ever seen."

"Glad she liked them. Who's Mrs. Baker?"

"The rector's wife."

"I thought his name was McGregor."

"That was his assistant."

"Oh. How come the assistant was older than the rector?"

"I don't know. Do you think we should have served imported champagne at the party?"

"No."

"Well, Josephine and Gerald didn't drink any champagne, I noticed. Maybe because it was domestic."

"California champagne," Peter said, quoting from a pamphlet put out by the California wine industry, "is as fine as any in the world."

"Seems to me you could have spent more time with Gerald. After all, he's the groom's father."

"I talked to him long enough to find out that his hobbies are growing begonias and collecting stamps. So where did that leave me? Out in left field."

"You could have talked business. Dick always talks business with people."

"Gerald Allison spends his time hiring and firing vice presidents and shuffling stocks. I have the feeling that he thinks of plywood as something out of which you build Ping-pong tables."

Susan shifted gears. "It seems like just yesterday that Nancy was getting ready to go to college."

"M'm," Peter said. "You want to go out to eat?"

"I guess. You know, even now, when you mention going out, it's hard to resist calling a sitter."

"Susan," Peter said, "Nancy is twenty-one years old."

"I know. Well, both children are gone. There's just the two of us left, Peter."

"I know," he said. "A little peace and quiet will seem good."

"But what are we going to do?"

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE PORTER

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Kids Have Gone

"We're going out to dinner, that's what we're going to do."

"I mean about being alone. I was reading a magazine article the other day. People have to prepare for this sort of thing. And then there's Doctor Queen's book—*The Graceful Years*."

"What's that about—Fred Astaire?"

Susan gave him her don't-be-difficult look. "It's about people our ages who are left alone without the children."

"Sounds as if we'll be living in sin."

"I mean you have to fill the gap. You can't just go on as you have, because suddenly there's nothing left. You have to develop things to do, in order to keep your days as full as they were before the children left."

"I see," Peter said vaguely. He didn't see at all. "Well, let's go to dinner and fill the gap in our stomachs for the time being."

The next morning Peter was astounded, when he awakened to the blasting of the alarm clock, to find that Susan wasn't in the other twin bed. She had stated at least twenty-two times before the wedding that when Nancy was married she was going to lie abed each morning, like a fallen woman, and that anyone who had the temerity even to phone her before noon would never do it twice.

He climbed out of bed, put on his robe and slippers and went downstairs. Susan, fully dressed, was fixing breakfast. Peter wordlessly poured a cup of coffee, sipped it, got both eyes open. "Something wrong?" he said.

Susan broke two eggs into a pan. "Of course not."

"I seem to remember that after Nancy was married you were going to set up a beachhead in bed."

"A woman who does that," she said, "is just asking for trouble."

Peter took a large gulp of coffee. "Bedsores?"

"With the children gone, I can do the housework in a couple of hours. Then what?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Remember Martha Bell?"

"M'm. What about her?"

"She had three children. After they got married she didn't do a thing about it. She gained thirty pounds and spent seven hundred and fifty dollars at a psychiatrist's to find out why she gained the thirty pounds."

"Ate too much," Peter said.

"She became a compulsive eater because she had nothing to do after the children were married."

Peter looked at Susan. She looked as sleek as a seal. "I don't think that'll be your problem. You haven't gained an ounce in ten years."

"Remember Judith Blakely?"

"Vaguely."

"After her last daughter was married, boredom set in. She started going to the country club every day, having long Martini luncheons and then playing bridge all afternoon. After a while the dinner hour meant nothing. Before long she started casting a roving eye at every man around. The club professional resigned. All because of her."

"I thought he got a better job."

"He did. But that wasn't the reason he left."

Peter poured himself another cup of coffee and grinned. "Glad you don't play golf. That new pro is a real handsome kid."

"Doris Hartford got so bored she took judo and playfully threw her husband into their swimming pool." Susan took the eggs out of the pan, added them to already cooked bacon and put the plate on the breakfast-nook table. Peter sat down and picked up a fork.

"Betty Hamphill ran away with the man who read the gas meter," Susan said.

Peter lifted an eyebrow and tasted his eggs.

"That isn't going to happen to me," she said.

"That's comforting," Peter said. "What do you have in mind to circumvent this feminine madness?"

"I don't know," she said, "but something."

Driving to the office that morning, Peter Fleming fretted mildly about Susan's campaign, still in the embryo stage, to fill the gap left by Nancy's marriage and attendant departure. He was willing to accept, in theory, the validity of everything she said. He had read a few things himself on the subject, and conceded that a man would have to be a gifted idiot not to recognize the sound fact that when the last chick left the nest, there was a physical and emotional vacuum which had to be filled. But he also felt that the problem should not be attacked in a frontal assault, lest the cure be worse than the problem.

It may pass, Fleming, he told himself. Certainly a little peace and quiet would be welcome after the turbulence which preceded the wedding. He knew that very often Susan raced her engine in the morning—making vast plans for a hobby, a career, redecorating the house, planting flowering shrubs in the garden instead of bulbs and finding a butcher who did not weigh his thumb. And he also knew that these were merely conversation pieces, meant to be taken lightly, as was, probably, her after-the-wedding scheme to thwart any tendency to gulp Martinis, chase golf professionals or eat too much.

He told himself that, and he believed it. And he came home that night to peace and quiet. He came home to a house that had for its only sound the creaking of its own weight on the foundation. He looked hopefully at the oven light, but it was out. He went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Susan?" He looked for a note on the desk, but there was only a statement from the photographer, who had, according to the figures, popped flash bulbs and exposed film in a lighthearted and lavish manner at the wedding.

He was headed for the kitchen and a Martini when the phone rang. He picked it up and said hello.

"Oh, you're home," Susan said.

It seemed obvious to Peter that he was home, since he had answered the phone, but he let it pass. "I'm home. Where are you?"

"At the Lakewood Playhouse. Could you get some dinner at the club or somewhere? I'll be held up for a while."

"What are you doing at the Lakewood Playhouse?"

"I'll tell you all about it when I get home."

"All right." He hung up the phone, reviewed their brief conversation and shuddered. It was apparent that the vacuum was being filled by involvement with the Lakewood Players, a group of amateur actors, actresses, and directors, who periodically made such playwrights as Shaw, Van Druten and Molière turn over in their graves.

It might be better for all concerned, Fleming, if Susan went the way of Martha, Judith, Doris and Betty.

He went upstairs, changed into a clean shirt, slacks and a jacket and drove up to the country club, where he had a solitary dinner at a table overlooking the pool. There wasn't even anyone in swimming.

"Do we have anything for a child with an adult mind—and vice versa?"

Afterward he drove home, built a fire in the fireplace and read a magazine until he heard Susan coming in through the back door. He put the magazine aside, she came into the front room, kissed him and said, "Hi, darling. What did you do for dinner?"

"Country club," he said. "Roast beef."

She took off her coat and stood in front of the fireplace. "Well, aren't you going to ask me what happened?"

"Sure," he said. "What happened?"

"Well, we all read parts for the play. It's an original by Bradford Atherton."

"That character."

"He's very talented."

"Who says so—his mother?"

"Do you want to hear about it or not?"

Peter decided to roll with the punch. "Go ahead."

"The play is called, *The Unforgiven*, and would you believe it—he thinks I have talent and I may get a part."

"That's fine."

"It isn't a big part, but it's a good one. I play a former movie star who has become a dipsomaniac when she's no longer a star."

"Sounds familiar."

"Are you just going to sit there and scoff, or are you going to be helpful?"

"I'm going to be helpful. What do I do?"

"Nothing. It's three times a week."

"I do nothing three times a week?"

"Play practice is three times a week. Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings." She sucked a finger. "You wouldn't want to try out for a part, would you?"

"No."

"Or paint scenery, or sell tickets?"

"No."

"I'll be worried about you, being alone four evenings a week."

"You said three."

"There's Thursday."

"What about Thursday?"

"They're having an art class at the high school. I found out about it tonight. So I joined." She picked a cigarette off the coffee table. Peter flicked his lighter and took care of the ignition.

"I've started to do something about the emptiness in our lives. And now I'm worried about you."

"Me?"

"Uh-huh. Remember George Beck?"

"Sure."

"Forty-four. Just your age. After their last daughter was married he started making goo-goo eyes at the girl who ran the beauty shop."

"That lets me out. I don't know any beauty operators."

"Remember Frank Cole?"

"What did he do?"

"Same thing."

"Must be a lot of beauty shops."

"His secretary."

"My secretary," Peter said, "is married, has three children and her husband is a professional wrestler."

"Duane Gilmore took up woodworking."

"I remember. He cut off the end of his little finger."

"You played college baseball. Couldn't you coach a Little League team?"

Peter winced. "I could if the parents would stay out of it. Stan Griffin coached them one year. He came out of the season with a thirteen-and-seven record, an ulcer, and he lost seven clients, all parents, to another lawyer."

"But you have to do something. You can't just let yourself go to pieces."

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THUM

Kids Have Gone

"Susan," Peter said with resolute control, "I don't intend to go to pieces. Neither do I intend taking up woodworking, chasing women, painting scenery or coaching kids and starting a feud over who's going to play second base. I have plenty to do. I'll catch up on all the reading I've wanted to do for several years."

In the days that followed, Peter caught up on his reading. He waded through *War and Peace*, something he had been promising himself for years. He read *Anna Karenina*, *Crime and Punishment*, all the current magazines and newspapers, and a generous sampling of the paperback books on the order of Mickey Spillane.

He had looked forward to peace and quiet. Now he began to feel like a man who had prayed for rain and finds himself in the middle of a flood. The telephone, which had once seemed like an insistent, electronic monster, designed only for shattered tranquillity, was now a stubbornly silent instrument, which worked only, it would seem, for outgoing calls.

He saw his wife in the morning for breakfast and then very often didn't see her again until the next morning. He admitted that she seemed to be allowing herself no time for the foibles which had overtaken some of her contemporaries. It was also abundantly clear that she had no time for much of anything else. He found himself looking, with more than casual interest, at woodworking tools, briefly considered a chess club and began noticing that there were a great many beauty parlors.

So he bought a new putter and began eating at the country club, where he could practice putting before dinner. And it was on a Thursday, three weeks after the wedding, that he saw his daughter.

He was leaving the putting green, skirting the swimming pool, and she was seated on the diving board, reading a book. The way her legs were curled under her, the tilt of her head as she read, the way the sun bounced golden lights off her hair, even the dress she was wearing, belonged to Nancy. Except that his daughter was now Mrs. David Allison, and was in her own home in Seattle, Washington, instead of sitting beside a swimming pool at the Lakewood Country Club.

Peter walked over to the diving board. The girl heard him coming, looked up at him and smiled.

If you have not already done so, you will break young men's hearts with that smile, young lady, he thought. He saw now that she was only about sixteen years old, more delicately fashioned than his daughter, and her eyes were a deep blue, with lashes that would have easily held a cigarette.

"Hi, Mr. Fleming," she said.

Peter stared at her. *Well, they grow up fast these days. The last time I saw her she was probably toddling around one of my friends' homes.*

"It's all right," she said. "You don't have to pretend. You don't know me, but I know you. Your daughter just got married."

He grinned at her. "That's right."

"I'm Theresa Bruener. I live with Mr. and Mrs. Goering."

What she was doing, living with the Goerings, he didn't know. They had five children of their own, including a daughter about the age of this girl.

"What are you reading?" he said.

The girl handed him the book. It was written in French. He handed it back and grinned at her. "All right, smarty," he said.

Her eyes crinkled when she smiled. "It's *The Journal of Madame Giovanni*, by Alexandre Dumas."

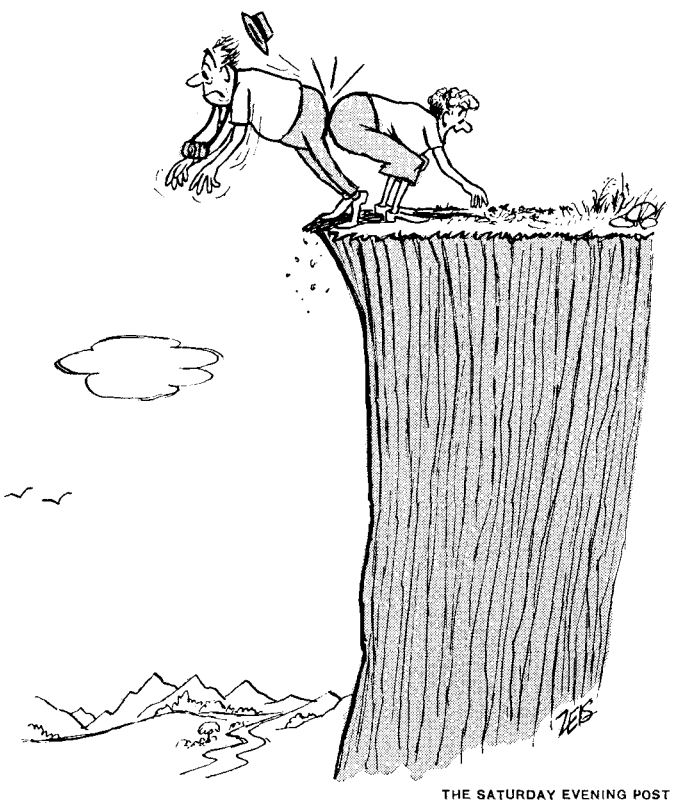
"I don't know about her," he said, "but I know all about D'Artagnan. And where did you learn to read French?"

"In school. In Würzburg, Germany. That's where I lived."

"What are you doing over here?"

"I'm an exchange student."

"Then where's your German accent?"



"Oh, look, George. A four-leaf clover!"

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"I never had one. The convent where I lived was next to a United States Army installation. I'm almost an Army brat."

"You lived in a convent?"

"Uh-huh. My parents were killed when I was six months old. I was raised by the nuns."

He lifted his putter and studied it as he tried to think of something to say that would not sound fatuous. There wasn't anything to say. He took his eyes off his putter and smiled at her. "How does it happen that you're out here, reading Dumas by yourself? Don't the boys have eyes any more?"

"Uh-huh." She wrinkled up her nose. "But they all want to go steady." She made the word "steady" sound as if it were something which should be sent out to the dry cleaner.

"I thought that was the thing to do these days."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't make much sense to me. If I'm going steady with a boy, and he wants to go bowling, which I hate, and another boy wants to go ice skating, which I love, then I'm supposed to do what I don't want to do. Kind of silly, isn't it?"

"It is, now that you've explained it."

She hopped off the diving board. "Well, I'd better be going or I'll be late for dinner. 'Bye, Mr. Fleming."

He smiled inwardly as he watched her walk away. And the next evening he found himself looking forward, with more than casual interest, to seeing the child again, and was mildly disappointed when she wasn't there. He practiced putting for a while, then went into the bar for a pre-dinner Martini. He turned away from the bar, glass in hand, and saw her crossing the pool area. He walked out through the sliding glass doors. She saw him coming and said, "Hi."

"Hi, Theresa. How would you like to have dinner with me?"

Her face lighted up, and she nodded violently. "I'd like it." And then she frowned. "But I don't know. Maybe the Goerings wouldn't want me to."

"I'll fix it. Come on."

They went inside, and he phoned George Goering. "I want to feed your star boarder."

"Theresa?" George said. "Go right ahead. But I warn you. She eats like it was going out of style."

"Good," Peter said. "Come to think of it, you need another mouth to feed the way you need pneumonia."

"I know, but we heard about Theresa from a friend of mine in the American Field Service. So we got five kids. What's one more?"

"Yeah," Peter said slowly, "what's one more?"

They went into the dining room, and Theresa, with no trouble, worked her way through soup, prime ribs of beef, a baked potato and a chocolate sundae, and then said, "You know what we should do?"

He grinned. "I know when I'm being conned, but no, what should we do?"

"Go ice skating."

The idea seemed sound. They drove over to the Lloyd Center. Peter hadn't been on skates in ten years, but he managed. Theresa skated as if she had been born on them and soon was waltzing with one of the instructors. Afterward they stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers and coffee.

The Goerings were still up when they got home. Theresa thanked Peter for a nice time and went to bed. After she had gone upstairs Peter said, "There's something I'd like to talk to you people about. . . ."

Peter had to go to the state capital the next day, which was Saturday, and when he got home, he went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Susan!" He was hit in the face with an armful of sheets and pillowcases.

"Oh, it's you!" Susan said.

He scraped off the sheets and pillowcases. "It's me all right. What's going on?"

"Take those things out to the laundry chute, and then could you run up to the Lakewood Laundry and get the curtains for Nancy's room? I never did pick them up."

"Mind telling me ——" he began.

"And hurry!"

Peter, grinning, took the sheets and pillowcases, dumped them down the laundry chute, went to the laundry and collected the curtains. He carried them upstairs. Susan had finished making Nancy's bed and was vacuuming the rug.

Susan turned off the vacuum cleaner. "Take this downstairs and get a new bulb for this bed lamp. It's burned out."

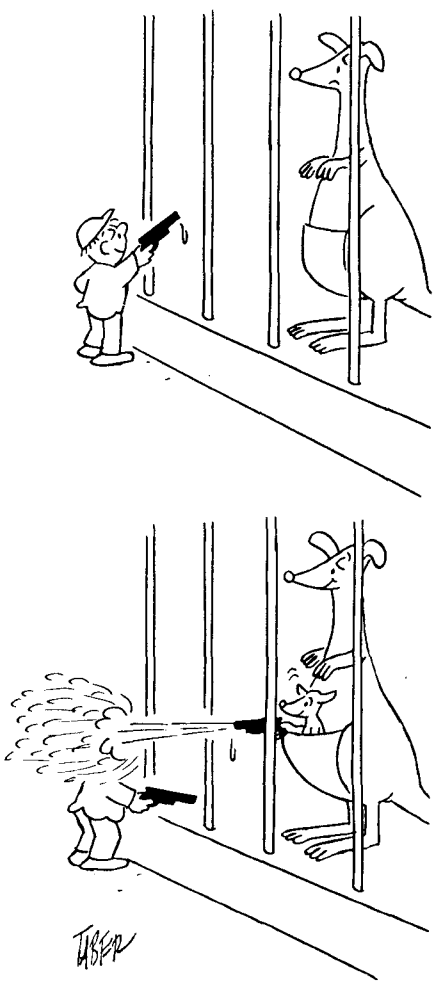
Peter did his chores. Susan stood in the middle of the bedroom and sucked a finger. "Well, for a quick cleaning job it will have to do. Now, would you be an angel and put some clean towels in Nancy's bathroom?"

He was an angel, got some clean towels and put them in Nancy's bathroom. He went downstairs. Susan was in the kitchen, unloading the refrigerator. She decided to clue him in.

"Mary Goering called. They all have the flu over there and have this little exchange student from Germany. She's seventeen, and Mary wanted to know if I could keep her for a few days."

"Fine."

"Mary says she's a darling. You won't mind?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why should I mind?"

"Well, I thought you wanted some peace and quiet."

He put his arm around her. "Forget it." He did not go on. You couldn't describe Theresa. And just maybe Susan wouldn't want Theresa more than a few days.

That evening their telephone seemed to be mysteriously put back into operation, and the Somerville twins from next door came over. From upstairs Peter and Susan could hear three girls chattering, like hysterical squirrels.

"Should I tell them to simmer down?" Peter said.

There was no answer. Susan was already asleep, and smiling.

He had a golf date the next day, and when he got home there were three boys in the kitchen, which had the appearance of having been stirred with an oar. Hamburgers sputtered on the grill. "Greetings," Peter said.

"You wouldn't know where the mustard is, would you, Mr. Fleming?" one boy asked.

"Try the refrigerator," Peter said. He went into the front room. The record player was sounding off. Theresa and the Somerville twins were setting up TV tables. Peter nodded and went upstairs.

"What's going on?" he said.

Susan was taking a dress out of the closet. "I hope you don't mind. I want Theresa to treat this home just the way Nancy did. The boys are going to cook hamburgers for the girls, and then the girls are going to clean up the kitchen, then they're going to the show, and so I guess you'll have to take me out to dinner."

"Sounds all right," Peter said.

"And, Peter," Susan said, "tomorrow, since it's spring vacation, Theresa and I are going downtown. Maybe you could meet us somewhere and we could have a bite. We've a million things to do."

"Like what?"

"Heavens, that child needs a couple of skirts, and I don't know what else. Will the budget stand it?"

"The budget will. But isn't Monday night one of your nights with the Lakewood players?"

"Lakewood Players!" Susan yelped. "I don't have time for that. Nearly everything Theresa owns has to be shortened, and there are some things of Nancy's that can be shortened and taken in, and ——"

"You sound as if the flu at Goerings' is going to last forever."

Susan looked at him and smiled. "Do you mind?"

Peter shook his head. "No, Susan, I don't mind."

"I didn't think you would. You see, I know there isn't any flu at Goerings'."

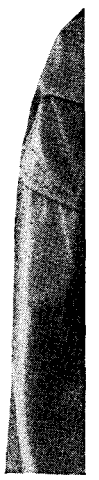
He stared at her. "You do?"

"Certainly. I called Doctor Newton to ask whether Theresa should have flu shots. He didn't know anything about flu at Goerings'."

"Oh," Peter said.

"So then I talked to Mary Goering." Susan put her arms around Peter and kissed him. "Thank you, Peter, for arranging to have us take Theresa. I never wanted to be an actress, really. But I'm worried about you. Weren't you relishing your peace and quiet?"

Peter looked down at Susan. A howl of laughter came from downstairs, even drowning out the record player. The telephone rang. The house throbbed. Peter grinned happily. He kissed his wife, and then he said, "Noisy, isn't it?" **THE END**



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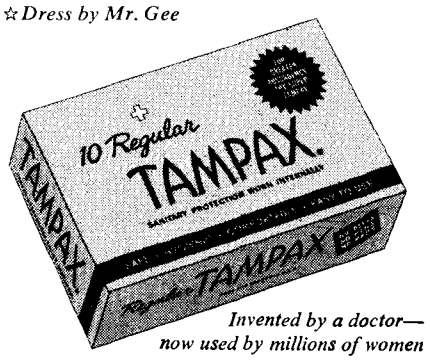

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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The Riot Maker

by PAUL JONES

In the airport lounge at Lô Sanh, capital of a postwar addition to the family of nations, a United States Information Officer, Kenneth Lake, was waiting for the arrival of the 5:45 A.M. plane from Singapore.

It was hot, even at this predawn hour. Ken ran a handkerchief around the inside of his collar and took another sip of bitter, tepid coffee. The clock behind the yawning barman said 5:30. Across the deserted runway a pattern of nipa palms stood out against the rose-pearl sky.

The Singapore plane was supposed to deliver into Ken's hands an artistic VIP scheduled to give a lecture and open an exhibition of American pictures. All Ken had to do was drive him to town and see him safely lodged in the Orient Hotel.

A large, straightforward young man with a simple background, Ken had in his personnel record a degree in journalism from State, where he had played Big Ten football, a year as copy boy on a Midwestern daily, three years as a police reporter and two years in public relations. Then the Information Service, and his posting to Lô Sanh, where he was entering his second year. For the past six months he had carried in his pocket something he and his wife Debbie called The Document. It was an undated resignation, originally written during a policy crisis at the embassy, but never submitted. The fact was that both Ken and Debbie found themselves hooked, committed to the idea of serving their country. It gave value to a lot of otherwise meaningless routine and occasional hardship. Under torture Ken might have admitted that the sight of the flag in a foreign country, and the thought that he carried on his broad shoulders part of the honor and safety of the United States, could bring a tightening in his throat and the beginning of tears to his eyes. But it was not anything to say aloud. You just did what you were supposed to do.

Right on schedule the DC-3 that connected with the jet airliner at Singapore came in low over the mangrove swamps, made its pass and rolled to a stop. When the passengers came off, Ken saw no American among them. His VIP had missed the early plane. Ken checked with the Chinese hostess, verified the fact that his man had not shown, and then drove back to the city. The day thus began, almost normally, with an exercise in frustration.

It was past seven when he turned into the driveway of his rented villa. The two children were just leaving for school, which began early to avoid the worst of the heat, and the servants were busy around the washhouse behind the kitchen. He had time for a shower and a change of clothes before going to the embassy. When he went down to the dining room, where a ceiling fan gave an illusion of coolness, his wife had coffee and toast, with a chilled papaya, waiting for him. She wore what he recognized as her fatigue uniform. A turkish towel covered her blond head, and a long duster hid her slim figure.

"I have a busy morning ahead," she told him. "The hairdresser's coming at ten, and the dressmaker at eleven. Today's the day of the International Women's Club meeting, when we settle the plans for the leper-colony benefit. Will you be home for lunch?"

"No. We're inaugurating the new bridge, and the contractors are setting up a buffet."

"I thought that was tomorrow."

"They moved it up. The Prez called in his soothsayers and geomancers, and they told him tomorrow would be inauspicious. It was either hold it today, or put it off for another month."

After the first year in Lô Sanh, Ken found himself taking many odd things for granted. It was a strange but ingratiating country. President Kha, for example, had started life as heir to the throne of Lô Sanh, an ancient realm. He became king at eighteen, and at twenty-seven led a bloodless revolt against the monarchy. After overthrowing his own rule, he arranged elections in which he was chosen triumphantly to a life term as constitutional president. In a world of change, Kha saw no point in allowing anybody else to reap the benefits of democratic progress.

"It was very wise of him," said Debbie, "not to go against the omens."

The bridge across the Mou River, five miles out of town, was part of a highway built with American aid. It would be of real value to local farmers taking their produce to market, and Ken hoped for large propaganda dividends from the inauguration. "We've set up a good program," he told his wife. "First the ambassador will make a strong speech, deploring neutralism, and the president will reply, I hope in a useful way. Then Kha will open the bridge by riding across it on an elephant. That will kill those teahouse rumors that the bridge is really made of American cardboard, and will collapse in the rainy season. Glosky at the Soviet Embassy started that whispering campaign."

"People repeat it everywhere."

"That's why we're using an elephant," said Ken. "Everybody in Lô Sanh knows that elephants are too sagacious to venture on shaky footing. When the crowd sees the Prez ride across the bridge without any trouble, it will convince them that the bridge must be all right. Kha's crazy about the idea. We're going to tape the whole thing and use our mobile projectors to show it in every back-country village. That'll fix Glosky's wagon."

"For the moment, anyhow," Debbie agreed. "He can't claim it's a pasteboard elephant."

Ken finished his coffee and lighted a cigarette. "I wrote a speech for the ambassador," he said, "that will curl Kha's hair. On the folly of neutralism."

"Will Kha like that?"

"He won't mind. He wants to bend his policy in our direction, but we have to give him an excuse by talking tough once in a while. As it is, it's always the Reds that make trouble for him. Like the time they stoned our embassy and the USIA library, just after we came here. Remember?"

"Do I not!"

"And then the left wing forced Kha to make more concessions to Moscow on the ground that public opinion demanded them."

"I expect they'll stone us again today, to take people's minds off the new American bridge. Will you have time to cash a check for our weekend at Angkor Wat?"

"Already have," he said, touching his pocket. "One hundred and fifty dollars. Right here. Next to The Document."

"The Document? Oh, dear, I hope you don't feel you have to resign if the headmaster changes your speech."

"I don't foresee any trouble. Yesterday the ambassador agreed that it's time to speak out." He got up and started to kiss her good-bye. Then he saw that she had some sort of cream on her face and lips and he settled for a love pat on her shoulder. "Take it easy," he said, and went out to get his car.

At nine precisely he was in the anteroom of the ambassador's office. He was admitted at once and found his chief standing by a window, looking out across the park.

"I'm glad you're prompt, Lake," he said, turning around. "We'll need a rush job on this translation, so the local papers can have it by press time." He held out a thin sheaf of typescript. "You won't find many changes in the speech."

Thin and nervous, Dr. Roland Pettijohn was a scholar and an upright man. He was not a foreign-service officer. Years as a college dean, alternating with periods of temporary work in Government agencies, had given him a reputation which was held to justify his appointment as Ambassador to Lô Sanh. Actually long peonage in the bureaucracies of his university and of Washington had intensified his native caution to the point of timidity. An embassy to crown his career had been chiefly his wife's ambition. Hilda Pettijohn came out with him, but three months of heat and insects, barefoot servants and boiled water, food purchased in open markets, where nothing was properly wrapped, were enough to drive her back to the States. Her visit to her family in Maryland extended itself from month to month, and had now lasted almost a year.

Ken took the speech and ran a practiced eye over the five double-spaced pages. The hard-core sentences, intimating that the day of neutralism had passed, that mutual aid had to be mutual, or cease to be aid, had been softened to so many apologetic coughs.

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

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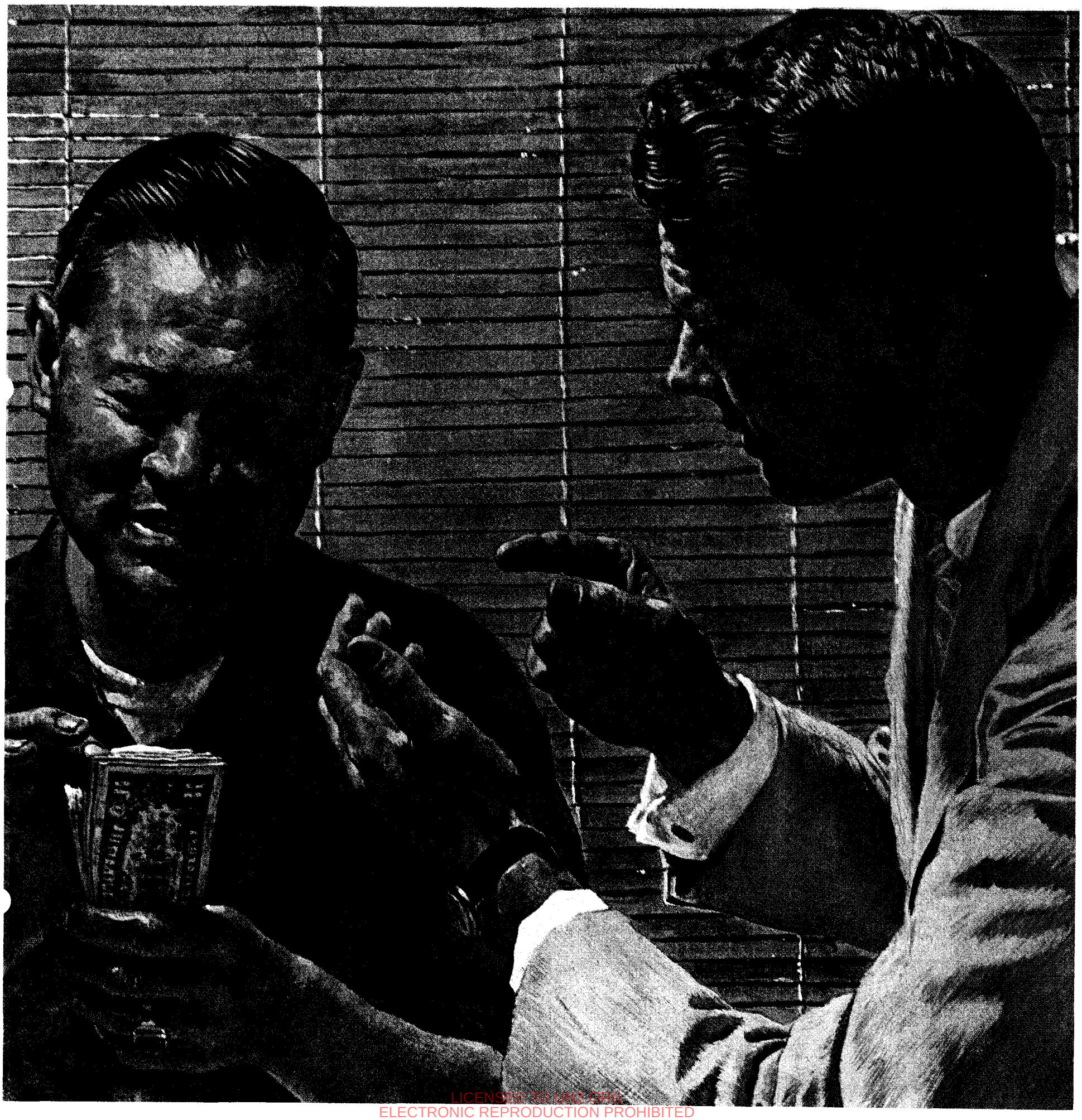
The young U. S. official was sick of coddling the Reds in Asia.



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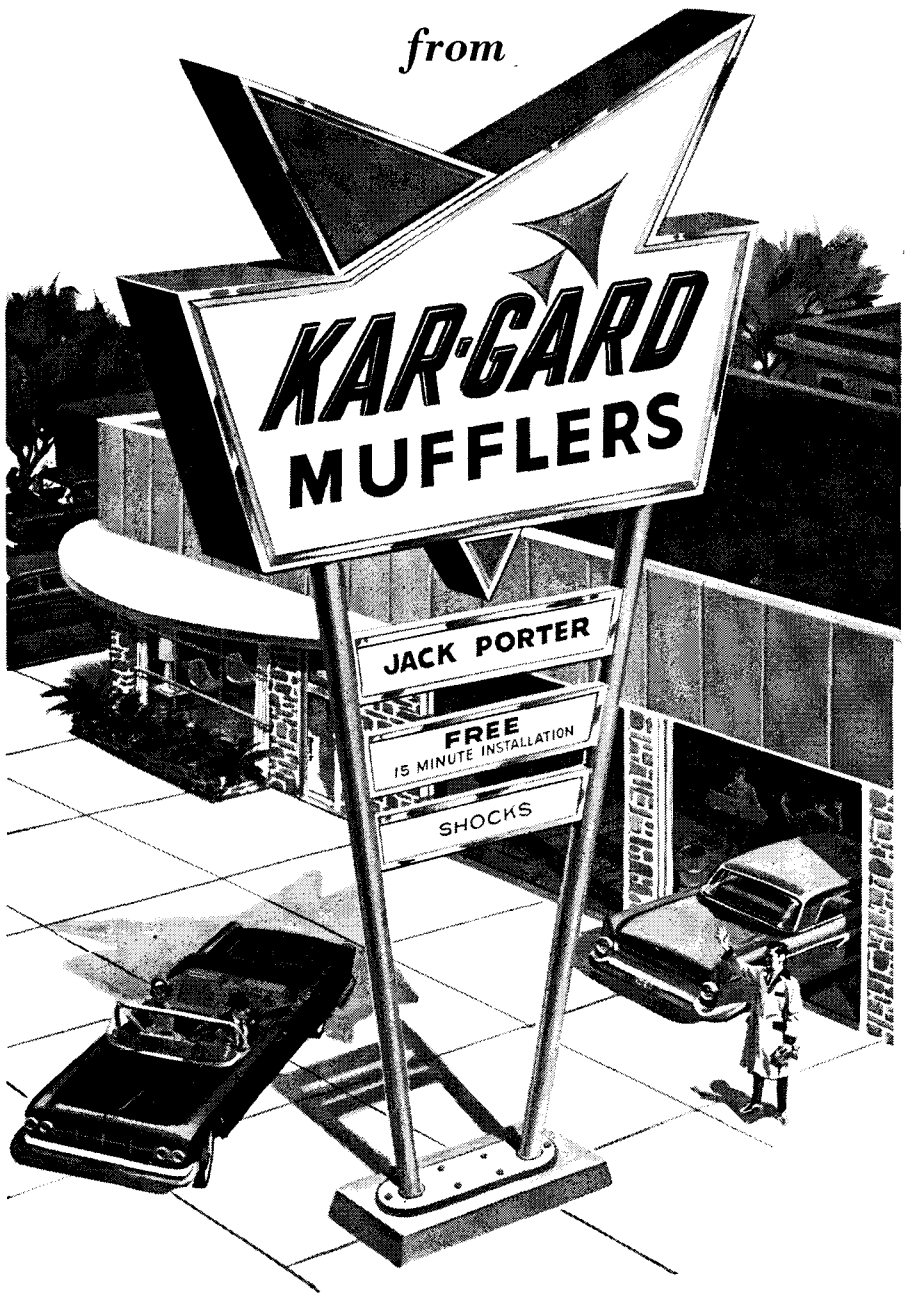

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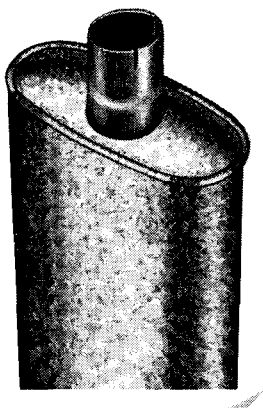

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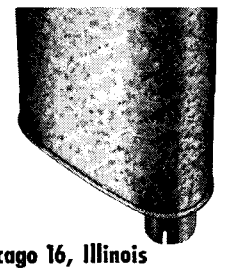

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Riot Maker

"Can't we ever lay it on the line?" he asked bitterly.

"You object to my emendations?"

"Well, they sort of take the heart out of the speech. Like where 'Communist aggression' is changed to 'the ambitions, however understandable, of potential aggressors.' It doesn't seem clear."

"It is clear enough to me."

"I mean to the local leaders on our side, like the minister of the interior. He as much as told me that we ought to throw a scare into the opposition if we want to help the pro-Americans in the government. The Reds say bluntly that anybody who isn't for them is against them."

"That's hardly a guide for American policy."

"My grandfather used to say, it's the squeaky axle that gets the grease."

The ambassador went to his desk, sat down and began to flip through his morning mail. "You should understand by now," he said, "that an unwise attitude here in Lô Sanh could upset delicate negotiations in other critical areas."

"Yes, sir. And I suppose they're pulling their punches in Africa and Latin America, so as not to upset anything here."

"Possibly." The ambassador looked pointedly at his wristwatch. "But neither you nor I bear any responsibility for other parts of the world. Your responsibility is to see that the speech is translated, photocopied and given to the papers within the next hour and a half. I hope you get wider coverage than you've been able to arrange recently. Only one paper out of four paid any attention to my address last week at the Rotary International luncheon."

"We do have four papers, sir, but two of them are actually owned by the Soviet Embassy through straw men. The one that printed part of your Rotary speech is the only real independent in town. The other paper, the *Voice of Asia and Dependable Dream Book*, will publish anything anybody writes—at advertising rates for the news columns. But Than Sou, the owner, wants cash on the barrelhead. Otherwise no dice."

"We're not in the business of subverting the press in a friendly country," said Doctor Pettijohn dryly. "You'd better get going."

That was that, Ken thought gloomily as he went out. The same old merry-go-round. On the way to his office he went by the translation room and gave the speech to the chief translator. At eleven o'clock a messenger put four copies of the ambassador's speech in translation on Ken's desk. Three of them could go out as routine releases to the independent paper, and, for the record, to the Soviet stooges. Ken would handle Than Sou himself.

The print shop of Than Sou's *Voice of Asia and Dependable Dream Book* was in a cluttered street behind the public market. To reach its door Ken had to step delicately among a group of idlers playing checkers on the sidewalk, and the patrons of a man with a portable stove selling bowls of rice and cooked vegetables to customers who ate squatting on their heels. A narrow corridor took Ken back to a dim courtyard inhabited by a dozen chickens and a family who ran a tailoring business. Here a smart right turn brought him to the composing and press room, where a printer clad only in khaki shorts was making ready an antique flat-bed unit. Next to the type cases a flight of wooden steps led to a mezzanine, the editorial sanctum.

Going up the stairs, Ken took note of a pungent aroma. Than Sou had been hitting his morning pipe of opium. A small man with a bullet head and a bland, smiling expression sat at an unpainted table. He wore a sport shirt with the collar open and black trousers. His bare feet were thrust into cheap white-rubber sandals.

Ken shook hands and sat down. He put the copy of the ambassador's speech on the table, between a half-empty bottle of beer and a litter of mango rinds.

"Ah, yes," said Than Sou. "You are opening the new American bridge today."

"I was hoping that you could make room for a story which is so important for the well-being of your compatriots."

"Nothing would please me more. But, as you see, this is hardly a prosperous concern. To make space for your story would involve canceling two columns of advertising. A serious loss, Mr. Lake, amounting to perhaps 10,000 khas, fifty dollars, U.S."

"Have one of my cigarettes," Ken said, to gain time. An idea had entered his mind, unbidden, yet at home in these seedy surroundings. "Suppose, just this once, I should offer to compensate you for the lost advertising revenue. Ambassador Pettijohn's speech would run to perhaps one column. Shall we say an indemnity of twenty-five dollars?"

Than Sou's eyes opened wide. "But, Mr. Lake, an adequate account of the ceremony should accompany the speech,

"I busted the lamp."

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and then there is the president's reply, the popular enthusiasm and so forth. It is a big story."

Ken put two twenty-dollar bills and a ten on Than Sou's table. "We are agreed then?"

"Perfectly."

"This is a personal arrangement," Ken said. "The American Embassy is in no way involved."

"No embassy is ever involved, Mr. Lake. I should like to think that this is the beginning of a fruitful cooperation. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You might tell me whether you have heard of any plans to stone the American Embassy today."

Than Sou crossed his hands before his face, and then waved them brusquely apart. "Definitely not, Mr. Lake."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Let me be perfectly frank. Comrade Glosky did approach me on the subject, but we were unable to agree on terms. He is a grasping kulak. Five hundred rioters in Government Square, at 20 khas apiece, plus twenty-five student leaders, at 40 khas, come to 11,000. The police captain will want 2000 in exchange for ten minutes' delay in arriving on the scene with his special squad. Add my commission and expenses and we arrive at 18,000. That is what he paid last year. This time he would agree to no more than 15,000, arguing that I had no other customers and should work more cheaply. The discussion became sordid, and I rejected his offer. One has standards, Mr. Lake. Within two hours I could stone any embassy you might name, but not for 15,000 khas."

"How much would you ask?"

"I told you—20,000, no more, no less."

"You said 18,000."

"For you, Mr. Lake, let us say 19,000."

Ken did not allow himself to hesitate. He said quickly: "You've got a deal, Mr. Than." He took from his pocket ninety-five dollars and smoothed the bills between his fingers, saying good-bye to their weekend at Angkor Wat. "At 1:30 this afternoon, just as we are returning from the bridge opening, I expect to hear that the people of Lô Sanh are stoning the Soviet Embassy."

"You may depend on it," said Than Sou, reaching for the money.

At that moment, Ken realized, he had also formed his decision to resign. Later, riding out to the ceremony with Doctor Pettijohn, he still could not persuade himself that his deal with Than Sou was wrong in itself. But he was too honest to pretend that it was not a serious breach of discipline for which he could be, and perhaps ought to be, dismissed. He preferred to go out under his own steam.

The ambassador was troubled by a new development. During Ken's absence from the office, a cable from the Department had been decoded. The Under Secretary of State, Harley Whitworth, now in Manila, but bound for New Delhi, had decided to break his journey with a thirty-hour stop in Lô Sanh. The embassy was to make arrangements for an overnight stay, beginning at 1700 hours this date, and for appointments the next day with the president and the foreign minister.

"Why is he coming here?" the ambassador asked fretfully, en route to the bridge ceremonies.

"Probably just a courtesy call, sir. The timing is good for us. You can sound out the president at the luncheon, and I'll set up a press conference, if that's all right with you."

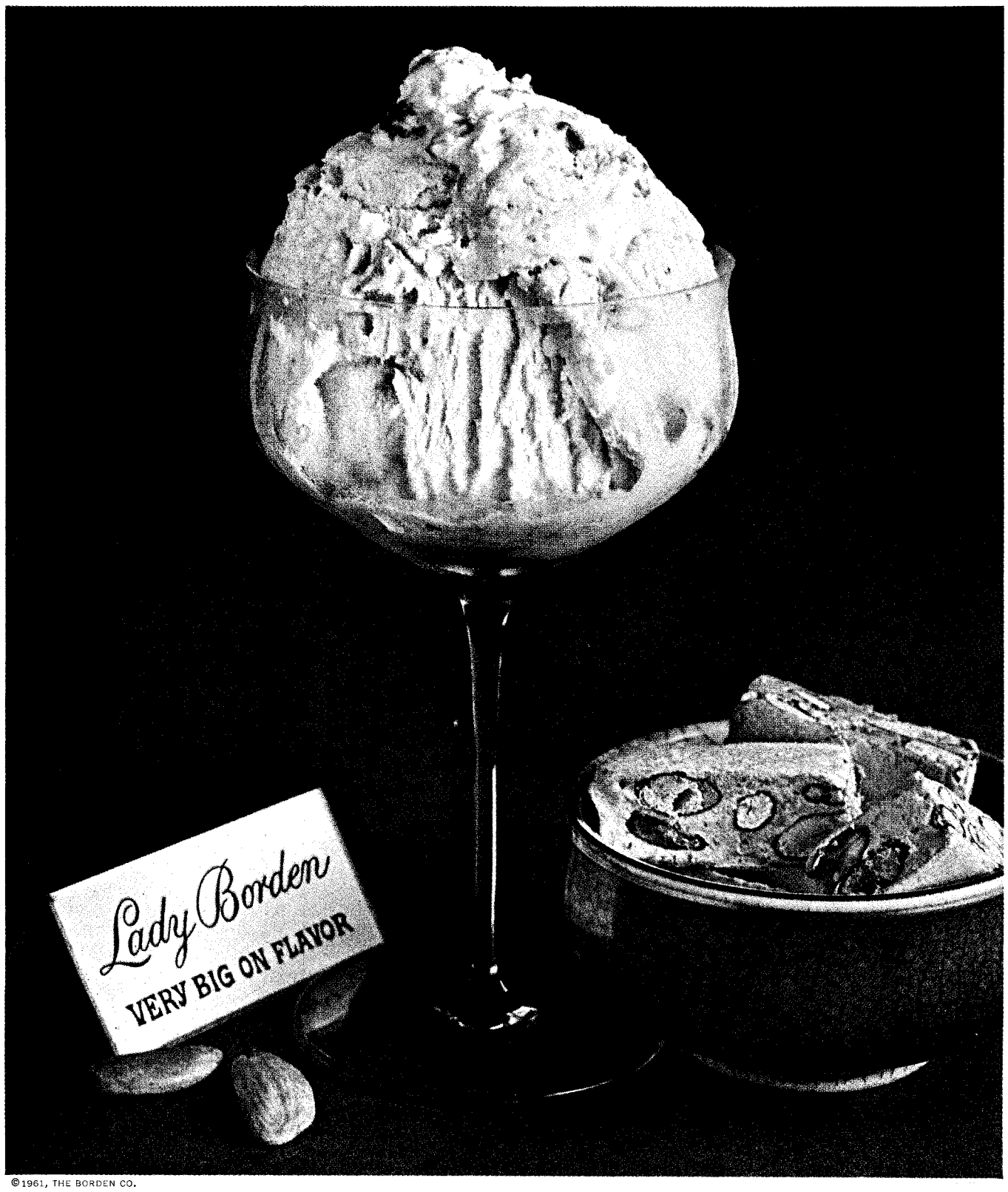
It was plainly not the right moment for Ken to open the subject of his resignation. The president's car was up ahead, and they could hear bursts of cheering from the patriotic groups and the school children marshaled on the sidewalks. By the time the Americans passed, fourth in line behind the security officers, the foreign minister and the minister of highways, the crowds displayed only a wooden incuriosity. The ambassador complained: "If you were getting our message across to the people, Lake, they'd be cheering us."

"I guess the minister of highways gave the cheerleaders their orders," Ken observed. "He's been anti-American ever since the foreign-aid mission vetoed an access road to his villa on the river."

The level ground near the bridge approach had a festival air. The contractors had rigged a large, striped marquee with banners floating from the side poles and a carpeted floor where the bar and the buffet tables were ready. Behind a bamboo barrier, a mass of local farmers in dusty black cotton jackets and trousers looked on. Their president, a slight, well-built young man in the uniform of a field marshal, commanded the same reverence from his people that they had given him when he was king.

Kha bounced up the steps of the speakers' platform, where he was joined by his cabinet ministers and the American officials. A canopy shaded them from a broiling noonday sun.

To Ken, working with his cameraman, it seemed that the ambassador's speech fell flat. A young vice-consul, fresh from



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Vanilla, too, has that very special flair in Lady Borden's new, silver-edge, Burgundy carton.

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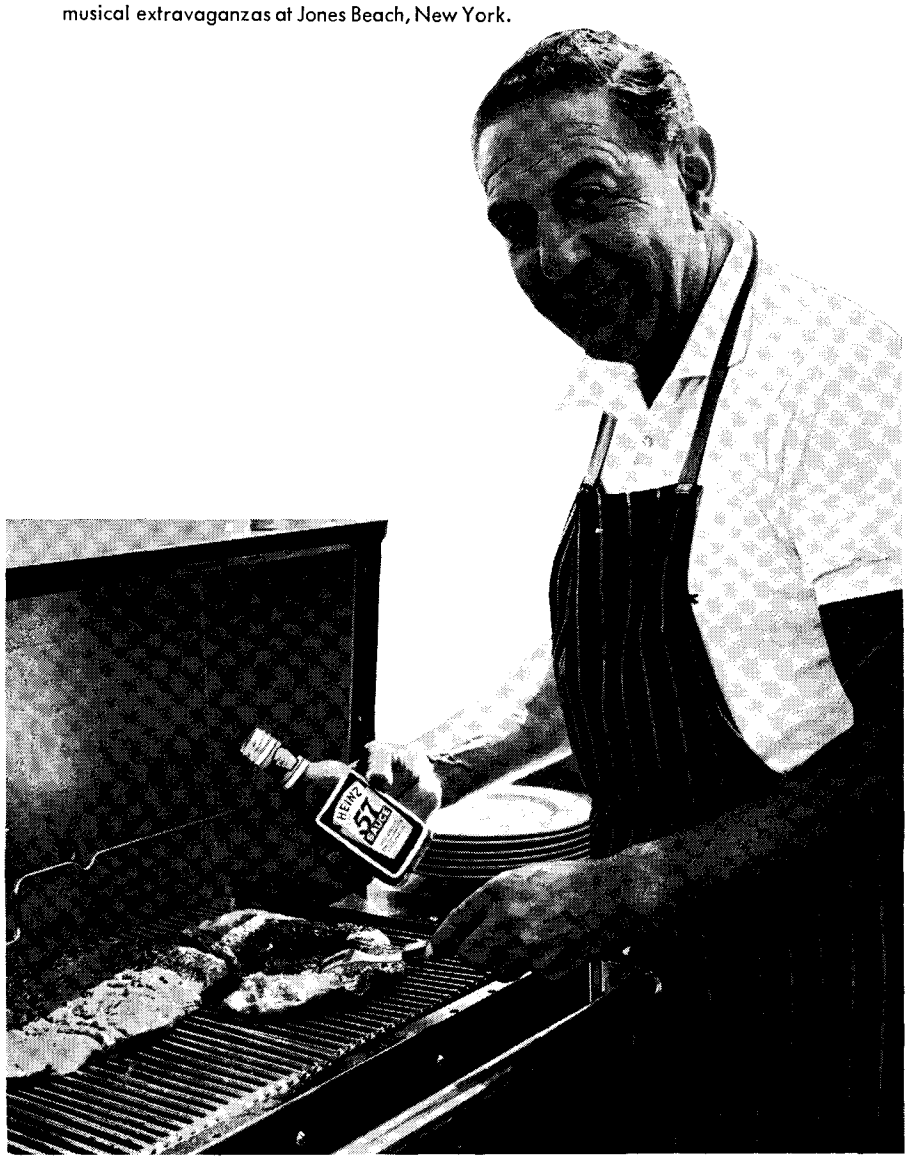
Guy Lombardo, famous bandleader, speedboat champion, restaurateur and producer of musical extravaganzas at Jones Beach, New York.



5 unusual ways Guy Lombardo uses flavorful Heinz 57 Steak Sauce

High-Key Canapés

• Season mashed liverwurst with minced onion and a dash of Heinz 57 Steak Sauce. Spread on crackers and garnish with sieved hard-cooked egg yolks or olive slices. Quick—and *tasty!*

Celebrity Carrots

• Here's how to make Mr. Lombardo's favorite vegetable dish: Sauté 3 cups sliced, cooked carrots in 2 Tbs. butter or margarine. Add 1 Tbs. tart, pungent Heinz 57 Steak Sauce and heat. (Makes 4 to 5 servings.)

Beans Lombardo

• New twist that gives an old favorite an unusual, piquant flavor: Mix 1 tsp. Heinz 57 Steak Sauce with 16-oz. can of Heinz Beans (any style) before heating.

Cheese-y Bread Snacks

• Here's another Lombardo hit! Combine 1 Tbs. Heinz 57 Steak Sauce and ⅓ cup soft butter or margarine. Spread on slices of hard rolls or strips of toasted bread. Cover generously with grated American cheese. Broil until cheese is melted.

Guy's Broiled Steak

• Mix together equal parts of Heinz 57 Steak Sauce and melted butter or margarine for basting steaks, chops, ribs and chicken. Or use 57 Sauce right from the bottle.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DASH MAKES!

Riot Maker

language school, read the translation to only brief applause. But the symbolic ceremony was a great success. A wary elephant in ceremonial trappings was led forward, and the president rode across the bridge and back. For the first time, the intent crowd of watching farmers burst into hoarse cheers. It was a modest bridge, hardly fifty yards long, but it was the first three-lane bridge on a three-lane highway in all Lô Sanh, and tangible evidence of American aid.

By 1:15 luncheon was over, and Ken had seen the last piece of equipment loaded into the embassy's panel truck.

Riding back to the city, Doctor Pettijohn was in high spirits. "Kha will see the Under Secretary at three tomorrow afternoon. That gives us a chance to show Harley some of the other projects in the morning, so he'll have something to talk about at his press conference. I'll go out to the airport myself this evening and meet his plane. You'd better come along."

"Yes, sir. We got some good film, I think," said Ken, feeling complacent about his part in the operation. "I'm having it processed right away, and we'll get our mobile projectors out into the villages for maximum impact."

The car sped through the outskirts of the city and swung into the wide, modern avenue that led to the spacious Government Square. This was, in reality, a little park planted with noble palm trees, crisscrossed by gravel walks, ornamented here and there with urns of brilliant bougainvillaea. A Buddhist temple and monastery occupied one of the blocks facing the square, and on the opposite side was Government House with its gardens. The Soviet Embassy and the university law school took up a third side, and across the way, half-hidden by chaulmoogra trees, were a cinema, the Lotus Tearoom and the American Embassy.

Just as Government Square came into view the driver braked the ambassador's car to a sudden stop, hurling Ken and Doctor Pettijohn against the front seat. Through the windshield Ken could see a ragged, disorganized mob boiling out of the square and sprinting toward them. A fury of green-clad policemen was in hot pursuit, striking out with long riot staves against the bare shanks of the stragglers.

"Good Lord!" said the ambassador. "They're coming right this way. Lake, get the gun out of the side pocket!"

"They're not after us," Ken said, but he slid the automatic into his right hand.

He was right. The mob divided at the car's front bumper, and tumbled past them, like a mountain torrent around a high boulder. The fugitives had only one idea, to reach the haven of crooked streets behind the public market. The police at their heels harried them like sheep dogs.

Then suddenly it was all over, and the avenue lay deserted, except for a young security officer following his men on a bicycle.

"Everything all right, Your Excellency?" he asked, dismounting and giving the car a smart salute.

"What was it all about?" Doctor Pettijohn demanded crossly.

"These hoodlums were stoning the Soviet Embassy, and it took us some time to drive them out of the square. Before we arrived, two windows were broken and the gate of the compound was forced off its hinges. All clear now, sir."

He saluted again and pedaled away. Ken sat silent, astonished at his own doing, the full flowering of a shabby little seedling planted two hours before in Than Sou's print shop.

"Drive on," said the ambassador. . . . "What do you make of this, Lake? Why would they stone the Soviet Embassy?"

Ken shook his head warningly, pointing to the chauffeur. "Let's wait for a full report," he said, "and discuss it in your office."

"That might be better," said Doctor Pettijohn, yielding reluctantly to security regulations. At the embassy, on the way up to his office, they collected the economic adviser, who had seen the whole thing at close range, and the head of the political section.

The consensus they reached was that this might be a turning point. If so, a long policy of patience had borne fruit, and it was good fruit, savory to the taste.

"You should have seen Glosky trying to explain things to Ambassador Sverdlov," said the economic adviser. "This was right out on the sidewalk, after the mob had gone. It's the first time I ever saw anybody who was really hopping mad. Sverdlov was jumping up and down with rage. Then he began to hit Glosky over the head with his briefcase, and Glosky ran inside the compound, with Sverdlov after him, still belting away with the briefcase and howling Marxist maledictions at the top of his voice."

The chief of the political section rubbed his bony hands with the professional glee of a veteran foreign-service officer. "They made an absolute show of themselves,"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How do I know if there was a countdown when the cow jumped over the moon?"

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Riot Maker

he said. "It means a complete loss of face for the bolos."

Doctor Pettijohn smiled briefly and then frowned, pursing his lips. "I fear it will make them that much harder to handle," he said. "The Soviets always react badly to a setback. There's no telling what they may do when they're rattled. We must weigh the implications very carefully and without unwarranted optimism. Before the Under Secretary arrives, I want a situation estimate from each of you—in writing."

The two senior officials got up and left. Ken remained, feeling the same nervous apprehension that he remembered just before a kickoff. Then he fumbled in his pocket for The Document, took out the creased envelope and handed it to the ambassador. "Here's my estimate of the situation, sir, as it affects me."

Doctor Pettijohn read the single sheet at a glance. "Your resignation? But why?"

"You needn't look for any deep political meaning in the business at the Soviet Embassy. The whole thing was fixed. I paid Than Sou to organize the mob we saw running away from the square."

The ambassador stared at him in disbelief. "You mean you gave him money to incite a riot? You can't have. There are no funds for that sort of thing."

"I'm afraid I did, sir. I used my own money."

In his agitation Doctor Pettijohn began to pace up and down the office. "But this is terrible," he said. "It puts us wholly in the wrong. What possessed you to do such a thing?"

"I'm sick of hearing that we must be falling down on the job, because American embassies and American libraries are stoned, when people ought to know that organizing a street brawl in most of these countries is just a matter of money and the right connections. I suppose I lost my head. But I'm not sure I wouldn't do it again. That's why I'm resigning."

"For nearly two years I've been patiently building up our position and now, just when we might expect meaningful results, you commit this unspeakable folly. What can I say to Kha?"

Ken said nothing. In his opinion Kha would never bring the matter up. He might know exactly how the riot was arranged, by whom and for how much. Such details, for an Oriental gentleman, would be unimportant, compared to the central fact. That was that a powerful friend had underlined the advisability of shifting to a more pro-Western policy.

"I can't accept your resignation," Doctor Pettijohn went on. "An inquiry may show that you ought to be brought up on charges and dismissed. Meanwhile, you will consider yourself suspended from duty. You will remain at home until further notice. Someone else can handle the Under Secretary's press conference, if he holds one. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

Debbie, when he got home and told her the bad news, was indignant. "But the ambassador can't do that!" she said.

"He could ship me home tonight if he thought it was in the interest of the United States to get a controversial character out of the country. You know that. He probably thinks he's going easy on me. And maybe he is."

"Are you sorry you made the deal with Than Sou?"

"Not for a minute, except that it did us out of our weekend at Angkor Wat. The point is, I don't expect to get a gold star for good conduct after throwing chalk at teacher."

"Never mind," she said. "I'll give you a gold star. I think it was an absolutely wonderful idea."

This was at dinner, and they drank a glass of wine to the confusion of Comrade Glosky. Then he changed the subject. "Will you mind going back to the States?"

She considered. "I honestly don't know. I love the people here, and the life, and I like feeling that we're involved in something important. But I could do without this dreadful heat, and I'm sure it can't be good for the children. Sometimes I'd give anything for just one cold November afternoon at a football game, with a party afterward where you wouldn't have to watch every word you say. And I wouldn't mind running my own household for a change, without having to cope with three touchy servants. I can't even go into the kitchen without getting a black look."

They talked of the wonders of going home and came to the reasoned conclusion that the move was all for the best. It would be good for them, good for the kids and besides, the foreign service was impossible for anybody with spirit and initiative. Debbie spoiled it all by starting to cry, in spite of herself. "I know you did the right thing," she said. "Only I wish you hadn't had to."

"So do I," he said gloomily.

Staying home the next day was difficult. In Lô Sanh, under the vigilant eye of the servants, Ken could only sleep late, and dawdle over a book. He could not afford to lose face by doing anything that resembled menial labor, like cutting the grass or trimming the hedge, to take his mind off his troubles.

In the late afternoon Mr. Liu, the chief translator, arrived in a bicycle ricksha, with a message from the ambassador. Ken was to report to the embassy at once. "I am sorry," Mr. Liu said courteously. "He says you must come immediately. He is very excited."

"Is something wrong?"

"I believe it concerns the riot yesterday at the Soviet compound. The wire services all carried it as big news, and the code room is working now on a long message from the Department. Under Secretary Whitworth has been with the president and the foreign minister since three o'clock, but the ambassador did not accompany him."

When Mr. Liu had gone, Ken changed from shorts and a T shirt to a business suit. The children, aged five and seven, came home from school as he was knotting his tie. In the end Debbie drove the car, with Ken relaxing at her side, and the kids in the back seat.

"I'll take them to the Lotus Tearoom for a dish of ice cream," she said. "The good ship Lake might as well go down with all hands on board."

At the embassy he found Doctor Pettijohn pacing up and down his own anteroom. He gave Ken a hostile look. "We'll talk out here," he said. "The Under Secretary is using my office to put through an urgent telephone call—to the White House."

Ken swallowed hard, stricken dumb by the power and extent of the reactions he had set in motion.

"He wants to see you before he leaves," Doctor Pettijohn went on. "Of course, Intelligence turned up the true story, and there was no hiding it from him. You certainly stirred up a hornets' nest, young man. Every broadcast we monitor commented on the stoning of a Soviet Embassy in a sensitive area of Asia—Warsaw, Cairo, Havana, Brazzaville, Tokyo, Peiping and I don't know where else. It inspired editorials, regrettably optimistic, in the States, and started an argument in the UN Security Council. Karachi reported a rumor via Tehran that the Politburo called an emergency meeting in Moscow, where the Chairman took his shoe off and pounded on the table. Sverdlov and Glosky, I may add, have been recalled for consultation—a most ominous sign. So much for your little venture, Lake, in personal diplomacy."

"All I did," said Ken, "was what the Reds do all the time to us. They're just shook up by the idea that we've got wise to their methods. Nobody yells 'foul' louder than a dirty fighter."

"You take a simple view of things. Has it occurred to you that you've probably ruined my career?"

"I can only say I'm sorry for that."

The door to the inner office opened abruptly, and a large, rumpled man with iron-gray hair came into the anteroom. This was Whitworth, a fabulous character, long enough in the service to have been ejected from Germany by Hitler, expelled from the U.S.S.R. by Stalin and interned at Tokyo after Pearl Harbor.

"You must be Lake," Whitworth said unsmilingly. "I'll deal with you in a minute." He turned to the ambassador. "Sorry, Roland, but I had to get on the horn and ask for a green light before I could talk to any purpose. Kha has requested an American military mission to forestall the Soviets. We're going along with the idea. Of course, we realize that the outcome is largely due to the patient work you've put in here. It was an impressive job. Now they want you back in Washington. We need somebody with experience in the field for a spot as Assistant Secretary. Will you take it on?"

Doctor Pettijohn flushed with pleasure. "Why, yes, Harley. Gladly. It's most gratifying. Yes, indeed."

"Good," Whitworth said decisively. "Now I want you to go home and pack a suitcase. You'll be coming along with me to New Delhi and then to the Department for a week or so. Your deputy will handle the details of our agreement with Kha. Later on you can bring Hilda back with you, long enough to finish moving. I'll see you at your house after I've dealt with this young troublemaker."

Whitworth led the way into the inner office and closed the door. "Sit down there," he said, taking the ambassador's chair for himself. "Now then, you understand the position, I suppose. You're USIA, an independent agency, and I'm State. But a USIA man who can't get along with the Department isn't much use. You're expendable."

"I submitted my resignation yesterday."

"Roland passed it to me for appropriate action. It's right here." Whitworth picked up the single sheet, gave it an absent glance, and tore it into small pieces. "Resignation declined."

"Sir ——"

"I can't force you to stay in the service, but let me explain why I think you ought to. By this time, if I know the Far East, half of Lô Sanh has heard how the attack on the Soviet Embassy was managed, and who made the deal with Than Sou. You've put us all on the spot. If we sent you home, or let you resign, it would look as if we were disavowing you and backing down. You follow me?"

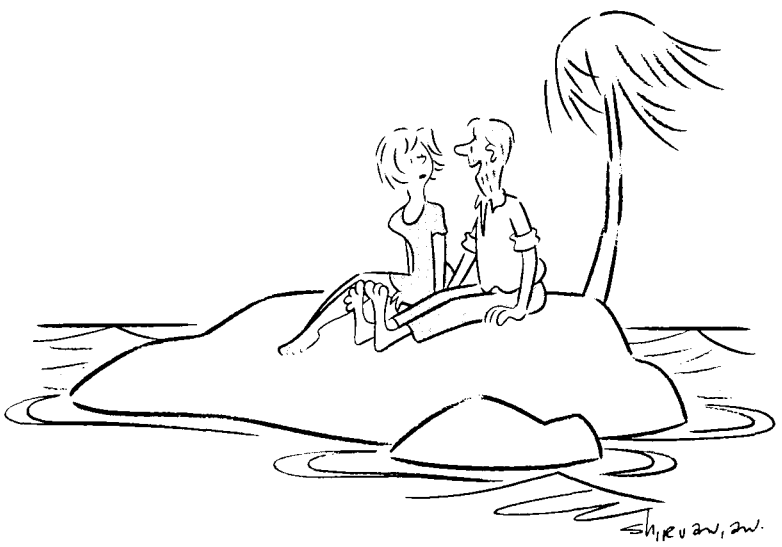
"Yes, sir."

"So it's important that you stay right here. The only other solution would be to promote you, with a transfer, kick you upstairs. You're too young, and besides, you don't deserve it." Whitworth gazed out the window at the tops of the palm trees in the square. "That's what people are going to say about Roland Pettijohn, that he was kicked upstairs. Actually he's a first-rate desk man. Putting him out in the field was bad judgment, but under the circumstances we can't just recall him. We'd all lose face."

"Of course I'll stay on," Ken said. "I appreciate the chance."

"Well, that's that," Whitworth said, getting up. His manner changed, and he offered his hand. "When I was your age, I had been threatened with dismissal once, and I tried to resign three times. But don't go by me. Behave yourself. Officially, mind, I know nothing about Than Sou's riot squad. Sometime when you're in Washington drop around to see me, and we can exchange off-the-record stories. So long for now, and good luck."

Going down to the front door, Ken took the stairs two at a time. He needed all his self-control to pass the marine sentry with the dignified tread of a responsible official. But beyond the short gravel path that led to the gates of the American compound, he saw his wife and children waiting for him in the car, and he could not help breaking into a wild dance of exultation. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope you don't believe in long engagements."

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Northern—the tireless towels

Another fine product of American Can Company

For a set of 3 portraits of Northern's little "All American Boys," in full color, 11" x 14" standard frame size, send 25¢ in currency to Northern Towels, Box 880, Hinsdale, Illinois. (Offer limited to U.S.)

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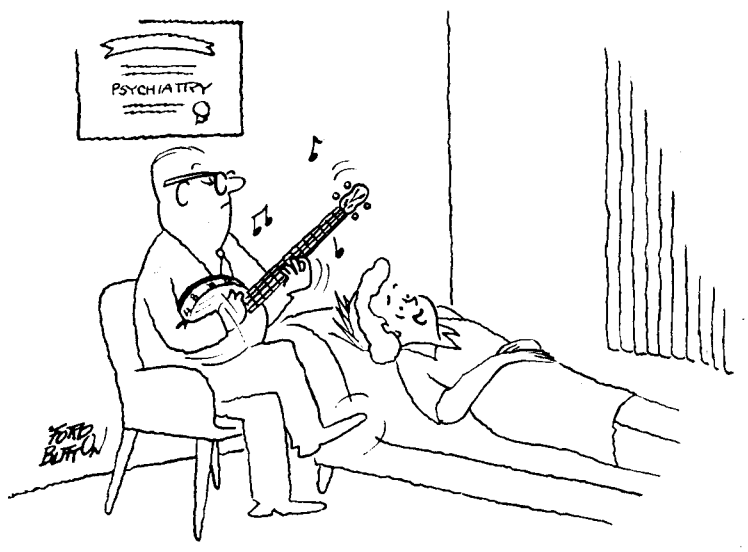
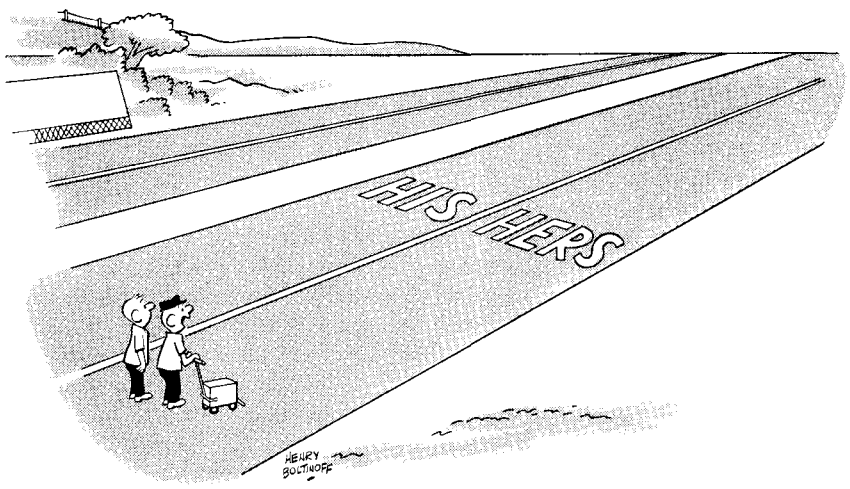
post scripts



"That helps, doctor. Now play some hits from 1924."



"This should help eliminate accidents."

Ever Noticed?

About the warning written
On the side of any crate
Deposited by truckers
At a person's door or gate,
One thing has probably been true
Since Hector was a pup—
Nine times in ten the letters read:
THIS END UP

HAL CHADWICK

"Actually, I could just as easily walk to work, but this kind of thing gets in your blood."

"Your blood pressure is fine. You'll just have to put on a little weight."

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Strong Boy of

Hefty Harmon Killebrew strikes out often and hits for

From the offices of the United States senators on Capitol Hill various services are dispensed to the voters back home. The Government's latest booklet on infant care, anyone? A sight-seeing tour of the White House? Aid with that tardy Social Security check?

Assistance may even extend to helping a deserving constituent get a job. Seldom, however, has a senator carried this to such extraordinary lengths as the late Herman Welker of Idaho did in 1954. On behalf of a graduating high-school student in his own town of Payette, Senator Welker lined up a major-league baseball contract.

Thus Harmon Killebrew came into the game. In performing this unusual favor for the young man, Senator Welker did a great disservice to American League pitchers. Like Mickey Mantle, Killebrew tends to strike out a lot—more than 100 times a season. Like Roger Maris, he tends to hit for a low average—Harmon's lifetime figure through 1961 was .262, just one point higher than Roger's. But Killebrew resembles both Mantle and Maris in being the type of hitter who can break up any ball game, and at twenty-six he is still developing.

Running With the Power Crowd

Last year, with forty-six home runs and a .288 batting average, Killebrew was one of the few items fans of the seventh-place Minnesota Twins had to enthuse over. During the first months of this season, on the other hand, when the Twins unexpectedly forged into the upper brackets of the American League, Harmon was of only occasional help. But this was just a temporary breathing spell for rival pitchers. By mid-August, Killebrew was leading the league in runs batted in, and up near the top in homers.

The initial boost that Killebrew got from Capitol Hill back in 1954 was completely unsolicited. Senator Welker acted on his own. He wanted not only to help a fellow townsman but also to prove himself as a judge of baseball talent. Already he could boast of having touted Bing Crosby, part owner of the Pirates, on a young Idaho pitcher named Vernon Law in 1948.

Not the least remarkable aspect of the Killebrew affair was that Senator Welker persuaded Clark Griffith, the notoriously economical owner of the Washington club, to take a $30,000 gamble on Killebrew.

The payoff did not come within the life span of either man: Clark Griffith died in 1955 and Senator Welker in 1957. Killebrew, who had neither sought nor expected such a contract, was a bewildered youth of not quite eighteen when he first arrived in Washington in 1954, blushingly uncertain whether his schoolboy baseball skills were adequate for the majors. For quite a while they weren't. Not until the 1959 season, when Killebrew tied Rocky Colavito for the American League home-run title with forty-two, did the investment begin to yield dividends.

Now the benefits are being handsomely reaped by Calvin Griffith, nephew and legatee of the late club owner. It was Calvin Griffith who in 1960 decamped with Killebrew and the franchise to Minneapolis-St. Paul and renamed his team the Minnesota Twins. This move was part of an American League expansion program in which a brand-new set of Senators was organized to play in Washington.

Although he is a six-footer, Killebrew is so hefty at 210 pounds that he looks squatty. The short sleeves of his baseball shirt expose the league's No. 1 pair of biceps. The neck is thick, the shoulders wide. There is only a suggestion of a waist. The sturdy legs conform to the overall power pattern.

There is general agreement in the American League that only Mickey Mantle hits a baseball farther. When Killebrew blasted a pitch over the left-field roof in Detroit this August, press-box historians excitedly recorded it as the first wallop ever to clear that barrier.

His swing, which used to look ponderous, now is liquid, quick and confident. He calls himself a straightaway hitter, but pitchers are distrustful of that label. They are reluctant to throw him the inside pitch, which he might pull with added power. However, he does hit long shots to all fields. This once led Bucky Harris to remark, "He's a right-handed hitter who gets switch-hitting effects."

Despite such flattering appraisals, Killebrew remains a bashful fellow. When complimented several weeks ago on his performance as a power-hitter this year, he promptly called attention to his batting average, which then was under .250. "I expected to be doing better," he said.

His wife Elaine, a pert bit of Mormon femininity who had been his sweetheart from the time he was in the seventh grade in Payette, says, "He doesn't say much about the ball game when he gets home, but I can tell when he has hit another home run. He always comes into the house looking sheepish."

Generations of Paul Bunyans

Harmon's power is a hand-me-down from at least two generations of Killebrews before him. A crumbling clipping from a Bloomington, Illinois, newspaper of 1863 vintage attests Grandfather Clayton Killebrew's fame as "the strongest man in the Union Army from the Illinois brigades." This robust old soldier was sixty-five when he sired Harmon's father, H. C. Killebrew.

Longtime football coach Earl (Greasy) Neale tells about H. C. Killebrew. "He was a bruiser, my line-smashing fullback at West Virginia Wesleyan in 1915." A year later H. C. Killebrew was playing fullback for the first unbeaten team at Millikin College in Illinois—now Millikin University. Later he wrestled professionally for the Pacific Coast title.

A Bunyanesque background has also been attributed to the maternal side of Harmon's family. His hometown newspaper once related, "His mother was a Culver, and family history has it that Grandfather Culver was a notable character in Pike County history. He had only fifty cents when he got married and used it to buy an ax and carve a great fortune out of the land."

Interesting, but untrue on two counts, Harmon Killebrew observes. "Mother says Grandfather Culver was a little fellow and not much of an ax man, and he never built a fortune, great or small. The Killebrews, not the Culvers, had the muscles in our family. They didn't get to Idaho until my father came here from Illinois and took a job as a sheriff in 1922."

In Payette a huge roadside billboard proclaims, WELCOME TO PAYETTE, HOME OF HARMON KILLEBREW. Payette still claims Killebrew, despite losing him recently to nearby Ontario, six miles across the border in Oregon, where he found a larger house for his expanding family. He has two small sons and a daughter, born in February.

Old No. 12 at Payette High

He was very much an all-around athlete as a schoolboy. Payette High has retired the No. 12 he wore while winning a dozen letters—four each in baseball, basketball and football.

"I thought I could play college football," he says. "I had a scholarship letter from the University of Oregon in my pocket the day I signed with the Senators."

Washington was the only baseball team to make him an offer, although other big-league scouts had surveyed him before Ossie Bluege, the Senators' farm director, journeyed out following Senator Welker's chat with Clark Griffith. The Red Sox had sent out Earl Johnson, and the Giants, Reds and Dodgers had had regional bird dogs talking to him.

"But nobody offered me any money," Killebrew relates. "After they left, the only one I heard from was Bill Smulich, the Dodger scout. He sent me a nice card, but all it said was, 'Merry Christmas.'"

Bluege got his first look at Killebrew in a Border League night game. He saw Harmon gum up a couple of plays in the infield, but he also saw him hit a home run over the center-field fence and a double against it, as well as a single. The home run left the park at 451 feet.

Says Bluege, "I stayed for two more games. When I telephoned Mr. Griffith to say I wanted to sign the boy, I didn't expect him to believe the show the kid had put on. In those three games Killebrew got eleven for twelve. Four were big fly-ball homers and three were triples.

"I talked to Killebrew's mother the next morning. She sent for him. He was painting the high-school gym for a dollar an hour. They talked bonus, because if he went into baseball he would have to give up that four-year college scholarship. I wrote a contract for $30,000. It broke down to

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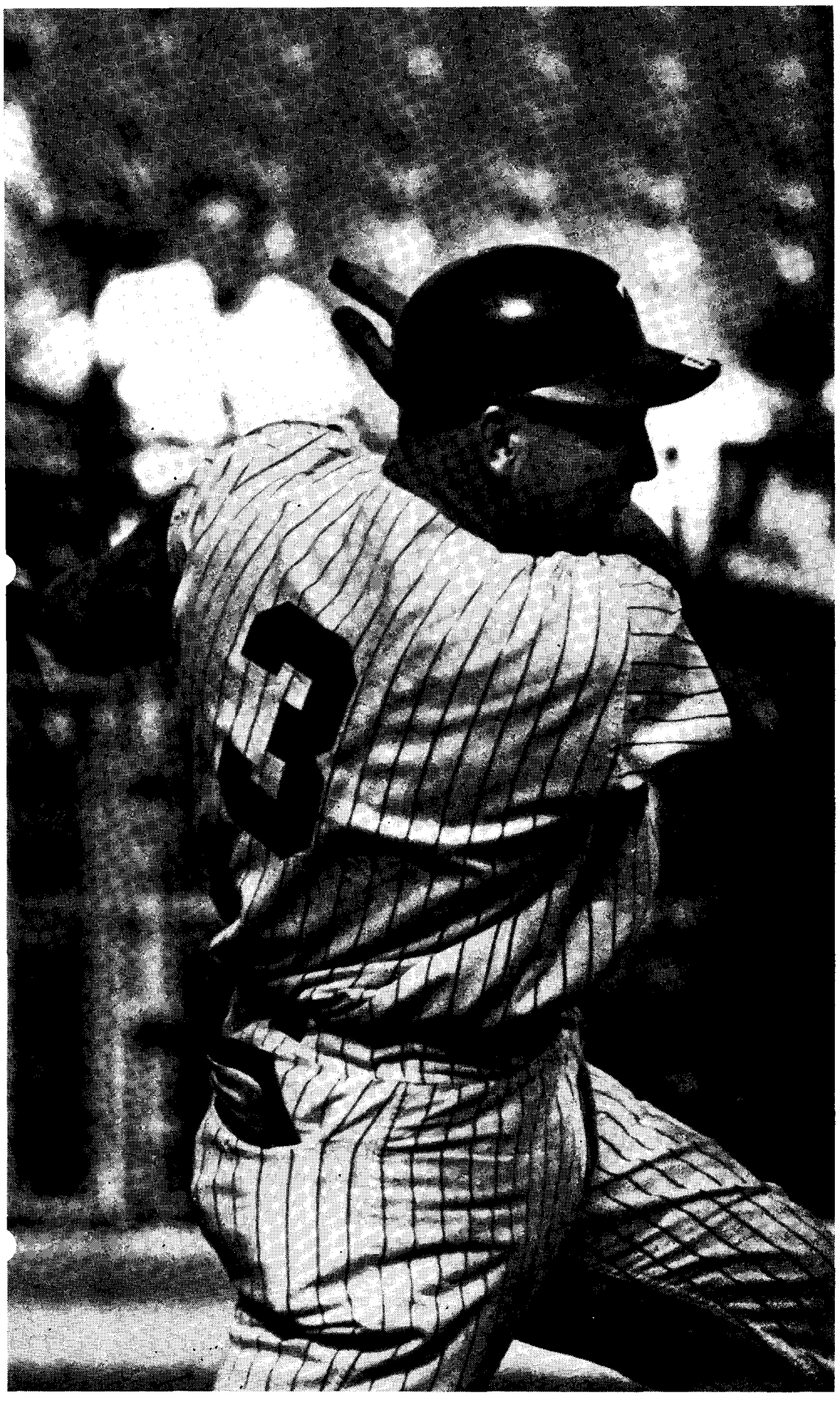
the Twins

By SHIRLEY POVICH

t modest average, but his big bat breaks up many a game.



rmed with the league's No. 1 pair of biceps, Killebrew averages about 40 homers a year.

$6000 a year salary for three years and a $12,000 bonus. A man in Senator Welker's Payette law office looked over the agreement and said it was a good one."

And so young Mr. Muscles of Idaho came to Washington, where from 1954 through 1958 a succession of managers—Bucky Harris, Chuck Dressen and Cookie Lavagetto—all despaired of making a big-leaguer out of him. None was impolitic enough to suggest that Griffith kiss off his investment, but the temptation was strong.

When a change in command in 1955 moved Harris out and Dressen in, Dressen assigned Coach Lavagetto as Killebrew's roommate. Killebrew recalls that Lavagetto's first act on walking into their room was to toss a baseball rule book on the bed and say, "Here, kid, study this."

At the Washington ball park Senator Welker was an unhappy fan in his box seat. He leaned far over the rail to revile Dressen for not using Killebrew regularly. "He'll do you more good than those punks who have us in last place," Welker screamed. Sometimes he abused Dressen with loud epithets. No one knew then that the senator was sick with a brain tumor that was to bring his death.

Out on a Limb for a Bonus Boy

Under the bonus rules of that period, Killebrew had to stay with the Senators his first two years. From 1956 through 1958, they mostly kept him down in the farm system. When Killebrew finished out the 1958 season hitting .308 in Class AA ball with Chattanooga, Calvin Griffith decided over the winter that it was now or never with the young man. He traded third baseman Eddie Yost to Detroit, and ordered Cookie Lavagetto, then the manager, to gamble on Killebrew as a regular starter. "I'll take the rap if he doesn't make it," Griffith told his manager.

Killebrew had the owner sweating during the 1959 spring-training schedule. Griffith's killer did not hit even one homer in twenty-four exhibition games. But in the opening game of the regular season he took the boss off the hook with a home run far into the Griffith Stadium left-field seats against Hoyt Wilhelm of the Baltimore Orioles. Since then he has been hitting them at a rate of about forty a year.

As a third baseman Killebrew was less successful. After being tried at every infield position except shortstop, and also in the outfield, he has now become the Twins' left fielder—the spot in which he seems most comfortable.

It is when he steps in at the plate, though, that Harmon is really at home. The Twins this season are paying Killebrew $36,000 to take those mighty swings. His modesty bent slightly when he told me, "Maybe I'm beginning to look tough to those same pitchers who used to look so tough to me." Certainly the American League pitchers now are thoroughly convinced that it is best to keep their offerings out of Harm's way. **THE END**

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Mrs. John Sherman Cooper in her Washington home.

Stylish Entertaining at Home

By FLORENCE PRITCHETT SMITH

Famous hostesses reveal secrets of preparing elegant dinner parties with a minimum of effort.

Today the smart, feminine American woman who has attained perfection as a homemaker and hostess knows how to cook. Cooking provides a chance to create perfection, beauty and a spirit of generosity in one's own home. And it's a compliment to one's husband, always. A beautiful woman can be a joy, but a beautiful cook is a delight three times a day.

My own party and family menus are written down in an ordinary loose-leaf notebook, with planning done three or four days in advance. I do this not only to keep originality in my menus, but for economy. Leftovers from a family roast leg of lamb can turn up on a future menu as a curry or shepherd's pie. With a notebook I can check back on menus or special dishes that have been particularly successful. And I can keep note of what flowers, candles and wines were used for any previous party. The book also is handy for jotting down recipes suggested by friends.

I find that good cooks like to talk about food and exchange ideas. Two of my favorite party-soup recipes came from talking over food with friends. Mrs. Loel Guinness, an international beauty and one of the ten best-dressed women in the world, told me about a soup she first tasted in Germany and later served in Palm Beach at a supper dance. It's the classic pea soup, garnished with slices of cooked frankfurter and served very hot. Solon Kelley III invented a cold tomato-curry soup when he and his wife had to entertain unexpected guests for Sunday lunch. He mixed one can of condensed tomato soup and one can of condensed milk in a blender, added curry powder to taste and a light dash of Worcestershire sauce. The mixture is chilled till icy, then topped with a little whipped cream and chives. I usually add some crumbled bacon instead of the chives.

A delightful dessert often served by the world-famous beauty and hostess, Mrs. Raynaldo Herrera of Caracas and New York, is individual orange soufflés. The soufflés are unusual and colorful. I've served them in the wintertime and at outdoor terrace parties as well. Here is Mrs. Herrera's recipe:

9 large oranges — ¼ cup flour
½ cup sugar — 2 cups milk
5 eggs, separated — Orange rind
1 cup orange marmalade

Cut the tops off 8 oranges and remove insides completely. Mix sugar and egg yolks and add flour. Bring milk to boil and blend into egg mixture. Return to pan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly with wooden spoon, until boiling. Grate rind of remaining orange, stir in and boil mixture for 4 minutes. Let cool. Beat egg whites till stiff and fold gradually into custard. Place orange shells in muffin pan to steady position, and fill each ¾ full. Bake in hot oven, 450° F., 15 to 20 minutes and serve with a sauce of heated marmalade. Serves eight.

Food creates a mood—and each hostess creates a special mood with her own personal shadings. Now, the great-hostess friends I am talking about may certainly have household help—and none would attempt a dinner for twenty people without help—but each one does cook and each is an expert on food.

Lorraine Cooper, wife of Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper, is one of Washington's most distinguished and faultless hostesses. During Washington's winter season the Coopers usually give four or five formal luncheon parties for twenty-four. The guests are likely to be an international mixture of leaders in political, social and diplomatic fields.

"My menu is affected by the nationality of my guests of honor," Mrs. Cooper says. "Foreigners are accustomed to more courses than Americans, so for the King and Queen of Nepal I added an extra course. Color also is a prime consideration. I believe colors which please the eye stimulate the appetite."

The following is a menu Mrs. Cooper finds satisfactory for both color and taste:

Lobster *vol-au-vent*
Roast pheasant with wine sauce
Watercress
Purée of peas
Green salad with *pâté de fois gras* in aspic
Strawberry pudding and vanilla cookies

"The preparation of the pheasant," says Mrs. Cooper, "is rather special. The stuffing is made with pork-sausage meat, a few chopped chicken livers, one chopped truffle, salt, pepper and parsley, all mixed and bound together with the yolk of an egg and a very little cream. The mixture should be fairly stiff. The bird is stuffed and roasted in the usual way. When the cooking is nearly finished, add to the roasting pan a mixture of one small glass of Madeira or sherry, a spoonful of tomato purée, a little hot water and grated nutmeg. This gravy is poured over the roasted bird just before serving."

Mrs. Artur Rubinstein, wife of the world-renowned pianist, is a master organizer whose ability as a cook is internationally known. Whether in their Paris home or their New York apartment, Nela Rubinstein moves between

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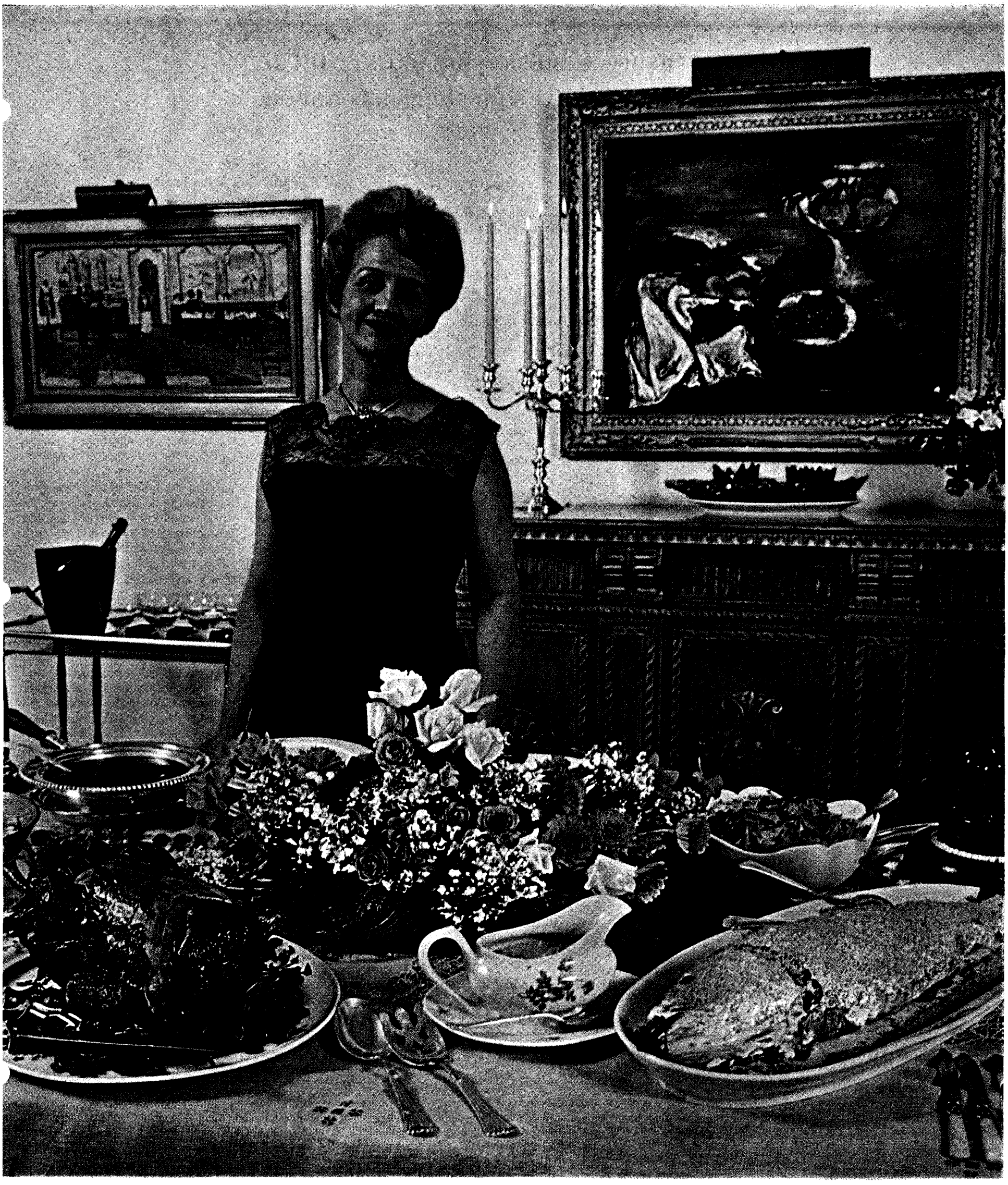

Mrs. Artur Rubinstein presides over a lavish table laden with roast turkey, hot borscht, sea bass mimosa and aspic Russe.

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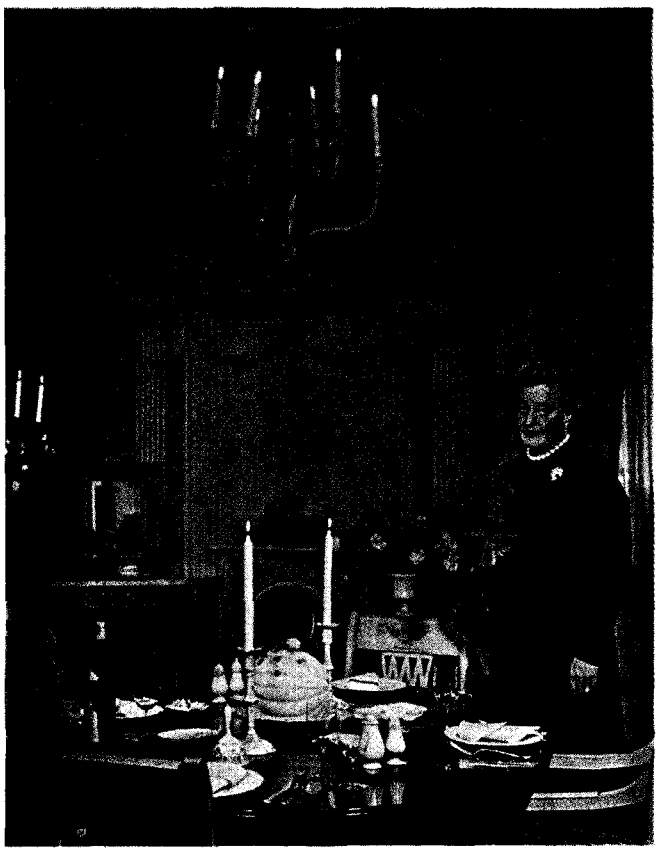
To insure a successful party: "Invite people who have something in common."



Decorator Mrs. Henry Parish II favors small sit-down dinners and "simply presented" food.

Mrs. Josh Logan, wife of the stage producer, prefers after-theater dinners in her penthouse.

kitchen and drawing room with aplomb and composure. In her big New York kitchen, a homey place with potted hyacinths and an old kettle whistling on the back of the stove, Nela ties on an apron and goes to work.

"To cook well," she told me, "one must learn to use one's own hands—for chopping, mixing, shaping. Good food must be prepared, not just put into pans."

Mrs. Rubinstein's main concerns in planning a dinner party are "to invite people who like each other and have something in common. Then comes food so good that it will express the depth of our hospitality."

One of Mrs. Rubinstein's specialties is *piroshkes*—tiny, filled pancakes. Nela can make perfect batter without measuring ingredients. A favorite filling is a mixture of finely chopped sautéed onions and mushrooms, and shredded, blanched cabbage, rolled neatly in pancakes which are then sautéed in butter. Sometimes she improvises excellent dishes. For instance, with leftovers from the pancake stuffing, she once made a succulent noodle dish—cooked broad noodles, tossed with the mushrooms and onions browned in butter.

In an apartment brilliant with Chagalls, Roaults and other original paintings, Mrs. Rubinstein adds lavish color to her dinner table. A favorite open-work dinner cloth is varied by using a colored bedsheet or other fabric—pink, blue, green or yellow—underneath, with matching candles in silver candelabra.

Mrs. Henry Parish II has distinctive tastes which have won her great acclaim as a decorator as well as a place on the Fine Arts Committee for restoring public rooms at the White House. Her own New York apartment makes a perfect setting for her entertaining specialty, the small, sit-down dinner for eight. "My preoccupation is with excellent food, simply presented. Something that is good, quick and a little different," Mrs. Parish says.

Based on the premise that people don't expect a long dinner in a small apartment, Mrs. Parish never has more than two courses and dessert. The main dishes are prepared the day before the party and can be served hot or cold.

"According to the weather, or the age of my guests, my soups can be served hot or chilled," she said. "I usually make a big batch of soup at one time and put a portion away in the freezer." Here is a menu that has variety and can be prepared in advance, features that Mrs. Parish believes important for a small dinner:

Cream of spinach soup
Choice of salmon or chicken mousse
Baked tomatoes
Frenched green beans
Apricots baked in tapioca, whipped cream
Espresso coffee

To make things even simpler, Mrs. Parish often serves her mousses in the same French earthenware dishes in which they were cooked, though they may be unmolded if desired. Here is her recipe for salmon or chicken mousse:

1 pound raw salmon
6 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups heavy cream
½ teaspoon salt

Remove bones, skin and fat from salmon; break meat into large chunks. Place in electric blender with 2 of the egg whites, salt and pepper. Blend until fine. Transfer to a bowl. Beat cream till fairly stiff and add to salmon mixture. Beat remaining egg whites till stiff and fold in. Turn into buttered two-quart mousse mold or soufflé dish, allowing space for soufflé to rise. Stand in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 40 minutes. Serve with hollandaise sauce. Serves six. Chicken mousse is made the same way, substituting 1⅓ cups diced cooked white chicken meat for raw salmon.

A dinner party at the home of theatrical producer Josh Logan has all the drama and spectacle of a Broadway opening night, plus the warmth and novel hospitality that is Nedda Logan's special charm. The Logan apartment overlooks New York's East River, a sprawling penthouse home decorated in lavish French Victorian.

The Logan apartment has no conventional dining room (that space is used as Mr. Logan's office), so entertaining takes some last-minute magic. Before a party, Mr. Logan's three big office desks are pushed together to make a table, telephones are tucked behind draperies, and every file is put out of sight. The desks are covered with a giant, floor-length throw of red velvet and topped with a cloth of heirloom lace. A gold-and-white Indian sari turns cabinets into a sideboard. Candles and flowers are added as appealing props, but Nedda Logan's cooking is the star of the show.

A typical post-theater party menu, such as Mrs. Logan prepared for the opening of her husband's most recent Broadway musical, included *Quiche lorraine* with crab, and chicken paprika with the Hungarian egg noodles called *tarhonya* ("I always pick two hot dishes that can preserve their charm even after sitting an extra hour"), cold sliced fillet of beef, endive and water-chestnut salad, salad Russe, assorted breads and cheeses, almond roll and coffee.

The salad Russe, served in a deep, old-fashioned cut-glass bowl, is made by cooking equal parts of finely diced carrots, new potatoes, green beans, peas and white turnips in salted water until tender. The drained vegetables are then marinated in a tart French dressing for several hours, drained again and mixed with an equal quantity of finely diced celery. Mrs. Logan then tosses the salad lightly in a homemade mayonnaise.

"I took cooking lessons from James Beard a few years ago and now I love to cook," Nedda Logan told me. "I learned to cook for two reasons. One, I have never understood how a woman can tell a cook her desires or criticisms unless she herself can cook. And secondly, with

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Joan Fontaine: "The woman who doesn't know how to cook misses a lot in life."

the uncertainty of getting good cooks nowadays, every hostess must know how to cook for herself. If not—in our home, anyway—the show can't go on."

Actress Joan Fontaine is a superb cook who admits, "Cooking is my second love. I read cookbooks as enthusiastically as most people read novels. Having read them I can ad-lib most of my cooking."

Until the devastating Bel Air fire last fall, Miss Fontaine did most of her entertaining in her California home. "Now that is gone," she said wistfully, "all the furniture and paintings collected in a lifetime and my big, beautiful kitchen."

Surroundings often dictate what kinds of food should be served for parties, Miss Fontaine believes, and in California—with sunshine, terraces and brilliant flowers—Spanish or Italian menus were often her choice. "*Osso buco* with green noodles and tomato-and-eggplant casserole seem just right even on a hot day—as long as there is fresh air and sunlight," she said.

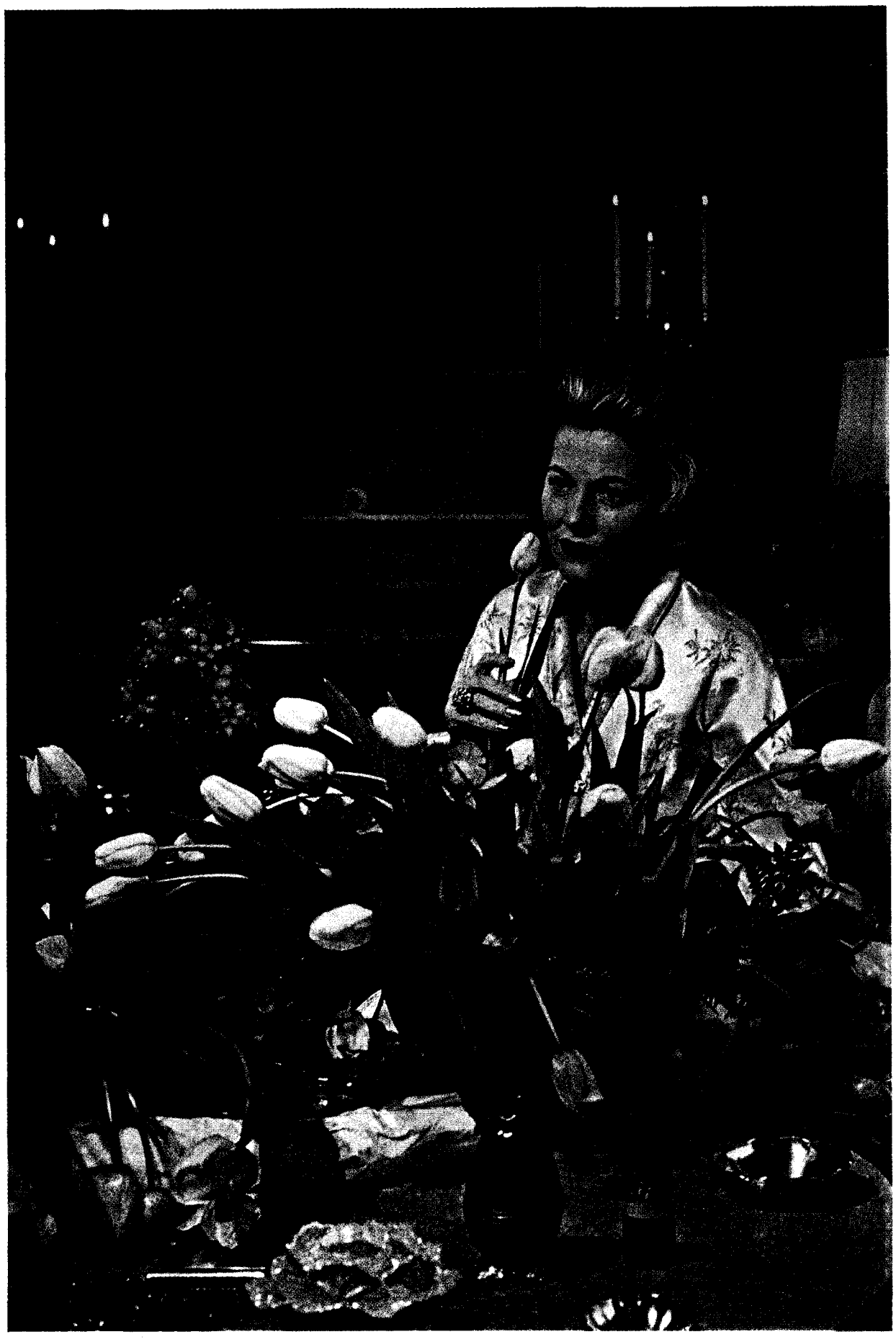
In her small, charming New York apartment overlooking Central Park, Joan is still a busy party-giver. "I can entertain out of my small kitchen," she told me, "if I make a one-dish meal with an extra special salad and dessert. For instance, I can have veal Parmigiana or beef Stroganoff and serve a new party salad that I have just invented. It's a dressed-up salad made with cold hearts of artichoke, canned or frozen, set out on a bed of lettuce—not just any lettuce, but Japanese lettuce with curled, red-tipped edges. Then I prepare a vinaigrette dressing of piccalilli, pimiento strips, capers, chives and a little oil and vinegar."

For dessert, she often serves a California favorite—fried almond custard flambé. It's made this way:

- 1 quart milk
- ½ vanilla bean
- 1 cup sugar
- 8 egg yolks
- ¾ cup cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- About 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- About 1 cup fine, dry bread crumbs, macaroon crumbs or cake crumbs
- Brandy or rum

Boil milk with vanilla bean. Mix sugar, egg yolks and cornstarch and blend boiling milk into this mixture. Return to pan and continue cooking—stirring constantly—till thickened and stiff. Add almond extract. Pour into a 9″ square pan and when cool, refrigerate until thoroughly chilled. Cut into 1½″ squares. Dust in flour, then dip into beaten eggs. Finally, roll in crumbs and pat in well. Heat fat to 375° F. and fry custard squares till golden brown. Drain on paper then arrange on serving dish. Dust with sugar. Warm brandy or rum, set alight and pour over custard squares. Makes 36 squares, serves 12 to 18.

"The woman who doesn't know how to cook misses a lot in life," Miss Fontaine added. "Love of cooking is a constant form of communication between people. I'm teaching my two daughters to cook, and cooking will be a part of life we can share even after they marry." **THE END**



Flowers abound in the New York apartment of actress Joan Fontaine. A busy hostess despite her tiny kitchen, she says a love of cooking is a "form of communication between people."

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Living High on $6500 a Year

By DARRELL HUFF

At home in Pacific Grove, Calif., Darrell and Fran Huff head for an afternoon's fun on the beach with daughters Laurie (left) and Kristy.

A free-lance jack-of-all-trades tells how a family can live like millionaires on a modest income.

A few years ago an old friend from the East Coast came to visit us. He enjoyed his stay in our modern country house, roamed our wooded hills, rode our saddle horses, swam in our pool and sunned himself on the terrace of our guest cottage. One evening after dinner—there was wine from a neighboring vineyard—we projected some color pictures of a recent trip to Mexico. This led to lively talk about the year we were soon to spend traveling in Europe. A refugee from a crowded New York City apartment house our guest was obviously impressed with our way of life. In fact, when he got home, he sent us a letter larded with envy.

"You had led me to believe you were a poor man," he wrote. "Now I know you have been deceiving me. However, I forgive you because I was glad to catch a glimpse of how a millionaire lives."

My wife Fran and our two youngest daughters were sitting before the picture window in our living room as I read this letter to them. When I got to the word "millionaire," my daughters burst into giggles. I looked at my wife. Her face was serious. "Shall I disillusion him?" I asked.

As most women, Fran seldom answers a question directly. "The funny thing is that it's all true," she said. "We *do* have these things, and we *do* take those trips. In fact, I'm not sure that we don't come closer to living like the rich than the rich do these days."

Sixteen Years of Plenty

She was right. Fran, my four daughters and myself have for the past sixteen years lived the life of millionaires, at least in most of the ways that we think count. We've had a handsome home in one of the loveliest parts of California. We've had plenty of space to move around in. We've had animals, we've had a pool, we've had many months of foreign travel. And we've sent two daughters to college.

But the curious thing about all this—and it's hard to make people believe it—is that during those sixteen years our total income has averaged less than $6500 a year. As it happens, that figure is close to the average for American families. What's more, we have not supplemented our income by dipping into capital. We've never had much to dip into.

How have we done it? To answer that question, I must go back to the beginning—to New York City in 1946—just after the Second World War. I suppose the whole thing got started because I developed a habit of grinding my teeth in my sleep. I was an editor at the time. I was also a typical entry in The Rat Race. I had two daughters then (Kay was eight, and Carolyn six), and in an uncomfortable gray-flannel suit I used to commute daily to my desk, where I earned $8500 a year. Weekends I lugged home a briefcase bulging with manuscripts to be read. My blood pressure has always been low, and so has my physical energy. The Race was taking its toll. One night when the teeth grinding was particularly ominous, my wife woke me. "This has got to stop," she said.

I thought she meant the teeth grinding, and I agreed. But it turned out she had other things in mind. "Let's get away from all this," she said. "You can go back to free-lancing."

"You don't mean it," I said.

"Yes, I do."

Free-lance writing and photography had supported me through college, but I knew it was a precarious way of earning a living. Besides, I now had a wife and children to support. I could probably earn a bare subsistence for them as a free lance, but little more. My wife said it didn't make any difference. "If there are to be any luxuries in our life, we'll just figure out a way to have them without much money," she said optimistically. I don't think she believed it at the time, but nevertheless that's what happened.

We decided to move to California and build our own house. Stiffening for our backbones was supplied by our neighbor, Paul Corey, novelist and pioneer do-it-yourself advocate, who promised to bring his family to join us the next year. We bought a secondhand trailer for $900 and attached it to the back of our 1941 sedan. We shipped a few personal possessions on ahead and lugged a few with us. Most of our belongings we sold. When we pulled out of New York City, headed West, we had about $4000 in cash.

With our limited funds, we had little time to waste in finding a place to settle. Consequently, when we saw a section north of San Francisco known as the Valley of the Moon, we didn't hesitate. It was only five miles from Sonoma, where there were good schools, good doctors and good shopping, which we considered essential. We found ten stony acres with a beautiful view of the California foothills, and we quickly bought them for $1500. We parted with another $1000 for a well and a pump. Parking our trailer on the grounds, we entered the kids in school and started to clear the property for our house.

I lost no time in unpacking my typewriter. Our cash reserves were down to about $1000, and I had to put in a fair amount of time each day writing. Whenever I wasn't writing, I worked on the house.

Up to that time, my biggest construction project had been a bookcase and dining-room table. I found a house easier to build. Tolerances on a home can be fairly large—as much as a quarter of an inch; cabinetwork calls for more precision. Of course there is no comparison in the satisfaction one gets from the larger job. With hammer, saw, pipe wrench and sweat, I was able to create a home for my family. It was a heady experience, and it sustained me during the long hours of work, both building and writing.

"Toughest Day in My Life"

I don't mean that I did it entirely alone. My family helped, and we had a small amount of hired assistance. We began by clearing the brush. No experts were necessary for that. Then we laid down a long concrete slab the length of the house. For this we hired three temporarily unemployed carpenters.

We originally planned to build a frame house but could not, because of the lumber shortage. Instead we threw up concrete blocks, which were cheap, durable, fireproof—and unrationed. We put in huge picture windows that gave breathtaking views of the mountains beyond.

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And to frame those windows, we bought some cheap but hefty redwood timbers from an old mansion being torn down. The day a trucker and I sorted, loaded, trucked and unloaded that wood was physically the toughest day in my life.

I had drawn a rough plan for the house, but I knew nothing about construction codes. Fortunately we were so far from town that there were none to worry about. In fear of building an unsafe shelter for my family, I went far beyond most codes in providing strength and safety—though I didn't know it until one Sunday morning when my neighbor, a plumber and construction man, came to watch me placing steel reinforcing in the walls. "If we have an earthquake and tidal wave," he remarked consolingly, "you can be sure your home won't break up. It will just float away in one piece."

Roughing it Like Royalty

Gradually our house began to take shape. I hired seventy-five dollars' worth of labor to lay down soil lines and a sewage system, an aspect of plumbing I didn't want to try myself. I hired a local handyman to build a massive fireplace that would take four-foot logs. All told, hired labor cost us $500. The kids dug holes, carried blocks and learned to swing a hammer well enough to nail on roof boards. Fran laid blocks, tooled joints and did all the painting. And the more we did, the more we learned.

Five months after we reached California, we had a house of sorts. It lacked partitions, the interior was unfinished overhead and underfoot, but it was fit to live in. And after living for months in the trailer, it was exhilarating to move into a real house—with a huge fireplace, a wall of glass facing those glorious mountains, and bedrooms for all of us. After we'd carried our suitcases across the threshold, we built an enormous fire in the fireplace and settled back to enjoy it. The refinements could come later. We had a home of our own at last, and we felt like royalty.

During all this time, of course, I continued to pound away at my typewriter, keeping our income at a subsistence level or a little better. It wasn't long before our family grew to five, and then six. And as we grew, the house grew. We kept right on building, adding a bedroom, a sitting room, finally a study.

It took us about eleven years to finish the house, and we enjoyed watching it grow slowly but surely. During those eleven years we never had to borrow any money for the house. All told, we put into it about $1000 a year, roughly what we might have paid in rent. That was a good deal less than we had been paying for a house in the New York area, and the nice thing about our new setup was that all our money (and our labor) was going to build an equity. In the end, that equity consisted of a house of 1300 square feet, plus two big porches, a carport, a shop, a detached study and darkroom, and a guesthouse. If we had bought it, we figured it would have cost at least $22,000, or twice the amount of cash we'd put into it. And we had no mortgage.

There were unexpected dividends along the way. Other people came out and admired what we were doing and wanted some of our land. We decided to part with a few acres, selling them for what our whole tract had originally cost. And so, in the end, our land cost us nothing.

Part of that windfall we put into a swimming pool. Acquiring a pool can be a backbreaking expense, but for us it merely meant flexing a few muscles. By this time we had learned the shortcuts.

The excavation was a pick-and-shovel job shared with the Coreys, now our neighbors again. It occupied all of us for weekends during several months. We had to buy concrete and steel, but we put the materials in place ourselves, plastering the concrete onto the sloping earth sides. We brought the whole thing in for less than $400, and to us it looked as inviting as Waikiki.

And now—about those saddle horses. Actually we owned only one: a mare that we purchased for seventy-five dollars. But the Coreys bought a horse at the same time, and we decided to share them, so we both felt as though we owned two horses.

Having the mare prompted us to build a stable. When it was finished, our horse scorned it. At first the structure became a playroom; eventually it evolved into a two-room apartment for our older girls. And when they went to college, it entered a new career as a guest cottage.

College, incidentally, turned out to be far less of an obstacle than we'd feared. We knew that a year at a good girls' college could run to almost half what our annual income had been during most years, but Kay won a scholarship that took care of one third of her expenses. Another third was taken care of by a college job, plus summer work. We put up $700 each year she was at Mills College, no more than it takes to keep a youngster at home and send her to high school.

Long before Kay had started college our family had entered upon a new and important phase of millionaire living—foreign travel. It started with a trip to Mexico. In 1955 we had almost a decade of California life behind us, and our house was all but finished. We were tired of being in one place, and the rest of the world beckoned. But how to travel on our budget with four kids?

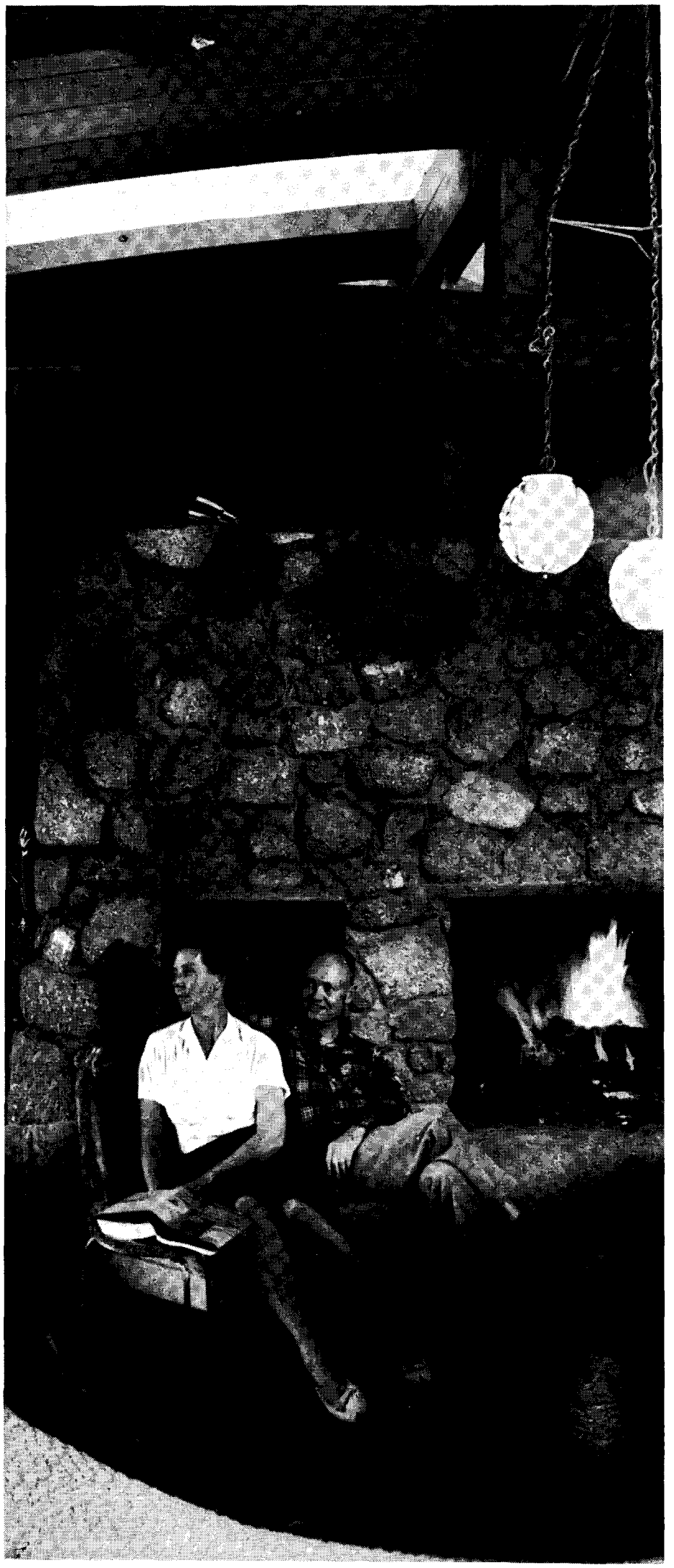
Taking a Bargain Vacation

For a while we were stumped. Then it came to us: Why not apply our do-it-yourself principles and camp our way across Mexico! A bargain fell into our laps via the advertising columns of our local newspaper. We acquired a camping trailer, with kitchen facilities and an attachable tent. It cost $175, but we got this sum back when we resold it at the end of the trip.

We slept and cooked in our midget rig and had no need for hotels or restaurants. What had looked like an expensive venture turned out to cost just about what it would have cost us to stay home. Our two months' trip ran to just under $800.

The Mexican journey piqued our appetites for travel abroad. After two years we could stand it no longer; in 1957 we left California for a year's trip to Europe.

After camping across the country and selling our station wagon in New Jersey, we sailed for Rotterdam in July, tourist class, on the handsome new *Statendam*. The fare was $237.50 each, with half price



Huff and wife enjoy fruits of labor in their new home's living room.

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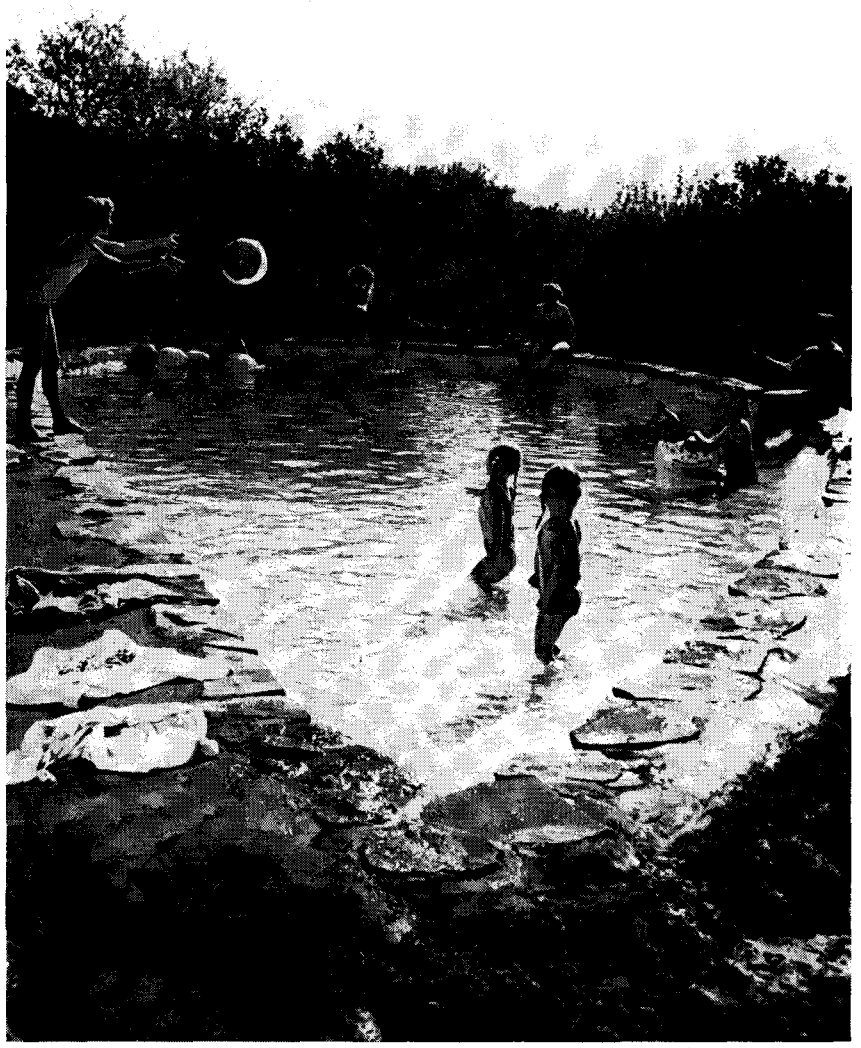
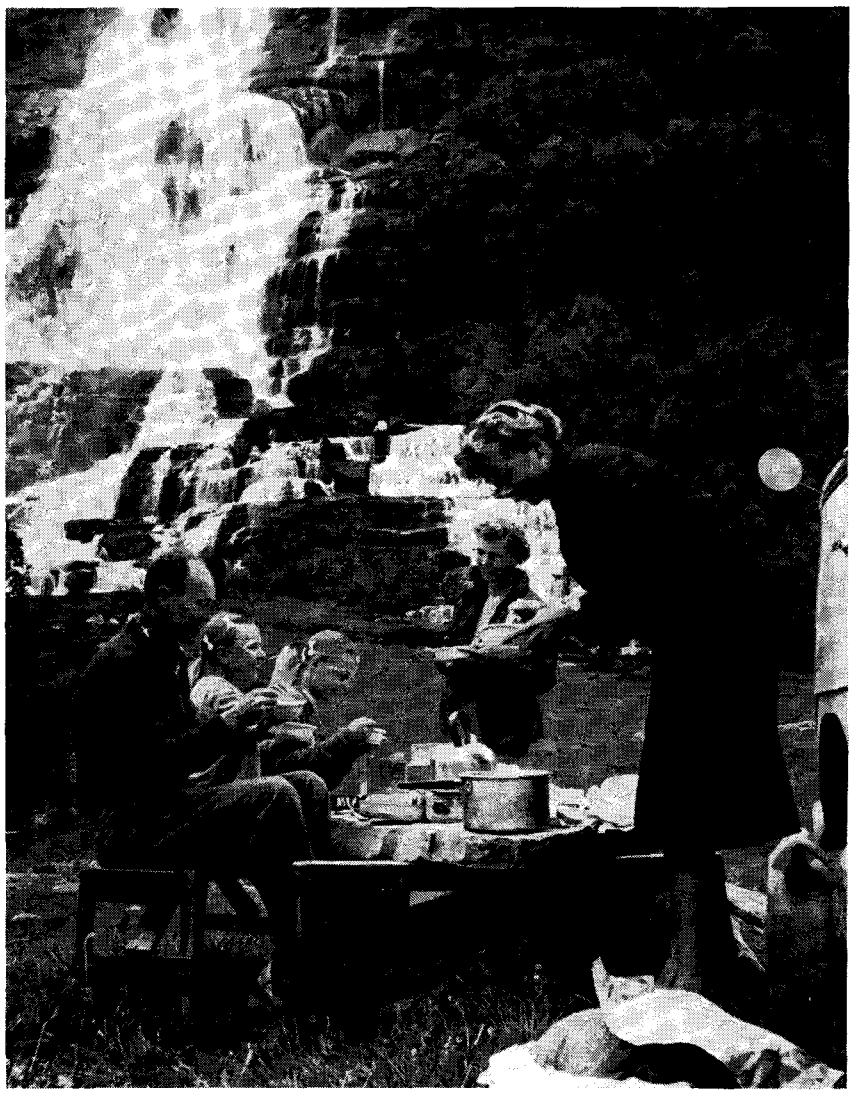


Swimming pool outside their old house in Sonoma which Huff calls "as inviting as Waikiki." With the help of neighbors Huff built it for less than $400.



The Huffs cook out at the foot of a Norwegian waterfall during year-long trip to Europe in 1957. Left to right: Darrell, Laurie, Kristy, Carolyn and Fran.

Living for our two younger daughters. But with that large expenditure out of the way, we found that travel in Europe need be no more expensive than in Mexico.

We picked up a used Volkswagen Microbus, and spent the whole summer camping—in Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal, plus a side trip to North Africa. We bought our food in grocery stores (equivalent to U.S. prices in France and Italy, but less elsewhere), and, instead of rent, paid camping fees. Charges ranged from twenty-five cents a night in a few places to $1.50 in Paris, Rome and the Riviera.

When the weather got chilly, we gave up camping for a series of rented houses, all of them near the sea. We had houses that winter in Majorca, Torremolinos and Naples. Rents averaged sixty to eighty dollars a month, and food forty to forty-five dollars a week, about one dollar a day per person.

Studying the Easy Way

Our youngsters missed a year in school—no great loss, really. We brought along school books for Laurie and Kristy, who were in the third and fifth grades. It was a bit alarming to discover that by studying only an hour or two a day they were easily able to keep up with the work of a better-than-average American public school.

Our eldest daughter delayed her college work by a year, but picked up a bonus—studying French in Europe. What she'd learned in France met two years of her language requirement.

As for Carolyn, our second daughter, the year turned out to be a decisive one for her education. She fell in love with Spain. She kept a sketchbook and polished her Spanish and, when she later entered the University of California, she majored in Spanish and minored in art.

Our stay abroad ended in September, 1958, when we returned home just in time for school. Looking back on it, Fran and I were convinced it was one of the most valuable educational experiences we could have given our children.

That trip, however, didn't satisfy our wanderlust; we soon began planning another itinerary. This week Kristy, Laurie, Fran and I will return to Paris. We'll pick up a car there and head for Greece and some of the Iron Curtain countries. Expenses shouldn't exceed $15 per day although we may run into some occasional discomforts.

As a matter of fact, our whole do-it-yourself way of living has frequent drawbacks. For one thing, there aren't many steaks in our diet. We seldom can afford the luxury of dining out. We also lack the money to buy even one tenth of the books we'd like; we have to wait until we can borrow them at the library.

Free-lancing—whether it's as a writer, plumber, electrician or carpenter—also has its drawbacks. We never knew exactly what our income was going to be. Some years it fell as low as $4000, some years it soared above $8000. It averaged under $6500 and, when I subtracted business expenses the net came to a good deal less.

With that kind of money, we had to be canny shoppers. We read the grocery ads for weekend specials, and we began our Christmas shopping with the January sales. We did a bit of installment buying, but mostly we stuck to cash.

Our income limitations made us more niggardly in our charity contributions than we liked, but here again we decided to make up for it with a do-it-yourself approach. Since we couldn't give money, we gave ourselves. I have worked hard on school-building committees. Last year Fran devoted an afternoon a week to supervising the school library, and this year she has worked as an unpaid grader of high-school English papers.

In general, most of the drawbacks have been slight in our eyes, and we have done all the major things we really wanted to do. We have always wanted, for example, to live by the sea. Consequently we reached a big decision: to sell our house. In view of all the muscle strain, sweat and bashed fingers we had put into it, parting with the house was wrenching. But the pull of the sea was strong, and so was the itch to get building again.

We sold our Sonoma Valley place, along with several acres, for $19,000. Then we put $5000 into two exciting acres of land—a blend of pinewoods and sand dunes overlooking a magnificent stretch of seacoast on the Monterey Peninsula. The rest of the money was just about what we needed for the concrete and lumber and glass and all the other things you need to build a house.

Our second house is now virtually complete. And although our brood of children has become smaller—the two older girls have already married—our new home has become larger. With its double garage, it comes to some 3000 square feet. It has four bedrooms, a study, three baths and a hexagonal living room that looks directly over the Pacific.

Assessing the past few years, we feel our children have certainly thrived on our way of living. Last June our second daughter, Carolyn, finished college free of debt. Kay is now taking part-time graduate work along with her husband, who plans to be a college teacher. Kristy and Laurie show promise as students, and their aptitude, combined with the self-reliance they have learned from building and travel, makes us feel that college will not be a big problem for them.

Our Surprising Assets

Of course, we never seem to have any money. However, when we examine our balance sheet, it's apparent that we have achieved a position no worse than most. In fact, when I filed a financial statement at our bank recently, I was surprised to find how much our assets amounted to:

Value of house (compared with building costs in neighborhood)	$35,000
Value of land	10,000
Adjoining acre (two lots)	8,000
Five acres left in Sonoma Valley	5,000
Investment (7% first deed of trust)	2,000
Auto	2,000
Tools, photography equipment, furnishings, personal property	2,600
	$64,600

The interesting thing about our balance sheet is that it shows roughly ten times the net worth I could have claimed when we left New York City sixteen years ago.

But if the balance sheet is gratifying, it's only fair to admit that we didn't really plan it that way. All we planned was to live the way we really wanted. Seldom—when we were building, or traveling, or studying, or riding horseback, or swimming, or just loafing—did we think much about money. In fact, if we thought about it at all, we felt we had discovered something far better. **THE END**

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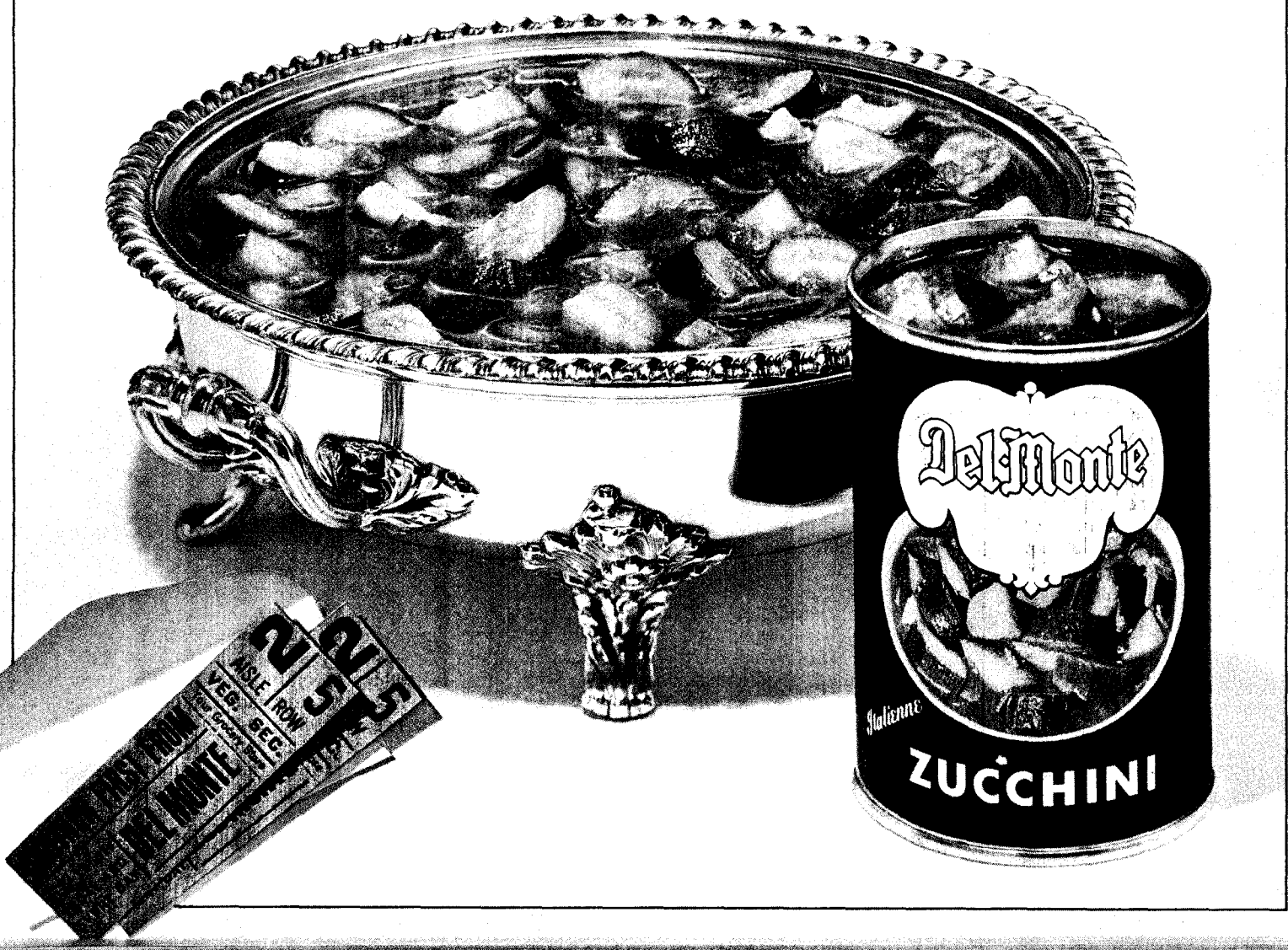

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The Decline and Fall of Friendship

By MORTON M. HUNT

One of humanity's greatest blessings is sadly out of fashion.

On a recent plane trip to the Midwest I was talking to my seatmate, an electronics engineer, who told me that he was about to move his family to Chicago. It would be their fourth move from city to city in ten years, and he expected as many more moves in the next ten years—all as part of his progress toward higher position. I offered my sympathy, but he shrugged it off.

"The kids fuss a bit," he said, "and my wife hates the packing and unpacking, but it's part of the game."

"But your friends!" I protested. "Don't you find it terribly painful to uproot yourself and lose the people who mean something to you?"

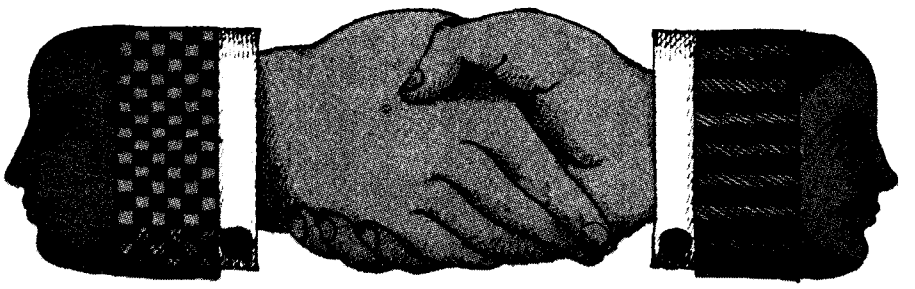
He smiled condescendingly. "One bunch of suburbanites is pretty much like another at the same income level," he said. "My wife and I make new friends each time in a matter of weeks. But we never let it get so deep that it bothers us to leave."

Friendliness vs. Friendship

To me this incident typifies a growing tendency in modern relationships: all affability, neighborliness and friendliness—a very different thing from friendship. The old adage is more valid than ever today—"A true friend is the greatest of all blessings and the one which we take the least thought to acquire." Friendly people are everywhere today—easy at introducing themselves, quick to invite you for a drink, giving you the dubious gift of their first names within minutes. But they never really invite you in behind their eyes and their smiles, where the real person dwells. Friendship is not, for them, a pearl of great price, but a useful commodity, to be shopped for locally, along with toothpaste and toilet paper.

This is a far cry from friendship as William Penn saw it—a "union of the spirits," a "marriage of hearts"; or as the philosopher Montaigne envisioned it—"one soul in two bodies." And how far, how pathetically far, it is from those soaring words of Jesus, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In ancient times men never tired of discussing friendship; to them it was a sacred bond, linking them as closely as ties of blood. Indeed, as recently as the fifteenth century, men still took mighty oaths of mutual loyalty and sometimes ritually mingled their blood and drank it, to insure lifelong brotherhood. Such friends would thenceforth share their fortunes and their dangers without hesitation.



In immoral or lawless times a man so armed could face the world unafraid and uplifted in heart. But with the beginnings of modern society, four or five centuries ago, government began to exercise greater control over men's actions. Poisonings no longer went unpunished, petty barons were not allowed to war on each other, men had to sue for fair treatment in court instead of obtaining justice by the sword.

Thus the meaning of friendship changed. It became less a matter of mutual defense, and more a free and noble meeting of minds, a sharing of thoughts and emotions. This change deepened and purified friendship—and yet made it rather fragile.

Friendship easily became prey to the competitive, success-oriented frame of mind. Each man pursues personal success above all else; if friendship becomes an extra weight, it is dropped by the wayside. Even the modern bulwarks against personal disaster—Social Security, unemployment insurance, health and retirement programs—mean that a man no longer faces troubles by himself; where he once needed warm living friends, he now has cold, inhumanly efficient ones. Instead of mingling his blood with that of another man, he mingles it with institutional ink.

An Old-Fashioned Idea

Deep friendships still exist, of course, but the idealization of friendship and the extravagant practice of it seem old-fashioned to the modern eye. Where in real life, or even in fiction, is there anything like the friendships of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, Luther and Melanchthon, Goethe and Schiller? Where is Ruth, loyal to her Naomi? The modern Ruth says, "Whither thou goest, I would go, if it weren't for this new job in Baltimore. You understand, don't you?" Where are Roland and Oliver, fighting and dying together without a thought of self, but only of the other? The modern Roland says, "Golly, Oliver, old pal, I'd like to help you out, but my wife . . ."

When Tennyson's dear friend, Arthur Hallam, died in 1833, the poet devoted seventeen years to perfecting *In Memoriam*—probably the greatest elegy in the English language. Can one conceive of any writer doing the same today? More likely, he would get drunk as his way of expressing his grief. Only two centuries ago Horace Walpole, gentleman and author, wrote 848 letters during forty-six years to his close friend, Sir Horace Mann, discussing events of the day, sharing his experiences and thoughts. If he lived today, Walpole would very likely drop Sir Horace a Christmas card each year on which he'd add in a scrawl, "Long time no see—let's get together soon."

More Than Mere Hobnobbing

The pace and the circumstances of modern life, having greatly increased the fragility of friendships, make it discouraging to start new ones and difficult to preserve old ones. People now move about at an astonishing rate—one out of every five persons changes his address each year—shuttling from one suburb to another in search of the ideal house and community. Or else they uproot themselves periodically to follow opportunity or to obey company policy.

Some suffer keenly. "I am a modern nomad," writes a young woman to the editor of a women's magazine, "one of the new breed known as a company wife. Bits and pieces of my life are scattered all over the country." Others, like my companion on the airplane, refuse to let themselves make deep friendships and thus avoid the hurt. Still others altogether lose the power to recognize the real thing and accept the synthetic in its place.

Friendship is something beyond mere hobnobbing. It is the only important emotional bond between ourselves and human beings outside our immediate families. We have no clan or tribal loyalties, no fixed community life, to tie us to our fellowmen.

Despite the changes of the centuries, friendship is more than ever a profound need of both soul and body. As a wise Hindu, Bhartrihari, said a thousand years ago, anticipating modern psychosomatic medicine, "If a man has a friend, what need has he of medicines?"

As a teen-ager I was often moody, for reasons I no longer recall. During one particularly bad week when I was at my lowest ebb, thinking myself ugly, misunderstood and unlikable, the phone rang. A high-school fraternity brother of mine, a good-looking, self-assured lad, was on the line. "What's wrong?" he asked gently when he heard my voice. "You sound as if you didn't have a friend in the world—and I'm not dead yet!" A glib, graceful phrase, perhaps—but in twenty-five years I have not forgotten it, nor how I sat up straighter, smiled and felt alive again that night. And by more than coincidence that friend today is one of the finest psychiatrists in Philadelphia.

This need for friends is not satisfied by mere conviviality, for man needs an *inner* nearness. The English scholar, C. S. Lewis points out in *The Four Loves* that companionship grows into friendship only when there is a mutual unveiling of secrets and a discovery by two persons that they have tastes or feelings or beliefs in common which each had thought his private treasure—or burden. "The typical expression of opening friendship," writes Mr. Lewis, "would be something like, 'What? You too? I thought I was the only one.'"

Sagely the Greeks and then the Romans referred to a friend as "another I"—the alter ego, the second self. And from that second self we draw strength to live. When I have a friend and he has me, each of us possesses more than his own little life, for I live a little in him and he in me. Each of us is a bit less alone in the vastness of time, less afraid of the dark, the unknown. We are still children in the woods at night, but we are holding hands.

"To Have a Friend, Be One"

If friendship is so precious, how can we cultivate it, despite the many forces that nowadays tend to destroy it? First, we must remember to exercise it continually, performing the acts of friendship and regard it always as a continuing process, rather than a product which will keep on the shelf. Some may think it high-minded to insist that true friendship will endure, though time, distance or silence intervene; there may be cases to prove it, but usually this belief is merely an excuse for laziness. "The only way to have a friend," said Emerson, "is to be one."

And that is not automatic for modern man; it takes some planning. On our daily list of actions to be taken, for instance, we might well assign to the deeds of friendship a priority in keeping with

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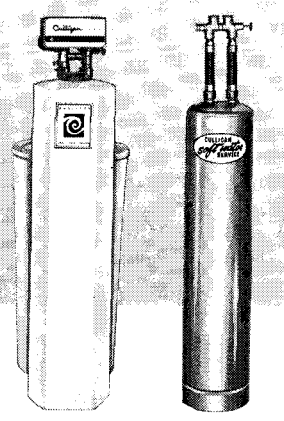

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Friendship their importance. We ought to write it down as urgent business to visit, call, drop a note or send a gift to a friend. How easy it is to neglect friends just because they *are* friends, to answer their calls and letters after answering all the business calls and letters because our friends will "understand."

Several years ago Dr. Louis Ormont, a New York psychoanalyst and an old friend of mine, reconstructed his daily schedule so as to insure time for long lunches with one friend at a time. He refuses to allot this time to business conferences or to larger get-togethers. "How often," he asks, "can you feel close to an old friend or exchange your innermost thoughts with him in a roomful of company—or even in front of a third friend?"

Distance may prevent such meetings, but there is no way of visiting with a friend so private and warm as writing him a letter—and none so neglected in this age. The telephone is much easier, but a letter represents thought and effort and thus says more than the words it contains. My closest friend lives ninety miles from me, too far to drop by of an evening, too near for letters. Last year he spent six months in Europe, and we began to correspond at length. Suddenly we were talking to each other in a most marvelous fashion about a hundred different things—his experiences in Europe, feelings about cathedrals and religious art, ideas about rearing our children, impressions of the latest novels we'd read, our changing ambitions as we both reach our forties, and much, much more. We bridged 4000 miles better than ninety; we saw again qualities in each other we had forgotten or grown used to, and have prized each other the more ever since. In the slower, horse-drawn past, men knew the use of letters better than we do today; George Washington, for instance, regarded friendship as "a plant of slow growth" and faithfully watered and nurtured his own with some 20,000 letters.

Finding a Friend Again

And why not plan to invest some time and money on trips to visit friends who live too far off for frequent meeting? How often does anyone drive two hours, or spend the price of a short plane ride, to pass an evening with a dear friend? During the war I was extremely close to a man who flew with me and came close to dying with me, but for the past thirteen years he has lived a thousand miles away. Seeing him only briefly during his rare business trips to New York, I told myself sadly that we now had little in common. Last spring I had reason to be in his area and decided, though with misgivings, to call on him. As it turned out, I spent a four-day vacation with him and his wife in an isolated seashore hideaway—and found my friend again.

There are many ways to preserve friendship, if we have something to be friends about. We no longer fight our way across Europe side by side, or labor together in the West to clear the fields, hoist the ridgepoles and serve as vigilantes to bring law and order into the community. Yet friendship prospers in proportion to the number of activities and interests we share. To entice a friend into sharing one of your new enthusiasms is to give him a precious gift of your inner self and to cement him to you a little more firmly.

One of my own friends persuaded me, years ago, to let him teach me sailing; ever since, the delights of that sport have enriched my life and made an additional link between him and me. So, too, should it be with many other things. Urge upon your friend a favorite book, drag him to a museum with you, talk him into joining your club or working with you in a local political hassle.

And having things to be friends about, don't weigh and measure the acts of friendship, like a miser. There are certain people who chart each round of social entertaining: "Do they owe us an evening or do we owe them?" Nothing could more plainly show the decline of friendship. In the past many a philosopher debated whether a true friend was one who willingly did you favors ("A friend in need is a friend indeed") or one for whom you willingly did favors ("Nothing is dearer to a man than a friend in need"). Either answer is better than weighing one dinner against another as a test of friendship.

What difference does it make if a friend has not repaid my dinner invitation? I will invite him again simply because I want to have him near me; is that not reward enough? And if he comes again, is that not proof that he wants to be with me? What matter that he has not repaid the dinners in kind? If he is my friend, he repays me best by coming.

Don't squander your life, or any part of it, on people who don't matter to you; build your leisure around your friends, not around places or activities. How often we spend a fortnight or a summer in a "nice place to be"—and care little for it because no close friends are there. We form shipboard or summer friendships in order not to be outcasts, but in our hearts we know they are shams. When the ship docks or the summer season closes, we part with hearty promises to look each other up, but nothing comes of it, for the friendships were built on sand. Actors have a bitter jest that says it perfectly: "I love you, but the show closed."

In our society the nuptial tie remains the great bond between individuals. But surely a man or woman can preserve the one-to-one relationship with another man or woman that existed before marriage. Not all marriages sound the death knell of friendships; there is a special joy in having one's beloved become the friend of his friend. Yet the meaning and power of friendship are best maintained when we meet again as individuals, and not as half of our marriages.

For it is only when we are two together that we open our hearts to each other. Two men having a chat in the deserted office at the end of the day; two women sitting long in shadowed privacy at the back of a teashop; two friends staying up late before the fire, far past their bedtimes—these are the times when friendship is kept in repair.

Nor does an independent and courageous man have to drop his old friends when he rises in the ranks. No industrial clique is more ingrown and conforming than that of the auto executives in Detroit, yet Robert McNamara, now Secretary of Defense, won his way to the top of the Ford Motor Company without yielding to these pressures. He lived well away from Detroit in the university town of Ann Arbor, stuck to his own egghead tastes in books and stubbornly kept his own friends. Lesser men would do well to heed his example.

The same is true of entertaining. No doubt there are times when it is proper to entertain business associates, but the giving of food, according to Dr. Karl Menninger, dean of American psychiatrists, is a symbolic act of love—and acts of love should not be performed for gain.

Earl Wrightson, a celebrated baritone, is an accomplished cook and delights in preparing Italian specialties for his friends, spending hours in the kitchen singing, talking and joking at his work. But when he entertains people for business reasons, he usually takes them out to a restaurant. I daresay he has never even thought this out, but with instinctive wisdom reserves the gift of food made with his own hands for those he loves.

If you must take some extra trouble to keep friendship in flower, so much the better. Curious as it may seem, when you go to trouble for a friend it is likely that he will love you the better for it—but it is beyond question that *you* will love *him* the better for it. For all the cynical words about friends who flee when we need them, it was also very wisely said by Epicurus that "it is more pleasant to do good than to receive good."

It also works the other way: We draw a true friend even closer to us when we ask his help and make him trouble himself for us. An acquaintance recently was talking about a mutual friend. "You know, of course, that Josh and I have been friendly for years," he said, "but we were never really thick. Then one night three years ago, when he was on the verge of bankruptcy, he called me in a blind panic. He didn't want money from me, but advice and fresh ideas—and some comfort and encouragement. I gave him all those as best I could, and even volunteered to talk to his major creditors and plead for a delay, trading on my reputation as a civic do-gooder. I succeeded only in part, but it helped, and Josh pulled through. Ever since, we've been extremely dear friends—not because he feels indebted to me but because *I* feel so involved in *him*. It's as though he were a son of mine, the very sight of whom makes me feel good."

Daring to Speak and Listen

Yet there is a second lesson in his story: Friendship becomes sound when built not with the straw of trivia but the brick of important acts. How seldom we dare to thrust our way into the lives of our friends when they are grappling with serious problems! How seldom we are willing to admit to them that we are in difficulty! Even our conversation is often a cover for the real person underneath. Who will risk "spoiling" a sociable evening by broaching the subject of how to prevent a nuclear war, or whether capitalism can survive, or whether science has made religion meaningless?

Yet when our hearts were younger, we dared to say what we thought and were willing to listen to that with which we violently disagreed. And we loved our friend the more because we were talking about important things, even though we sounded and looked passionately angry.

It is exciting and deeply reassuring to become the friend of a man with whom we differ. The friendship that bridges a gap in religion, in politics, in race, is a friendship that allows us to drink deep of humanity and to sense the underlying brotherhood of man.

Only some vast unimaginable miracle could make modern society again favor stable, intimate relationships between men; everything about it tends to do the opposite. Yet in small ways and large, each man is capable of working a minor miracle in his own life. The sea animals who first left the sheltering ocean environment and moved onto land survived in that unkindly milieu by developing body-temperature controls and body-fluid regulators—in a word, by managing to carry their environment around with them. We too, leaving behind the sheltering environment of simpler days and more personal ways, can make for ourselves, in the midst of our complex, impersonal civilization, an enclave of human warmth by repairing, preserving, intensifying our true friendships. **THE END**

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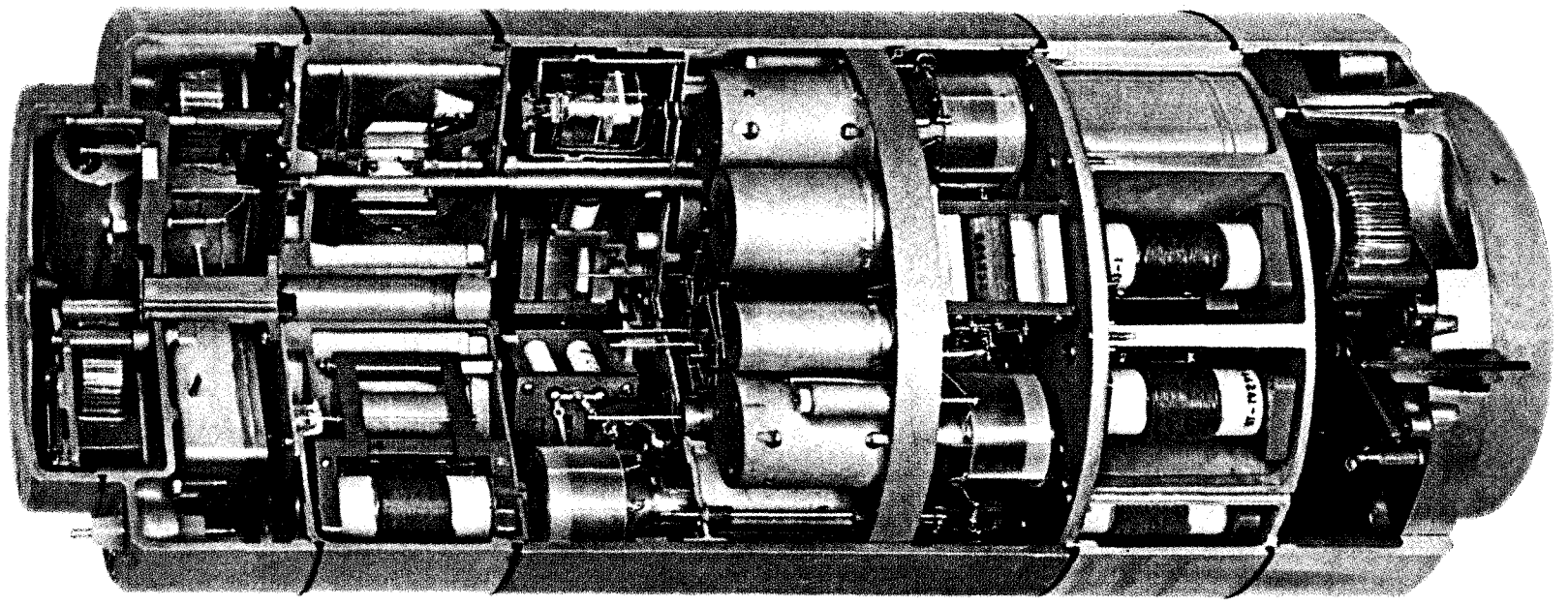

Cutaway of the undersea cable amplifier which must withstand pressures at 2½-mile depth of over 5,850 pounds per square inch.

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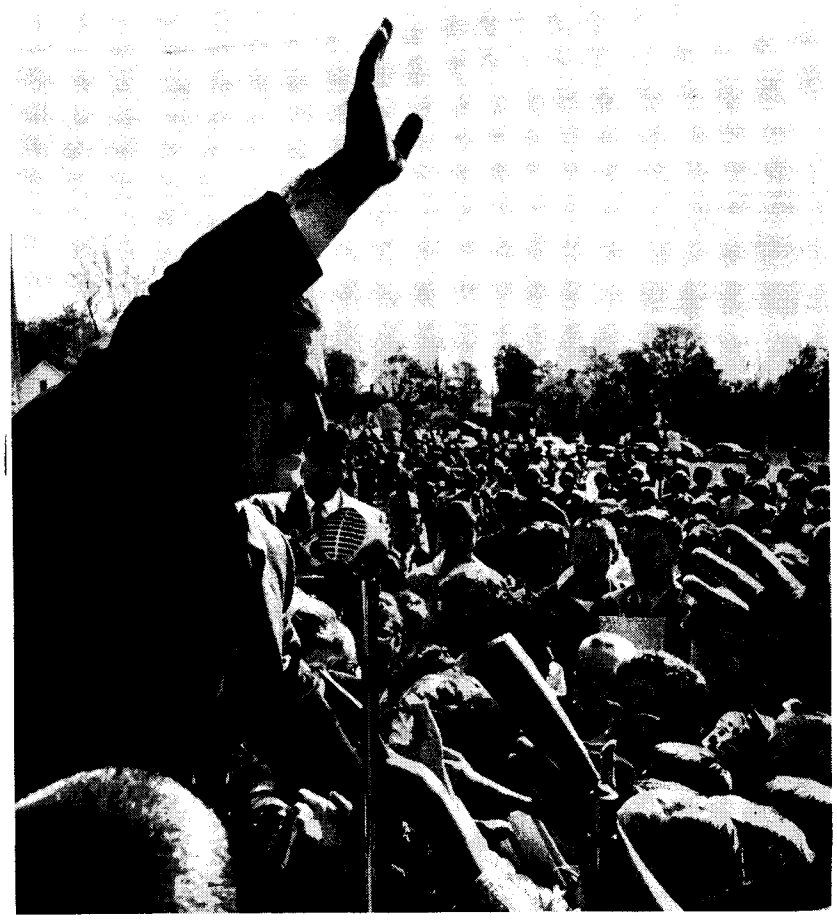

Stumping upstate, Rocky responds to students at Fredonia, N.Y.

Nelson Rockefeller

DOES HE HAVE A FUTURE WITH THE G.O.P.?

Presidential aspirant Rockefeller must find a way to persuade reluctant Republicans that he is their only choice for 1964. • By PETER MAAS

At the Executive Mansion in Albany, currently the official residence of Gov. Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, an open house is held each year for members of the New York State Legislature. Vaguely Victorian, its exterior a dingy red, the mansion inside is a dramatic new world of spacious rooms adorned with examples of Rockefeller's modern-art collection. Entering it for the first time, a rural assemblyman, eyes goggling at double-headed Picasso women, a stark black-and-white abstraction by the late Franz Kline and a sculpture that seemed to have been concocted out of driftwood and tin, was heard to mutter, "What kind of a guy is this anyway?"

With much the same question in mind, I recently accompanied Rockefeller on a two-day swing through upstate New York as he warmed up for his bid for reelection this fall as governor—and, hopefully, for a crack at the White House in 1964. We started out from New York City late one afternoon aboard his private Convair, *The Wayfarer*. Here, from my notebook, are glimpses of him during the trip:

Plane due to take off at 4:30 P.M. Rocky twenty minutes late, better than usual for him. His square face and stocky frame make him seem shorter than his five feet, ten inches. Brown suit rumpled, unstylish, sleeves too long. Turned out to be the only one he had with him. Luggage: two battered attaché cases.

Rocky asks where are we going first? Aide replies Cortland (pop. 19,181) to address Chamber of Commerce dinner. I start conversation by asking him about art collection. To dismay of aide anxious to continue briefing, Rocky preferred art. Spent rest of flight talking about it. Says most of collection dates from Cubist period because "color and form are the important thing to me, not the subject."

Arrives Cortland at six P.M., goes directly to local campus of State University for routine press conference. Surprising number of reporters from New York City newspapers along. One explains, "We cover these things because it's about the only way we can see him these days." Stock query: "Sir, what are your plans for '64?" Stock response: "All I'm doing is running for governor."

Rocky holds question-and-answer session with student group. Tries to cite administration accomplishments in higher education. Students who attend tuition-free State University press him on rumor of future admission fees. Claim they got runaround trying to find out at state capitol. Senior class president quotes old Kennedy speech about honesty, integrity, courage. Asks Rocky what he thinks of it. Rocky says he thinks it's fine. Class president asks isn't it time we started getting some straight answers out of Albany?

Rocky mad. Thought he was going to grab class president by collar. "If you're implying that I lack courage, I resent it. . . . If I were really a politician, I'd soft-soap you and say there won't be any tuition. But this decision is up to the Board of Trustees and I don't run it. . . . Don't talk to me about guts! I had the guts to ask for $275,000,000 in new taxes right after I took office. You try that sometime and then go down to New York City to give an address and stand up and be booed for five minutes. . . ."

By now eight o'clock and Rocky hustled upstairs to college cafeteria for

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"Don't talk to me about guts. I had the guts to ask for $275,000,000 in new taxes."

In the executive mansion at Albany the governor studies one of his paintings.

Chamber of Commerce dinner. At 9:45 Rocky starts speech laden with statistics charting progress of New York under his administration. No spellbinder. Audience of 600 politely attentive. After speech things liven up when Rocky confronted outside by seventeen irate homeowners whose property condemned for new state Thruway. One woman rushes forward brandishing photo of her house. Rocky in mock alarm says, "Don't shoot me." Woman snaps back, "Oh, I won't. I want you to suffer slowly."

Homeowners demand special commission to review what they argue is outrageously low recompense offered by state. Rocky sympathetic but insists their proper recourse is through Court of Claims. Remains debating problem in shirtsleeves for forty-three minutes. Scattered applause when finally departs. Reporter asks member of Rocky's staff if governor picked up any votes here. "Who knows?" says weary staffman.

Perpetual Political Motion

As my notebook indicates, Nelson Rockefeller is seemingly in perpetual political motion nowadays. And behind him still trail tantalizing questions. Is he headed somewhere? Or is he running around in circles?

In 1958, a nightmarish year for most Republican candidates, Rockefeller demolished W. Averell Harriman's bid for reelection as governor of New York by upwards of 600,000 votes and was promptly hailed as the G.O.P.'s new *Wunderkind*. In 1960, no less an authority than Robert Kennedy, remarked, "If it had been Rockefeller instead of Nixon, we would have lost." Today it might be supposed that Republicans across the nation would be sporting ROCKY IN '64 buttons.

They are not. Indeed, a reporter sampling the views of G.O.P. leaders finds most of them surprisingly noncommittal toward Rockefeller. The reasons are as complex as the man himself:

• Many Republicans still regard Rockefeller as an enigmatic figure outside "the mainstream of Republican thought." They cannot forget his close association with Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he served as an Assistant Secretary of State, nor his ill-concealed differences with the Eisenhower Administration, which led him to quit as a White House assistant.

• There are doubts about his "political instinct." A front-rank veteran of both Eisenhower campaigns told me, "Rockefeller is a man of tremendous political potential. He's open, warmhearted, full of charm. He was well liked around the White House, even by people who disagreed with him. Now he's let a good deal of this slip away. I know, for instance, that he feels he won a great victory in the 1960 G.O.P. platform fight. But what he actually did then was to make Nixon look like a big man, capable of the grand gesture, while he himself ended up projecting a dog-in-the-manger attitude."

• His critics claim that the Rockefeller image has blurred. One G.O.P. strategist says, "What the party wants above all else is a winner. Rockefeller's basic error was not taking on Nixon in the 1960 New Hampshire primary. People saw him as a man of action, decisive, willing to challenge big odds. He should have said, 'I'm the underdog. This is what I believe. If you decide against me, I'll support Nixon wholeheartedly.' Even if he had been clobbered, he would certainly be *the* man today."

• It is charged repeatedly that Rockefeller is an unpredictable "loner." Typically, a Republican Congressman grumbles: "Don't ask me what makes him tick. We took a party stand against the Kennedy Administration request for five-year financing of foreign aid, and practically the next day I get a telegram from Rockefeller urging me, in effect, to support Kennedy."

Finally, Rockefeller's sudden divorce last March after thirty-one years of marriage has left politicians skittish. George Hinman, the savvy Republican national committeeman from New York and an all-out Rockefeller booster, says, "I think they're sitting on their hands waiting to see what effect the divorce may have."

Necessity of "Winning Big"

All of this adds up, in the opinion of most political observers, to one thing: Rockefeller must convince reluctant Republicans that they have no real alternative to him. He must not only win, but win "big" in November if he wants the Republican Presidential nomination.

So he has been popping up all over New York State for the past two years in "nonpolitical" appearances to don an Indian ceremonial bonnet here, lay a cornerstone there and proclaim "on this wonderful occasion" the merits of his administration.

What prompts this man, reared within the parapets of the greatest private fortune in the United States, to venture into politics at all?

In 1958, during his first try for office, Rockefeller observed that the critical decisions of our times were made by elected public officials. After sixteen often frustrating years of appointive service in three national administrations, he knew where the power lay.

More recently, referring to a hard day's informal stumping in the hinterlands, he remarked, "You don't think I did that just for the hell of it?" He then added in evident earnestness, "I got into politics because I care deeply about the future of the country."

What Makes Rocky Run?

This, certainly, is one reason why Rockefeller runs. Behind his quick grin, exuberant bear hug and warm but somewhat unnerving wink of the eye—a recipient complained, "What do you do, wink back?"—he is a tough-willed, principled man who broods with passionate concern over America's destiny.

There is also another, more personal, reason. One of the few family friends who will talk to reporters about the Rockefellers points out:

"As his father and brothers did, Nelson could have remained within the framework of family affairs—business, banking and philanthropy—none of them small enterprises. But aside from being a person of talent and responsibility, he has a very real sense of wanting to be his own man. And in this regard his grandfather had a profound influence. Old John D. moved economic mountains. Nelson wants to do the same thing, politically."

If the great tycoon left his favorite grandson a legacy of achievement, Nelson's ability to meet the challenge is largely a legacy from his mother, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller. The daughter of Rhode Island's Sen. Nelson Aldrich, one of the most powerful Republicans of his time, she endowed Rockefeller with the self-assurance that has marked his political career. "Being a Rockefeller," he has often said, "never bothers me." ("It bothers other people," someone once quipped.)

Unlike the governor, his mother did find being a Rockefeller a bit unusual. But she confronted the problem with delightful stratagems. When a friend asked her why she favored rather flamboyant hats, she explained, "People I have not met before seem to experience difficulty in starting a conversation. One of these hats at least gives them a chance to ask me where I got it."

In a household marked by Rockefeller reserve, strict adherence to Baptist fundamentals and a careful keeping of accounts, she retained a gay, independent spirit and a forthright sense of social justice, qualities easily perceived in son Nelson. Despite her lifelong Republicanism, she could write as early as 1935, "I'm . . . increasingly bored by hearing attacks on the Roosevelts and depressed by the bad taste that prompts them."

Rockefeller, given a free choice of colleges, picked isolated Dartmouth. "I liked a good time," he told me, "and I knew I wouldn't get any work done if I didn't get out of the city." Originally he aimed to be an architect; but the compelling obligation to help administer his family's wealth changed his mind and he decided to major in economics. "Religion played an important part in this," he said recently. "The Bible stresses the responsibility of stewardship."

At Dartmouth he also plunged into campus electioneering with a fervor that dismayed his father. Sensitive to the hostility evoked by the Rockefeller name in his own lifetime, John D. Jr.—the cautious and withdrawn son of old John D.—had chosen to devote himself to philanthropy. This first glimpse of young Nelson's desire for an electoral place in the sun promptly spurred his father to enlist the aid of Dartmouth's president in urging Nelson never to consider running "for public office."

Latin American Experiences

After his graduation in 1930 and marriage to Philadelphia socialite Mary Todhunter Clark, he dutifully involved himself in family projects. Then, in 1935, came the first in a succession of trips to Latin America. They changed his life. Traveling as a board member of Creole Petroleum, a subsidiary of Standard Oil (N.J.), the young Baptist millionaire from the North hit it off with Latin Americans and was appalled at the way other American executives had removed themselves from local life. He mastered Spanish and launched a one-man effort to improve relations. He also became increasingly alarmed at the backhand which U.S. diplomacy was giving Latin America, as well as by Nazi Germany's penetration into Latin American business, and he voiced his concern to Washington. The upshot was a 1940 request from President Roosevelt to take over the job of coordinating U.S. affairs below the border.

Before accepting, Rockefeller pointed out to Roosevelt the possible embarrassments that might result from his family's connection with Standard Oil interests in Latin America. He also made it clear that he would not allow politics to interfere with his selection of a staff. Roosevelt

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Covering the state, ***Rockefeller pauses for a traditional political-campaign ceremony: adoption by a Seneca Indian tribe.***

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Robert Kennedy: "If it had been Rockefeller instead of Nixon, we would have lost."

Rockefeller smiles at the irony of a welcoming banner in Kennedy, N. Y.

gave him a free hand in choosing his people. As for the Standard Oil problem, Roosevelt said *he* would worry about that. Rockefeller, promoted to Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America in 1944, stayed on the job through the war.

Of Roosevelt's organizational techniques, Rockefeller told me: "It looked messy at first, but it really wasn't. In a rapidly moving period it's difficult for many people to change their sights. Finally these people would just stop operating. Instead of calling them in to tell them what to do, he'd just get up another operation. Now this was wasteful and so forth, but it got the job done. He was attuned to the times. A lot of people who weren't got chewed up. This is one of the reasons why so many of them left Washington disillusioned. In a smaller way, I had the same problem."

Wooed by the Democrats

Rockefeller patterned his own procedures after those of F.D.R. When Roosevelt died, he resigned a few months later. But in answer to President Truman's call, he came back to head an advisory group which formulated basic policy for the Point Four technical-assistance program. Such connections with both the New and Fair Deals had Republicans muttering out loud that Rockefeller was really a Democrat. Meanwhile pressure from Democratic headquarters mounted on him to actually become one.

Says Rockefeller, "I got many tempting offers from them, but I never considered any of them. I always kept up my regular contributions to the Republican Party."

Ironically, Rockefeller, although a firm believer in the two-party system, frequently finds himself sandwiched between Democratic liberalism and Republican conservatism. He argues the problem this way:

"I think in terms of action. I don't think you can label things conservative or liberal anymore. We've put through a tremendous housing program here in New York, and I suppose you'd call that liberal. But it's on a sound financial basis. And that's conservative."

Why isn't he a Democrat? One of his favorite answers is that Republicans stand for "fiscal responsibility." I suggested that there was no law requiring a Democrat to be fiscally irresponsible. Rockefeller, noting a G.O.P. tendency to lag behind the times while Democrats in their zeal to be progressive often go too far, replied, "I'll give you a better reason. By nature, I don't like to put the brakes on. I like to push ahead, lead."

When Dwight Eisenhower went to the White House, Rockefeller rushed in with high hopes of serving his first Republican President. He left four years later, bitterly frustrated. A Rockefeller associate says, "Nelson had deep respect and admiration for Eisenhower. He still does. But I think he feels that Eisenhower had a sense of insecurity in the office. And as a former general, he gravitated toward the company and counsel of conservative big businessmen. When Nelson could get through to Eisenhower, the results were usually good. For instance: The extension of Social Security to cover more than ten million who didn't have coverage, and the Open Skies mutual-inspection proposal to the Russians, were Rockefeller concepts which he spearheaded and sold to Eisenhower. But people like George Humphrey (Secretary of the Treasury) and Herbert Hoover Jr. (Under Secretary of State) did everything they could to keep him out of the picture. While he had status as a White House assistant, he never had any defined jurisdiction. It's not generally known, but Nelson was slated to become Assistant Secretary of Defense. When Eisenhower was talked out of appointing him by Humphrey—on the grounds that Nelson was a 'spender'—that was really the last straw."

A number of New York Republicans, when they nominated Rockefeller for the governorship in 1958, thought they were handing a sop to a heavy party contributor. At the start, Rockefeller's own polls showed Democratic Gov. Averell Harriman with 60 percent of the vote.

Campaigning With Blintzes

But, as Rockefeller says, Harriman's campaign was a "dud." Meanwhile Rockefeller, aided by Democratic bumbling, wowed the electorate, eating blintzes on the sidewalks of New York and driving sulkies at upstate county fairs. In the words of Leonard W. Hall, who had competed for the G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination, people treated Rockefeller "like he was a prince or something."

In no time at all, he was being touted as a better bet than Richard Nixon to keep the White House Republican in 1960. By the fall of 1959, presidential fever was running high in the Rockefeller camp. Then his vaunted "well-oiled, superefficient" machine began to misfire.

In two of the most disastrous road trips in U.S. political history, Rockefeller criss-crossed the country to drum up party support. Almost everywhere he was outmaneuvered. Once, when he spoke in Wisconsin, the audience sat on its hands; all the seats had been snapped up by Nixon men. In California, as he rose to speak, a huge portrait of Nixon on the wall directly behind him looked down as if in mute amusement.

As the deadline for filing in the New Hampshire G.O.P. presidential primary approached in December, 1959, Rockefeller abruptly pulled out. The following June, with his dramatic declaration of principles, he seemed back in the race again. In the end, while Rockefeller battled for stronger defense and civil-rights planks in the Republican platform, Nixon bagged the nomination.

Critics Claim Ineptness

Rockefeller's critics contend that, since his erratic performance in 1960, he has continued to display political ineptness. They talk about one instance last year when New York City's Democratic Mayor Robert F. Wagner was staggered by a first-class school scandal as he came up for reelection. Rockefeller leaped into the fray with a scheme to replace the city's Board of Education, evoking a state-wide uproar from outraged proponents of home rule. Forced to beat an awkward retreat, he wound up adopting a proposal similar to one submitted by the mayor. An intimate of Republican candidate Louis Lefkowitz, subsequently defeated by Wagner, bitterly recalls, "Rockefeller not only got Wagner off the hook but made him look like a hero."

Another example they cite is Rockefeller's frontal attack last winter on President Kennedy's plans for a Department of Urban Affairs. First, a pair of top liberal Republican vote getters in New York, Sen. Jacob K. Javits and Congressman John V. Lindsay, hastily disassociated themselves from Rockefeller's remarks. Then it was disclosed that Rockefeller himself had suggested an idea similar to Kennedy's when he was a White House special assistant under President Eisenhower.

Longtime Rockefeller observers date such bobbles from the death in January, 1960, of Francis Jamieson, a former newspaperman who was Rockefeller's public-relations adviser. An ex-Rockefeller staffman says, "Frankie was the only one who could stand up and make Nelson listen. Nelson didn't always take his advice, but he knew all the angles of a situation by the time Frankie was finished. Nobody speaks up like that now."

Potentially, Rockefeller's biggest political gaff has been his divorce. Although the announcement came with stunning surprise to outsiders, a handful of old friends had learned of his intentions months earlier. To one, he explained, "I can't keep living a lie." Rockefeller's first press comment was that the divorce would not affect his political career "one iota." He later backed off, saying: "This is something that is up to every voter when he gets into the booth." Rockefeller people take heart from several polls that indicate the governor's popularity has subsequently suffered only a slight dip. The divorce's effect on Election Day, however, remains anybody's guess.

Such speculation, topped by rumors that Rockefeller may remarry, have obscured his generally admirable administrative record—especially in housing, education and economic growth. But his biggest asset is that New York Democrats have yet to come up with a candidate of any real stature to oppose him.

As a result, although he isn't saying so publicly, Rockefeller confidently expects to get his "big" win in November. Since the withdrawal of Mayor Wagner, the one Democrat thought to have a fighting chance against him, Rockefeller surveys give him a projected million-vote plurality against a ragtag collection of potential opponents. However, there are some booby traps on the road to a presidential nomination.

Risk of Being Written Off

First, Rockefeller tacticians, who have never been sure that Wagner won't run for governor, would still prefer a race against him. Beating the mayor, they reason, would carry more weight nationally than trouncing a "nobody."

Second, Sen. Jacob K. Javits is up for reelection on the Rockefeller ticket. Javits, exceptionally popular in Democratic New York City, is distrusted in many G.O.P. circles around the country as not being a "real" Republican. If the vote for Javits rivals or exceeds the vote for Rockefeller, it could strengthen the hand of those Republicans who want to write off New York in favor of a 1964 standard bearer tailored to fit Southern and Mid-West tastes.

No one thinks that Nelson Rockefeller's political ambition ends with the governorship of New York. But one thing seems certain: Whatever he does will be done on his own terms.

As he told me, "I can't play it cute on a day-to-day basis. I can only plan ahead—the big fabric. If this is what people want, fine. I'll keep going ahead. If not, I'm not their boy. It will be interesting to see if my way works out." **THE END**

Photographs by Larry Fried

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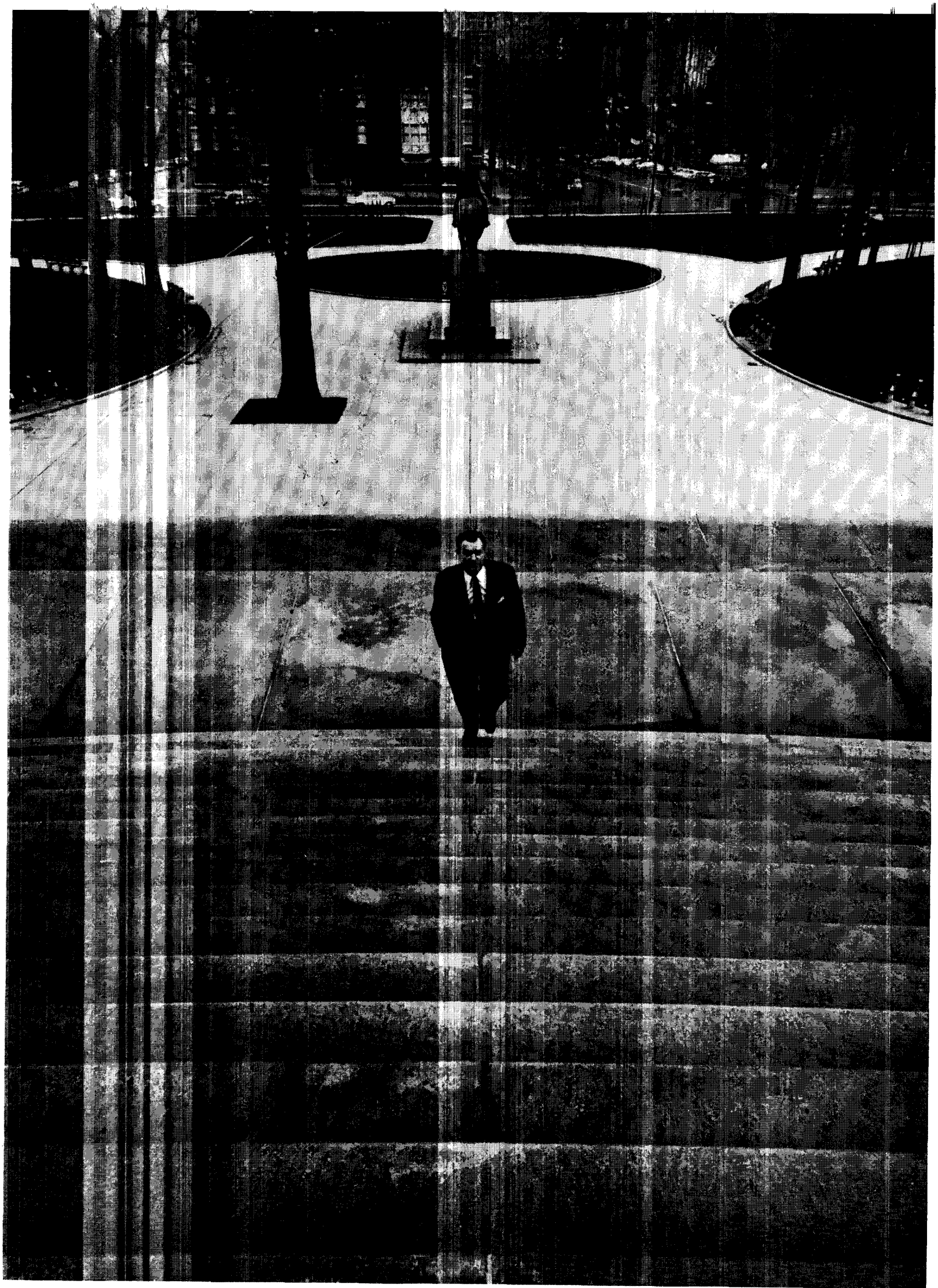

Climbing the long flight of steps at the state capitol, Rockefeller begins another day in the campaign he hopes will lead to Washington.

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EDITORIALS

Union-Made Racial Discrimination

One form of discrimination that affects the American Negro more directly than anything else—including segregated schools, lily-white lunch counters, Jim Crow buses and unequal voting rights—is job discrimination, the denial of economic opportunity because of race. Last month the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announced an all-out attack, starting in the fall, against this form of bias. The target of the N.A.A.C.P.'s attack will be a longtime vocal champion of civil rights: organized labor. The national labor secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., Herbert Hill, charges the unions with four categories of discrimination: (1) Outright exclusion of Negroes; (2) Segregation of locals; (3) Adhering to separate racial seniority lines in collective-bargaining arrangements; (4) Exclusion of Negroes from vital apprenticeship programs.

"The pattern of union responsibility for job discrimination," says Mr. Hill, "is not limited to any one area of the country or to some few industries or union jurisdictions, but involves many unions in a wide variety of occupations in manufacturing industries, skilled crafts, railroads and maritime trades. . . . There is a profound disparity between the public image presented by the national AFL-CIO and the day-to-day realities as experienced by many Negro workers." The N.A.A.C.P.'s attack, says Mr. Hill, will be "two-pronged"—through the courts and the National Labor Relations Board. Its purpose "is to attempt to develop a new body of labor law or legal theory which in the long run will be as significant as the Supreme Court decision in the school-segregation cases."

The AFL-CIO, as might be expected, emphatically denies Mr. Hill's charges. Boris Shishkin, director of the Department of Civil Rights, terms them "uncalled-for distortion. . . ." "There is discrimination," says Mr. Shishkin, "but it is much greater in nonunionized employment. We are making every effort to eliminate it in union ranks." He points to the detailed civil-rights program adopted by the AFL-CIO's convention last December, to labor's long espousal of civil rights and to the success (in some cases) of the AFL-CIO's efforts to eliminate discrimination at the state and local levels.

"There are 131 national and international unions in the AFL-CIO," Mr. Shishkin says. "We have no punitive powers. All we can do is to throw the unions out. What we are trying to do is to bring them around to our point of view, and we are making a great deal of headway in that area."

Even so, there is widespread discrimination in union ranks, especially among the old AFL craft unions. Last year the United States Civil Rights Commission reported: "A 1957 Urban League study of Negro membership in construction unions in thirty-two cities showed a uniform pattern of exclusion from certain craft unions. Commission studies reveal the same pattern." Negroes still are generally excluded from white plumbers', electricians' and steamfitters' locals, among others. The situation isn't much better among the sheet-metal workers and carpenters.

When the affluent AFL-CIO put up its handsome new national-headquarters building in Washington a few years ago, Negro electricians were excluded from working on the building by the lily-white Local 26 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The same situation applied later to the new House of Representatives office building and to Federal Office Building No. 6, where the Office of Education and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are housed, although one Negro was temporarily employed. Local 26 is an AFL-CIO affiliate, but to this day it does not have a single Negro member.

If some of the fervor that characterized organized labor's origins could be aroused in behalf of the Negro, labor could put its house in order much faster. At the same time it could wipe out an ugly blot on democracy's record.

The Land Where Everything Works

Slumped in front of the TV set, watching the late show the other night, we found ourselves marveling at the make-believe world where everything works perfectly and the customer rarely has to wait his turn.

In a classic scene the badman came out of an apartment house, got into a big black limousine and roared away. The good man came out behind him, snapped his fingers and a taxi materialized out of nowhere. We thought of our luck in hailing cabs when we are in a hurry. We would have come out of that apartment house, snapped our fingers and absolutely nothing would have happened.

In another favorite Hollywood situation the big New York tycoon picks up the phone and blurts into it, "Get me J.B. in L.A." He puts the phone down, and a second later the buzzer buzzes. J.B. is on the line. When we call the Coast there are three possibilities: (1) J.B. is out to lunch; (2) The line is busy; (3) We have forgotten the time differential. It's only seven A.M. out there, and J.B. is still in bed.

In the movies when a crook is trying to leave the country, he rushes to the airport, dashes to the counter, buys his ticket and sprints to the waiting plane. When we are in a hurry to catch a plane: (1) We reach the counter one minute too late; or (2) The flight is sold out; or (3) There are eight people in line ahead of us; the first one is an old lady who wants to go to Walla Walla and has just asked the clerk whether she can lay over in Sioux Falls for three days on the way.

The Hard Lot Of the Prophet

Mr. Albert S. Pacetta, Commissioner of Public Markets in New York City, has decided to investigate the crystal gazers, palmists and tea-leaf readers in his jurisdiction. According to the New York *Times*, the commissioner thinks there are too many "disreputable soothsayers" in his city. Accordingly he has sent his agents into its streets and instructed them to serve summonses on soothsayers who "tell the investigators what is going to happen and charge a fee for it."

All of which sounds reasonable enough until you stop to ponder the possibilities. Suppose the soothsayer happens to be right? Suppose, for example, he predicts that the stock market is going down, and it does. In justice, can he be declared guilty?

What about the pundits and political prognosticators? We hate to think that every man who makes a prediction for the forthcoming elections is in jeopardy if he does it for pay. It seems to us that the commissioner has established a dangerous precedent, and the least he could do is to wait and see how a prediction comes out before serving his summons.

We remember reading about a soothsayer who said, "Beware the ides of March," and a powerful ruler who ignored the warning. This particular soothsayer didn't charge anything for his services, and perhaps that was why no one listened. But all the same we can't help thinking that the course of history might have been changed if Julius Caesar had not been as skeptical of soothsayers as Mr. Pacetta.

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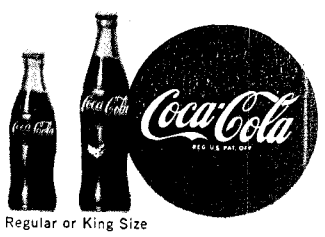

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